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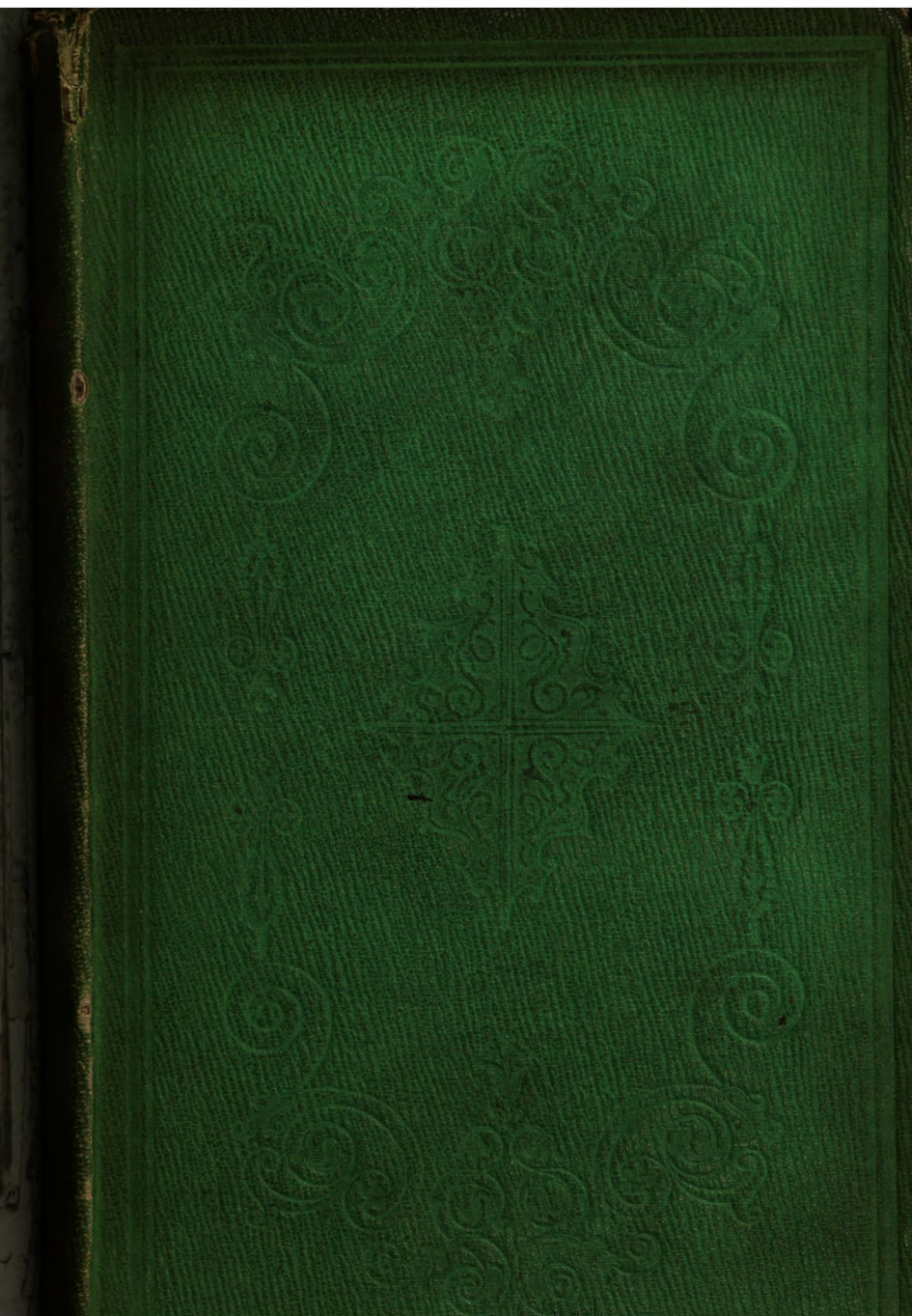
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THE
SECRET HISTORY
OF
ROMANISM.

BY THE
REV. DAWSON MASSY, M.A.
VICAR OF KILLESHIN.

WITH
AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY,

BY THE LATE
REV. GODFREY MASSY, B.A.
VICAR OF BRUFF AND HON. SEC. OF LIMERICK PROTESTANT ORPHAN SOCIETY.

Time as it courses onward still unrolls
The volume of concealment.—COLERIDGE.

SECOND EDITION ENLARGED.

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1853.



TO

MRS. BARKWORTH,

OF TRANBY HOUSE,

AS A ZEALOUS PROMOTER OF PROTESTANT PRINCIPLES,

This Work,

UNDERTAKEN AT HER REQUEST,

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HER OBLIGED AND SINCERE FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.



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INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

ALL we hold dear to us as British subjects, sound Protestants, and sincere Christians, is in imminent danger of being irretrievably lost at this eventful crisis.

The peril is more awful because it comes not from an open honest enemy, ready to meet us face to face, and foot to foot on the battle-field of Christendom. Before such a foe the English Protestant Churchman, clothed in the whole armour of God, never quailed. Infidelity and heresy of every kind have been fearlessly encountered and completely vanquished by the Ithuriel-spear of Holy Scripture; and all other enemies, in a fair field, have owned the invincible prowess of our arms. The real and truly formidable danger which now threatens us with utter destruction, comes from an enemy who moves with stealthy pace and measured tread, and never strikes the blow till sure of his prey. Nay, he fondly amuses the victim till lulled into baneful security, steals from the unwary adversary the secret of his great strength, robs him of his arms, and then obliges him to become an abject slave; or, if he reject slavery, deprives the helpless being of *life*, and "thinks that he doeth God service!"*

Let no man think that in this statement the truth is exaggerated. No! The reader of the following authentic details, including facts recorded in works which are rarely accessible, will be constrained to admit that the half of the truth had not been told him! The attentive reader will be convinced on the perusal of our account of the

* John xvi., 2.

JESUITS—those trained bands of Rome—that we fight not against ordinary flesh and blood; that our battle must be fought—if the contest is to be maintained at all—with enemies whose weapons and mode of warfare are “*after the power of Satan*,” cunning craftiness, unprincipled audacity, and union in evil, far beyond the reach of mere fallen man.

Whilst we were faithful to our trust, we were secure of Divine protection, and proof against all the subtilty of the devil or man. Such a position was confessedly held for a long period by this country, as the ornament and bulwark of the Reformation. Before that glorious era, this island was in a comparatively miserable and barbarous condition. When the yoke of apostate Rome was shaken off, and the Church of England cherished the pearl of great price as she ought, the blessing of God descended upon our land; the springs of the human mind recovered their strength; and the privileges of all who trust in God through Christ were soon felt in the energy of character, self-respect, independence, truth, peace, and honesty, which are the fruits of union with Him, and the true elements of national greatness. Sensible of her pre-eminent position, and conscious of the cause, England, though not so zealous as she ought to have been in spreading the same Gospel truths, and extending the same Gospel blessings to others, shrunk from any direct participation in the sins, and so escaped the plagues of the apostacy. On the contrary, whilst Romish kingdoms were successively scourged,—prosperity, greater than any hitherto enjoyed by an empire since the creation, was freely bestowed on this small island. Her internal security equalled her external. Every Englishman's house was his castle.

The case is altered now, and the downward course has begun. Forgetful of her duty, and unmindful of her respon-

sibility, the State has gradually changed its policy, and abandoned its impregnable position. Instead of parent-like encouraging only truth, and commending it to the minds and hearts of her children, error is openly taught by the State ; millions of immortal souls daily drink in the poison of the apostacy, purchased and administered at the cost of England, with the implied sanction of the whole nation ! For, especially since the passing of the Reform Bill, no ministry can carry any object in the legislature, if the representatives of the people, instructed by their constituents, are *really* opposed to it. Popery is now openly endowed and encouraged in many places. In Ireland a seminary for propagating the apostacy now receives an income from the State, much greater than the public and private endowment funds of the Protestant University founded by Elizabeth of famous memory : and there is reason to apprehend that steps are being at this moment taken by government to render less Protestant the foundation of the College which rejected the *Newmanism* of our times, by making Romanists eligible to scholarships and fellowships, and thus creating an opening for Jesuits to sap and mine the faith of the students ! Every possible discouragement is shown to the truly Protestant clergy of the Church in Ireland in order to crush their generous efforts to give *Scriptural Education to the Lord's poor* ; and remonstrance after remonstrance has been made in vain for protection to the persecuted thousands who have lately left the Church of Rome. Our colonies are similarly treated. It would seem that so long as England herself is permitted to enjoy truth, freedom, and prosperity, her Government may with impunity discourage and hinder the Gospel, and *support* and defend the apostacy in all other parts of her mighty empire. But such a cruel, selfish, and wicked departure from the manifest duty and charitable

spirit of a Christian and a Protestant state, is sure to be visited with great severity by the Judge of all the earth.

They who "partake of Rome's sins shall receive of her plagues."* And this nominal "liberality," but really selfish infidelity, always meets with retributive punishment. The enemy has thus, by means of an infatuated Government and people, drawn closer and closer his lines around the fortresses of Protestantism, and thereby rendered our defence extremely difficult. This difficulty is increased by the same just retribution; the plague which we encouraged around us has reached and lodged in our very citadel; and the *Mystery of Iniquity*—propagated by the wealth and power of England throughout the sister island and the colonies—has remained now free, for nearly twenty years, to spread its venom—after an interval of 300 years—in the very University, wherein arose Wickliffe,

"The bright and particular star,"

that ushered in the dawn of our glorious Reformation. The University which nobly refused to admit popery, even on the compulsion of James II., cherishes, there is reason to fear, *dispensed Jesuits* within its bosom, to delude with "great swelling words of vanity" the youthful noble, the too confiding student, and the unwarned candidate for holy orders. No wonder, then, that in many Churches spiritual devotion is superseded by material worship. *The substance is forgotten, and, with the help of candles, shadows are seen and venerated.* The Virgin and the crucifix, instead of *Christ and His atonement*, are the objects of chief regard. "Forbidding to marry" with "commanding to abstain from meats"—under the names of "Protestant Sisters of Charity," and of "fasting"—are also inculcated with much consistency; because, as all historians declare, invocation of saints and angels—the essence of the apostacy†—has always made equal progress in the Church

* Rev. xviii. 4.

† 1 Timothy iv. 3.

with the conventual and monastic systems, which, with lying legends, are the *instrumentality* and the *marks* of its advancement. They have also receded together. And thus figments and abominations of Rome—such corruptions of Christianity as were styled by the great Doctor Thomas Jackson “the master-piece of Satan”—are embraced by men whose fathers would rather have perished at the stake than have subscribed to one of them. In fine, so great and wondrous a change has come over the spirit of this mighty kingdom, that the landmarks separating truth from error are gradually disappearing. Many seem given over to “a reprobate mind,” no longer possessing that nice spiritual perception, which leads one to shrink instinctively, and with abhorrence, from the contaminating influence of the unclean thing. The direction to divulge some crime which troubles the conscience before coming to the Lord’s table, is made the shallow pretence and absurd ground of “auricular confession,” that master-engine of the papacy. The way is thereby made easy for Jesuits—the eminent directors of conscience!—to creep into every house, and by means of some member or dependant, to make themselves acquainted with its secrets. Henceforward the phrase “every Englishman’s house is his castle,” will be but a vain boast. Wherever a Romanist confessor shall have gained entrance, there domestic confidence, personal self-respect, and independence of mind cease to reign in the house and heart of its owner.* Even property is comparatively insecure when one learned in the “*Secreta Monita*” dictates and receives the last will and testament of the dying penitent. Liberty and freedom of speech are scarcely possible when the speaker’s conscience is, with all his secrets, at the disposal of a member of the

* See a convincing work on the Confessional by Dr. M’Neile, that consistent and unflinching champion of the truth.

body; which, sworn to secrecy, observe scrupulously their oath where good to society at large might be done by a disclosure; but whose scruples are easily settled when the *interests of the order* require it. Much of this is exposed in our chapters on the Jesuits. The acts and deeds of "the Man of Sin," in both England and Ireland, recorded in this volume show that the dungeon, the torture, and the stake in due time await him* who gifted with martyr-like spirit may be

"found among the faithless
faithful only he."

Another work making further revelations of the Secret History of Romanism in the Inquisition, and the Albigenses and Waldenses, with the latter of whom the author has had some personal acquaintance, and containing an outline of the Prophecies relating to Romanism may (God willing) convey further information, and evince more fully what England must expect if "the plague" now spreading be "not stayed."

Should any one be incredulous let his doubts be removed by reflecting on the extraordinary advance of Romanism in this realm in little more than twenty-five years. It is not thirty years since the agents of that system in the United Kingdom cringed to, fawned on, and flattered the Protestants. Oaths and declarations were circulated, pledging Romish bishops, priests, and laymen, to all meekness, patience, and loyalty, if only admitted into the British councils. What is their attitude now? Our Queen's prerogative is scorned: our Church ignored; we are indeed treated as "*heretics*." If such a change has passed over "this garden of the Lord" in so short a period, what can hinder the rest, if not timely checked? To aid, however humbly, in averting these most

* That admirable summary entitled with great propriety "No Popery," Seeleys, London, demonstrates this fact, and exposes the shallow evasions of Dr. Wiseman, &c.

deplorable and terrific evils, the following pages have been written amidst many interruptions from pressing yet delightful duties. The author's hope is, that by the Divine blessing, the facts here recorded from the "Secret History of Romanism," being exposed in connection with Rome's unchangeable dogmas, and as perpetrated by Rome's authorised agents, may open the eyes of many to see IN THEIR FRUITS, the terribly wicked and unscriptural character of the *doctrines*,* which infallibly lead to such results when circumstances favour their full and firm developement. Whilst the beautiful contrast presented in the light of truth—placed side by side throughout with those dark deeds—appears brightest as it cheers the Martyr's heart, and plays o'er his heaven-lit countenance while he glorifies God in the fires.

I repeat it solemnly, that the corrupt teaching of Romanizers has confounded many a gifted mind and perplexed many a tender conscience. Yes, the sapping and mining in all directions has done infinite evil! It is humbly hoped, by the Divine blessing, that a brief review of what "our fathers have declared unto us, even the noble works that God did in their days, and in the old time before them," may restore the lineaments of truth, and bring back the troubled spirit to the WRITTEN WORD, by which the LORD JESUS comforted His Confessors and Martyrs in their affliction. We also humbly trust that the simple exhibition of the apostacy, as seen in its FRUITS—when unchecked by a superior power—will repel in time the deluded from the precipice, which to pass is destruction; that the net of Jesuitism being laid bare will scare away the unwary ere it be too late; and that the eyes of parents may be opened to the danger of

* Even the common Romish Catechism teaches that no one can be saved who is not in communion with the Pope; and hence persecution is justified as merciful!

allowing their young people to be snared early in the course of education, or later by intermarriage with Romanists—to their utter ruin.* Protestants can hardly fail to see here that England's danger is in encouraging and endowing popery, and that England's safety consists in supporting, extending, and encouraging the TRUTH AS IT IS IN JESUS. For if she partake of Rome's sins, "she must receive of her plagues." Therefore, whilst the present salutary feeling lasts, all true-hearted Protestants should make known to their *children*, who may, in turn, declare to them who shall come after them, the real character of Romanism; and show by the acts and monuments of our Martyrs, that it is not a mere superstition to be dispelled by secular learning; but a fearful apostacy, whose main springs—the Jesuits—abuse learning to delude the nations who seek not their strength from above, and their faith in the WRITTEN WORD only. It is plain that mere legislative enactments, such as prohibiting the use of certain titles, cannot save the country, so long as the *spirit and principle* of the Government encourage popery in Ireland and the colonies. So surely as the latter policy continues, the vials of God's wrath in the worst of all judgments, will be poured out on this land, and that which many now greatly fear, will undoubtedly come upon the guilty country so highly honoured when God was supremely honoured, and deservedly debased when He and His Word were despised. Let every individual then regard it as a sacred duty to use his influence to reverse the present popish policy of our rulers, which warmed into life the serpent that employs its returning vigour to inject its poisonous venom into the very life-blood of its benefactors. Whilst the rights of conscience are duly

* Anne of Denmark, James's Queen, was a *secret Romanist*, and in regular correspondence with Rome; her son married another papist, lost his head, and deluged England with blood.—*Quarterly Review*, lviii. 397.

respected, let it be no longer possible for a *Protestant Lord Lieutenant*, to inform the pope that "*every session of each successive Parliament has produced laws favourable to the increase of (R.) Catholicity and decrease of Protestantism!!*" Yes! and to prove this startling assertion by such appalling proofs of our national infidelity to God as these:—"Passing over in silence the General Emancipation, let us enumerate alone the religious Abolitions,—the very roots of the Protestant Propaganda destroyed; for example, the *Charter Schools and the Bible Schools, the exclusive Nursery of that (Protestant) religion is entirely destroyed.* . . . It is not necessary that I should record the destruction of *ten Dioceses of Protestant Bishops. The Abolition of all the Municipal Corporations of Protestants*,—the constant refusal of every Government to assign or allot *any part whatsoever* of the grant of £100,000 for the education of the poor to Protestants,—such facts as these, of which an entire catalogue could be formed. . . . Let the grant to the College of Maynooth of £26,000 yearly for ecclesiastical education alone be a testimony. . . . *So free from any superintendency or examination on the part of the Donor!*"*

If the Protestants of this great empire do their duty, and not otherwise, the country will be saved, under God, from certain destruction. If "the Mystery of Godliness" be duly and systematically contrasted in its *principles and fruits* with "the Mystery of Iniquity;"—*if we pray and labour, (by all spiritual means,) to make Christ, who is so precious to our own souls, known to our poor Romanist fellow-countrymen, because we love them as ourselves, and because our gracious Lord is thereby honoured*:—then Maynooth will soon cease to receive the seed of the teeth of the scarlet coloured beast, in

* Letter (1848) from the Earl of Clarendon to Rev. Dr. Ennis, his private Agent at Rome. Connelly's Coming Struggle with Rome, p. 18.

order to ripen into armed men, and to shed its harvest of blood as in the days of old;—and the faithful minister of the Church in Ireland will be no longer treated by the rulers of this country *as if the plague-spot were upon his forehead*. Then the colonial office will cease to be infested with Romish agents going out to our dependencies, at the expense of this Protestant country, to counteract and to oppose the Gospel of the grace of God preached by our missionaries to perishing sinners. Then Colleges and schools purged of Jesuitism, will no longer send forth “sweet water and bitter” from the same springs of sacred knowledge. Then Christ being supremely honoured everywhere alike, and Anti-Christ sincerely and universally renounced; the shackles which hang loosely on our poor Roman Catholic fellow-subjects will be struck off by Him who is the Angel of the Covenant: and the curse now about to enter every dwelling will be converted into a blessing;—for “peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, shall be established among us for all generations.” With this earnest hope and prayer are the following pages and their readers, committed to the goodness and mercy of the Great Head of the Church; and anxiously do we ask the prayers of the Lord’s people for the success of this work of faith and labour of love; and also their aid for its admission into the *family circle*, and into *schools and colleges*, for there is nothing offensive to purity in its pages, and historic truth is preserved throughout. The title of this edition has been necessarily altered, but the reader will find no change in the spirit of the work, and he will confess that the “*Dark Deeds of the Papacy*” are thoroughly substantiated by the “*Secret History of Romanism*.”

GODFREY MASSY.

Limerick, October 20, 1852.

CHAPTER I.

THE JESUITS.

Romantic History of Ignatius Loyola, their Founder—His Companions, the Jesuit Fathers—Critical Period of their Appearance—Struggles and Establishment of the Order—Its real Object, skilful Training, and wonderful Organization—The Retreat and Spiritual Exercises—Jesuit Christian Doctrine, Crafty Constitutions, and Vow of Blind Obedience—Some of Pascal's witty delineations of their easy Devotion and strange Morality—Story of Jean D'Alba and M. Puy—Jesuit Calumny—Secreta Monita—Foxes and Firebrands—The Secret Oath and Poisoned Dagger.

SPAIN, the land of magnificent scenery and gorgeous shrines, scarcely ever, in her very palmyest days, gloried in a more superb abode of superstitious devotion, than that of the Benedictine Monks at Montserrat. Indeed, next to the celebrated shrine of St. James at Compostella, the altar of "Our Lady at Montserrat," was the favourite haunt of Spanish pilgrims. The costly and countless gifts which hung around it on every side, showed the vehement ardour of their adoration. But of all these votaries, by far the most remarkable in the world's history, was a Spanish officer, by name Ignatius Loyola. On the eve of the festival of the Annunciation of

the Virgin, 1522, this extraordinary man with eager step climbed the winding path which, at each turning around those beautiful heights, reveals a still more glorious panorama of charming scenery, alternating picturesque rocks and fragrant groves, with pine-clad hills and smiling dales; cloud-piercing mountains and sweet green valleys. Not one passing glance did Loyola vouchsafe to the splendid prospect. The wonderful beauties of the shrine, formed of precious marbles, studded with sparkling gems, and lighted up by seventy-five golden lamps, had as little attractions for our cavalier, until he had hung up his arms amongst the other offerings as trophies to the "Queen of Heaven." It was in front of the Virgin's altar that he passed that live-long night, now standing, now on his knees, now prostrate on the ground, imploring with many groans her intercession for the pardon of his sins; and with fervent ejaculations devoting himself to her service as her own true knight. It is a most remarkable coincidence that, at the very time the elect champion of the Papacy was buckling on his armour at Montserrat, to do battle against Protestantism, the renowned warrior of Christ, Martin Luther, was preparing for a fresh onslaught upon Popery. To the timorous counsels of the friends, who would keep him from the meeting at Worms, he replied, "I am lawfully called to appear in that city, and thither will I go in the name of the Lord, though as many devils as there are tiles on the houses were there combined against me."*

In these two moral giants of their day and of all time, though some features of similarity appear in their intellectual ability, zeal, and courage, still there are some points of violent contrast between them. Loyola was a very skilful manœuvrer, whose education in court and in camp gave him

* Luth. Op. ii. 412.

a strong bias to stratagem and artifice. Luther was candour itself; he abhorred trick and chicanery, and wore his heart on his lips. Loyola never sought his religion in the Bible. He took his creed as he found it framed in the Romish Church, exactly as if it were a word of command. Believing that his Church could not err, he thought proof unnecessary for any article of his faith. Hence his "Spiritual Exercises," which has been aptly called the Bible of Jesuitism, contains only three historic quotations from the epistles, and not one extract from the prophecies. Indeed, it is nearly certain that he had never read one line in the Bible when he sprung forth to assail Protestant truth! But the Word of God was Luther's darling study; and in his prison hours he translated the New Testament into the language of his father-land, so faithfully and beautifully, that to this day it is the standard version in Germany. However, the grand and culminating difference between them was, that Loyola bent all the energies of his subtle mind to defend the creature-worship of the Papacy, especially that of the Virgin, while Luther incessantly preached "Christ, and Him crucified;"

"Him first, Him last, Him midst and without end;" and constantly maintained the doctrine of justification by faith in His blood, to be the certain test of a falling or a standing Church.

A rapid review of Loyola's career will help us to form a clearer idea of the mysterious society of which he was the founder, and on which his character has left so deep an impress.*

He was a younger son of Don Bertram de Loyola, and had been early selected for his wit and beauty, to fill the office of page at the brilliant Court of Ferdinand and Isabella. After obtaining much applause for his adroitness in

* Taylor's Loyola, chap. i.

court intrigues, he "sought the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth," and was severely wounded at the siege of Pampeluna. His recovery was greatly protracted by the vanity which caused him to have his leg twice fractured in order to reduce an unsightly swelling. Whilst stretched upon his bed of languishing, two books were placed in his hands, which gave a new aim to his ambition. The one was a meagre outline of our Saviour's history; so written as to be "safe reading for the laity." The other book contained metal more attractive. It was a huge folio, entitled "Lives of the Saints." Here were strange legends of their meritorious self-torture, wild adventures, amazing miracles, mighty victories in adding whole kingdoms to "the royalties of Peter,"—their final admission to the ranks of "the saints reigning with Christ, and patronizing suppliant mortals." While revolving those brain sick fancies, he suddenly exclaimed one night, "Why should not I emulate the holy Francis or the holy Dominic?" When lo! we are gravely informed by his Jesuit historian Gonsalvo, he saw in a vision the Virgin herself smiling sweetly upon him, and extending to his embrace the Infant Redeemer. As if, forsooth, our blessed Lord were a perpetual infant, and still as subject to the Virgin's controul as a babe at the mother's breast! A common Romish artifice this to rob Christ of his glory and confer it on the Virgin. As soon as Loyola could travel, he made his way towards Barcelona, whence he intended to sail to the Holy Land. He meets a Saracen. A dispute arises between the travellers on a point altogether immaterial to the Christian faith, viz., as to whether the Virgin had any other children after the birth of our Saviour; but Loyola grows furious at the Moor for taking the affirmative. When the latter seeing the folly of arguing with such a bigot, sets spurs to his mule and trots off, he is pursued

by his frantic companion, who burns to vindicate the Queen of Angels, by plunging his dagger in the blasphemer's heart. Lo, a Jesuit miracle! He reaches a cross road, and beginning to doubt of the propriety of slaying the Saracen; he flings the reins upon the neck of his mule, and leaves to it the decision of the question, which is amicably settled in a moment, for the animal quietly turns up the mountain path which leads to Montserrat. "So," says Pasquier, "God sometimes gives advice to false prophets by their *beasts*, as we read of Balaam's ass and Loyola's mule."* After his devotions at Montserrat Ignatius took refuge in the Dominican Monastery of Manresa, where he practised cruel austerities. Thrice a day he flogged his naked shoulders till the blood came. Thrice a day he attended mass, and gave seven hours daily to private devotion. Daily he begged his food from door to door; and passed whole nights in striving to remember some long forgotten sin, that he might make full confession, but still he found no peace of conscience in these anti-Christian efforts to set aside the all-atoning sacrifice of Christ, and substitute his own sufferings in its stead. More than once he approached the window of his cell with the intention of committing suicide: but the self-condemning publican was suddenly transformed into the self-righteous pharisee, when the confessor whispered that he had now amassed a stock of merit sufficient to earn his pardon, and make him the special favourite of heaven. In this highly excited state of mind, totally ignorant of the Bible, and constantly looking for aid to Mary, and not to Jesus, visions, which he supposed celestial, incessantly floated across his imagination. He once fancied that he saw a light, in the midst of which was a triangular figure emblematic of the Trinity! He even boasted that he had

* Catechism of Jesuitism, 159.

thus obtained such a knowledge of divine things that, apart from any testimony of Scripture, he could have suffered martyrdom for them!! Satanic visions sometimes disturbed him, but, he said, that he could drive them away by a few passes of his walking stick! It was now he composed the famous "Spiritual Exercises," which Dr. Wiseman delicately hints may have been inspired.*

The Friars quickly took advantage of this change in the frames and feelings of their noble guest. They gave out that he was a real live saint, and puffed him up with adulation. Many a poor Oxford pervert has been thus taken in the snare of the fowler. The old courtly habits of Loyola reappeared with his returning pride. He became neat in his dress, and when poor visitants came for a blessing, his first care was to make them clean and adjust their squalid attire. He returned the visits of the rich, and exerted his great powers of fascinating conversation in order to conciliate their regard. He also relaxed his austerities and attended to the care of his health. After one year's sojourn at Manresa he set off on a missionary tour to convert the Mahomedans in Palestine; taking Rome in his way in order to adore the relics of superstition, which even in our days have such charms for Lords Fielden and Campden. and their silly companions. Foiled in his eastern mission Loyola turned to the more needful task of defending the papacy. Here he was met on the threshold by a difficulty of enormous magnitude. The Reformers were men of great learning and mighty in the Scriptures, and he was too worldly wise not to know that by such men the miraculous visions, which formed all his lore, would be instantly rejected as "mere frenzy, the very painting of his fear." The air-drawn dagger of Macbeth would be as little likely to overawe them. In fact, the

* Preface to Seager's Translation of Spiritual Exercises.

discovery of printing and of the new world had given such a mighty impetus to the popular mind, that learning became the favourite object of the day, and had already inflicted upon the papacy the deadly wound through which it was fast pouring forth its life blood. It was amidst the gross darkness which overshadowed the vast Roman Empire on its distruction by the barbarous Goths and Vandals, that the illiterate Monks had consolidated the Romish apostacy by their fabulous miracles and fanatical practises, which paralysed the human mind, and forbad investigation. It was by crushing free inquiry and scriptural research that the preaching friars had stopped the Reformation attempted by the Albigenses and Lollards. The main object of their infamous inquisition and bloody crusades was to enslave the mind. They loudly asserted that all heresies arose from Greek and Hebrew. "The New Testament," said one of them, "is full of serpents and thorns. Greek is a new and recently invented language. As for Hebrew, my dear brethren, it is certain that all who learn it immediately become Jews."* The schoolmaster was now abroad, and the friars fled from his approach. The monks were still less suited to those stirring times. Shut up in "the dim religious light" of their cloisters, their mental energies were exhausted by long, dreary, and heartless ritual observances, and their bodily strength was reduced to as low a point by the austerities which enfeebled the sincere devotees, or the excesses which stupied the profligates, of whom there were but too many. How to make learning the handmaid of ignorance, and wrest the Word of God to the destruction of truth, this was a difficult enterprise, but it should be achieved if the Papal system, which rose in the dark ages, was to exist and flourish in the blaze of high civilization and scriptural

* D'Aubigné's Hist. Reform. 20.

study. Loyola girded himself for the herculean labour, and succeeded, by perverting learning, in once more saving the Papacy until its long day of grace shall have expired. With an industry and patience worthy of a better cause, he studied for nearly seven years in the universities of Salamanca and Paris. There he gave himself, night and day, to practise the ingenious sophistry of Thomas Aquinas and the other "subtle angelic and irrefragable doctors," the schoolmen, whose chief aim was to obtain victory in doubtful disputations, by an adroit system of logic, rejoicing in a multiplicity of cunning subterfuges for mystifying the simplest questions and evading the clearest proofs. Luther at one time delighted in this scholastic philosophy, but when Gospel wisdom was vouchsafed to his mind, through prayerful study of the Word of God, he called the schoolmen "the sophistical locusts, caterpillars, and frogs of learning," and often indignantly asked, "What does it contribute to the knowledge of things to trifle and cavil in words conceived by Aristotle concerning matter, form, time, motion, and space?*" One of their own party wittily represented them as "delighting to hold discussion over a goat's hair, whether it were wool or no." The new champion of Rome soon excelled in this intellectual fencing, and became a perfect adept in nice distinctions and subtle sophisms calculated to evade the real question, and to elude the point blank proofs of Holy Writ, usually urged against Papal errors, by forcing an opposite meaning upon their plainest language. Pascal admirably characterized this system as "playing at words, when the sense is altogether different."† Even then he rigidly acted upon the lofty motives, and practised the exact discipline which he afterward enforced upon his followers, by training himself to consider the head master as

* Encycl. Brit. i. 16, 7th ed.

† Lett. Prov. ii. 12.

the Lord Jesus, and the other teachers as Apostles, all of whose words were inspired. This strange fanaticism gave such singular attraction to the ardent and subtle spirit of Loyola, that some of his most highly gifted fellow pupils became as it were spell-bound under his influence.

Xavier, Lainez, Bobadilla and Salmeron, Spaniards; Rodriquez, a Portuguese; Le Jay and Faber, Savoyards; Codure and Brouet, Frenchmen; passed through the "Spiritual Exercises," cast in their lot with him, and afterwards materially assisted in organizing and working his society. It was in a grim vault of the Church of Montmartre, at Paris, on 15th August, 1534, the festival of the Assumption, (or bodily ascension into heaven, as is falsely asserted by the Romish Church,) of the Virgin, that these disciples and their master, bound themselves by a solemn vow, to form themselves into a new society, for the defence of "the Chair of Peter." They then sought the favour of "Mary, Queen of Virgins, as the patroness of an order professing angelical purity." After many moving accidents by flood and field, the little band at length approach the gates of Rome. They come in strange guise, staff in hand, rosaries pendant from their necks, and knapsacks laden with books upon their backs. They come reputed as saints amongst the people, and famous as subtle disputants amongst the learned. They come in sanguine hope, for Loyola, it is said, has just been favoured with a new vision, in which the Virgin has vouchsafed him an audience of the Father, "whom no man hath seen at any time," and by his side Jesus bearing a huge cross, and saying, "I will be favourable to you at Rome!" In honour of this vision they resolve to call themselves "The Society of Jesus." Fuller assigns ambition as the real cause of this title; that as at the holy name every knee should bow, so every other order should do homage to them.*

* Church Hist. iii. 290.

The jealousy of the established orders prevented Paul III. from confirming the new society till 1540, when he was won over by their unprecedented offer of adding to the usual vows of poverty, obedience to superiors, and chastity, or rather celibacy, a form of blind obedience to the Pope, in whose service they engaged to travel and labour at the expense of—the public.*

Loyola was elected Father General, and before the altar of the Virgin, after a solemn appeal to her, as patroness, he swore blind obedience to the Pope: and each socius or companion, took the same vow to him. It is worthy of notice that even then, upwards of three hundred years ago, the Jesuits made noiseless, but certain progress in every country, by confining their first efforts to the amiable and attractive work of the gratuitous education of youth.† All the Romish sovereigns gave a cordial reception to the learned priests who laboured to efface the reproach of ignorance from the votaries of Rome. Houses of the order sprang up with magical rapidity in Spain, Portugal, Germany, France, Italy, and even in India. Their confessionals were the most frequented and, by this electric telegraph, they soon obtained multitudes of secrets useful to consolidate his power. He thus held in his hands the wires of a machine, moving with little friction, and no noise, and stretching over the whole Popedom, with a powerful organization which gave that union which is strength, even to error. The stern inflexibility with which the new general ruled over his old companions, and their implicit submission, is a case in point. Le Jay was offered the bishopric of Trieste by the King of the Romans. The Papal Court rejoiced at finding so able a controversialist placed on the very confines of the reformation ground. But Loyola obliged him to refuse the offered

* Encycl. Brit. Jesuits.

† Hospinian Hist. Jesuit, 141.

dignity, sagaciously foreseeing the early desertion of all his companions, if allowed to accept the splendid offices for which their abilities fitted them: and upon which they might cast some very needful respectability, for, many Cardinals and Bishops were ready enough to use the language of the ancient Roman, while electing to their rank a Jesuit Father.

“ We lay these honours on this man,

To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads.”

In like manner he saved Borgia from the “fatal glories of a Cardinal’s hat.” He secured to the society a profound diplomatist, and yet adroitly managed to make these refusals come apparently, from the Jesuits themselves. When Lainez wished to retire from active life, “to make his soul,” the General sternly refused his entreaty, and commanded him as a fit penance, to write a Controversial Catechism.

Gonzalez refused the dignity of Confessor to the King of Portugal, but he was obliged instantly to enter upon the office, by the command of the General, who pointed out the necessity of refusing a mitre, or Cardinal’s hat, which might alienate him from the society, yet he insisted that a Jesuit should gladly become confessor to a king, for, by discovering of his inmost secrets and perfect access at all times, he would do the order infinite service.*

Rodriquez presided over the College in Portugal, very ably, but had latterly failed in rigidity of discipline, He was sent into Spain, and Miron, a harsh Spaniard, took his place. A great commotion was the result. The famous “Letter on Obedience,” which shall soon be noticed, was the quietus which restored the passive obedience in which the society glories. Foreign Missions were the safety valves of this formidable engine. Jesuits of too scrupulous or indiscreet a character, were sent into remote countries, where their ethu-

* Hospinian 242.

siasm might advance the society by the renown which their exaggerated exploits might reflect upon its home engagements. Francis Xavier was one of those earnest and vehement men. It is said that he leaped for joy when dispatched to convert India; and, by noon on the day after his instructions had arrived, he had far advanced on his dangerous and toilsome career. Surely, "distance lends enchantment to the view," when even Protestant writers, taking all their information from Jesuit biographers of "this famous saint," extol him as the Prince of Missionaries. Jesuits have calculated that he baptized, on an average, three hundred and twenty nine persons each day, during his ten years mission! It was a work which might have been more easily effected by a steam engine, as these conversions consisted, for the most part, as we shall soon see, in transferring from one name to another, the lip and finger worship to which the poor idolators had been accustomed.*

Salmeron was a man of totally different stamp. Learned, subtle, delighting in controversy, of brilliant wit, and such effrontery, that, "e'en when vanquished he could argue still." To the Council of Trent this trained intellectual pugilist was despatched, in company with Lainez. The instructions, given to them when departing, exhibit a new view of the Jesuit system. They were enjoined to visit the sick, to teach the young, to preach amongst the poor, and to live humbly upon the alms which they were meekly to solicit from the charitable. Thus they were to conciliate the favour of the assembled prelates, and win "golden opinions from all sorts of people." But, while thus apparently candid and simple, they were enjoined to set their faces, as flint, against any reform of Romish errors, no matter how flagrant and however opposed to the Holy Scriptures, or to the opinions of the

* Quart. Rev. xxxii. 3.

ancient fathers: for, said Loyola, "though such proofs might make an opinion probable, they could not make it Catholic, an office reserved alone for the infallible judge of controversy, their master, the Pope." *

Father Paul's history of the Council of Trent, gives us a deeply melancholy recital of these Jesuits' triumphs over the few advocates of scriptural truth, yet lingering in the Church of Rome with the vain hope of reforming it.

But now a tremendous storm seems gathering over the society, and threatens it with total shipwreck. Paul IV. ascends the Papal throne, and Loyola has lately given him such mortal offence, that its suppression is confidently foretold by all the rival orders, whose bitter jealousy it provoked by brilliant success and boundless influence. A Neapolitan youth of noble family, had been seduced into the step of professing himself a Jesuit. The father claimed his son from the General, and was politely but firmly refused. The mother, in an agony of grief, cast herself at his feet, and, with piteous weeping, implored him to relent; but the young man was of such promising talents, that Loyola coldly informed her he could not be spared, and that she asked an impossibility. The bereaved parents then supplicated Cardinal Caraffa to interpose his authority, and restore their lost son. Touched by their misery, the Cardinal issued a command for the lad's restoration. Loyola evaded the order, and interposed obstacles, until he at length obtained its reversal from the reigning Pope.† The mourning parents refused to be comforted, and their grey hairs were brought down with sorrow to the grave. This cruelty was however a part of the system which had long since steeled his own heart against all human sympathies. Sternly resolved to renounce all ties of kindred, as being likely to shackle his

* Taylor's Loyola, 149.

† Ibid. 163.

complex movements, he once passed the gate of his paternal mansion, without one thought of "auld lang syne," and lodged in a neighbouring hospital. Shortly before his death a packet was hastily placed before him, it came from his birth place, and probably contained news from his family. Amidst his admiring disciples he cast it unopened into the fire which burned on the hearth before him, yet this was the eloquent preacher, who was afflicted with a disease in his eyes, produced by excessive weeping, whilst delivering his singularly pathetic discourses.

Caraffa was elected as Pope Pius IV. His first act was to summon Loyola to an audience, and inform him, with many expressions of respect, that father Lainez was now to be rewarded for his services by a seat in the College of Cardinals. The General stood aghast, clearly foreseeing the ruinous consequences of the loss which the society was about to suffer, but he smothered his emotions, meekly knelt, kissed the Pope's foot, and submissively said, "if indeed it must be so, the world shall see in what spirit the society accepts ecclesiastical honours." Yet the invincible General so worked his point, that through Lainez himself, by intrigue, and by intreaty, he moved the Pope from his determination; and so charmed him by a display of filial obedience, that ever afterwards he was consulted as the most trust worthy counsellor of the Chair of St. Peter. Thus, apprehended ruin, was turned into increased security.

From another and most unexpected quarter, Spain, a deadly assault was also made on the Jesuits. Melchior Cano, a Dominican Monk, and Doctor of Salamanca, in denunciations as withering as those of Gavazzi himself, proclaimed the General and his society, as forerunners of *Anti-Christ*. Loyola directed the Provincial of the Spanish Jesuits, to wait most respectfully upon Melchior, and modestly to

explain the bull, which constitutes their charter, and to show how unlikely it was, that the Pope should have trusted them with such powers at the Council of Trent, if they were not staunch and able advocates of the Papacy. The sturdy Monk protested that diabolical delusion could easily account for the favour they had gained at Rome, and he thundered at them more awfully than ever. In vain the General of the Dominicans was induced by the wily Ignatius to interpose his authority, for the purpose of silencing his vehement follower. Painful alarm was felt by the Spanish Jesuits, but they looked with confidence to their chief, whose inexhaustible resources they had so often admired. The danger soon disappeared for, as a reward for his noble services to Mother Church, Loyola got his enemy a bishopric, but sent him to the *Canaries*. "If this was revenge," says one of his eulogists, "it could not be more sweet, nor above all, more *ingenious*."* Soon another storm arose, it blew from France, where the Clergy, with the quick wit and common sense which so distinguished their nation, early observed that, whilst the Jesuits were ostensibly holding back from emoluments and dignities, they were really aspiring to rule the world. Henry II. the Cardinal of Lorraine, and the French court, cordially supported the order: but the University of Paris poured forth charge after charge upon the despotism, antisocial nature, and antagonism to free enquiry which already characterized the system. Loyola was requested by many, to refute the accusations, but, conscious of their truth, and too subtle to commit himself, he merely directed his followers to take no notice "of the temporary illusion which just now leads the excellent doctors of the Sorboune to misrepresent, and oppose our society." Thus, by yielding to the storm, it soon died away; and, the mercurial Frenchmen followed

* Steinmetz History of Jesuits, i. 380.

some object of fresher interest, which was craftily supplied by *political agitation*, raised by Jesuit emissaries, meanwhile the society crept stealthily on, until it gained as firm a footing there as elsewhere.*

The Constitutions of the Order now occupied all his attention; and the Virgin was incessantly implored to give him that illumination which might make those laws bear the stamp of inspiration! When completed the book was solemnly laid on the altar, and offered to the divine majesty, with the sacrifice of the mass. It was then considered to be as fully authenticated as Holy Scripture itself.† Age and infirmity now began to weigh heavily on Loyola, but the ruling passion of seeking popular applause still urged him to painful exertions. It was his oft repeated maxim, that his followers should be highly accomplished, and never offend the ear of the most refined by foreign accents, foreign idioms, or college pedantry, so even then he employed an elegant Italian scholar, to correct the style of his letters, and to watch over his common conversations, that he might acquire perfectly the "*Lingua Toscana in Bocca Romana*," which would satisfy the ear and taste of the fastidious Italians. He also passed much time, strange to say, in tender attentions to the sick and afflicted, and in care of an orphan asylum, "that he might be *reputed* skilful in administering relief or solace." The evening of Loyola's days was tempestuous and wild. The tide of war rolled fast and furious towards the walls of Rome. The city resounded with the din of arms. His strength became unequal to the excitement of the troubled scene. He was removed to a house of the order beyond the suburbs. The fatigue of the journey hastened his dissolution. Bobadilla and others reported that for a considerable time before his death, his mind was full of hor-

* Taylor's Loyola, 166.

† Ibid 146.

ror. He often complained of being haunted by demons, and that he could never, and no where be safe from them. Nearly in his last moments he, with a heart breaking sigh, poured out this sad complaint, "I have done much good for the Church of Rome. I have seen many provinces of our men, many colleges, houses, residences and wealth belonging to our society: but all these things desert me now, and I know not whither to turn!"* How different was the death-bed of Luther, with whom he has been so often compared. There indeed you might see how a christian can die. His "comfortable prayer," shows the peace of mind which blessed his latter end. "Almighty, everlasting merciful Lord God, Father of our loving Lord Jesus Christ. I certainly know that all which thou hast said, the same thou art able to keep and perform. Thou canst not lie. Thy word is true! In the beginning thou promisedst me thy only begotten Son Jesus Christ. The same is come and hath delivered me from the devil, death, hell and sin. Wherefore I make no doubt at all but that I am delivered and secured from the devil, death, hell and sin. Is this my hour and thy divine will and pleasure? so am I willing to depart from hence, in joy and peace according unto thy word, and will go into thy bosom, through Jesus Christ."† When Loyola felt the approach of death tenfold gloom seized upon his spirit. He called Nadal, the secretary of the society, to his bed-side, and said with faltering accents. "Go and ask for me, from his holiness the Pope, his blessing and indulgence for my sins, that my soul may be better sustained in passing through the terrors of this moment." The unhappy man well nigh lost the false peace which he sought at the hands of his fellow sinner, for Nadal was assured by the physician that there was no immediate

* Steinmetz Hist. Jes. i. 508.

† Colloq. Mensal. 503. Southey's *Vindiciæ*. 432.

danger, and put off the execution of the commission till the next morning, so that the dying man was almost unconscious when he received the Papal benediction. He received none of the superstitious rites in which Romanists so wofully trust. A terrible fit of trembling shook his frame, when Nadal entered his presence. Immediately after death his face turned black.* He expired on the 31st July, 1556, in the 65th year of his age. That particular day has ever since been annually devoted in the Roman calendar, to St. Ignatius the Confessor, for it was by that title he was canonized, and the following blasphemous prayer is on that day offered up, by every Romish Priest. "O God, who for the increase of the glory of thy holy name, wast pleased by blessed Ignatius, to strengthen thy church militant, with a new supply; grant that we on earth by his *assistance*, and by *imitating him*, may *merit* to be crowned with him in heaven through," &c.†

Of all the saint-protectors whom the Roman Communion delights to honour, Ignatius Loyola holds the most eminent place, both for the amazing versatility of his talents and the momentous services which he conferred upon it. No candid reader can peruse his Constitutions, Spiritual Exercises, and Letter on Obedience, without being powerfully struck by their display of his profound knowledge of human nature, and inexhaustible craft in bending it to the advancement of the papacy: while his rare skill in organizing the very society required to meet the papal exigency, seems only paralleled by his exquisite art in transforming a clever fanatic, or a foul hypocrite into an angel of light, by moulding the external character into a dazzling semblance of heavenly purity. It is mournful, it is awful to think what myriads of his followers are still trained up and modelled upon the prin-

* Steinmetz Hist. Jes. i. 509.

† Roman Missal. iv. 87.

ciples, revealed in those works of their patron saint, and imitate him in fiery enterprize, laborious study, subtle sophistry, deep intrigue, fascinating address, and such seeming piety as might "deceive, if it were possible the very elect."

The Jesuit Society consists of the three following classes :*—

First, lay persons of both sexes of every rank, from whom its most important information is unsuspectingly derived, and by whom its deepest schemes are carried out. From Kings, like the famous Louis XIV., and our own unhappy James II. "who sold three kingdoms for one mass,"† down to the village schoolmaster, policemen, and servants, the "Institute of our Lady" is supplied with zealous agents. From the brilliant lady of fashion, down to the monthly nurse, the society commands the earnest devotedness and ready resources of the female heart, for conducting its dark intrigues. "The Sacred Heart," having as its badge, the likeness of a heart on a cross, is expressly contrived for Jesuitesses. Michelet draws a vivid picture of those deluded women whom he paints, "insinuating, gentle, subtle, fascinating, who pouring oil and honey as they go, smooth the way for Jesuits, and captivate the hearts of women by becoming their sisters, taking any shape they require, especially the maternal one, and so touching that sensitive point, the mother's heart. They will take charge of the daughters, who are freely resigned to such gentle hands. All is done with exquisite tact and promptitude, with admirable secrecy and discretion. Now the Jesuits are not far from having in the houses of their sisters, the daughters of the most influential families, and the sons follow."‡ This mixed multitude

* Gastaud Jes. Unmasked, 10. Steinmetz, iii. 588.

† St. Priest's Fall of the Jesuits, 142.

‡ Jesuits 4.

is connected with the order by the confessional, of which they are constant frequenters. The old scholars used to say, "beware of the student of *one* book," it would be infinitely wiser to beware of the Romanist who incessantly visits the confessor's chair, where such minute inquiries are made relative to the concerns of every one of the penitent's acquaintances and friends that he virtually becomes the priest's spy.

The second class consists wholly of men, partly priests and partly laymen. These agents are of superior rank, intelligence and influence, and are bound by a solemn vow not merely to aid the society in every thing required of them, but also to assume the habit of the order, whenever they are summoned by the general to enter the ranks of his immediate followers. They are called *Jesuits in Voto*, or vowed Jesuits, and there is scarcely a court or city throughout the world where such men may not be found. Their fidelity is secured by the two-fold bond of the confessional and the promotions which they obtain by Jesuit influence, and lose the moment their defection is suspected.

The third and highest class consists of Professed or Politic Jesuits, who manage the important and difficult affairs of the Order. Loyola's Constitutions show the stern, mechanical, and mysterious system by which they are trained and governed. This extraordinary book was long confined to the studies of Provincials and Superiors of Colleges. When, by degrees, its principal rules were divulged, it was printed at Prague in 1557, with a body of notes, called "Declarations," which were ostensibly intended to remove doubts, but were really designed to mystify the public on objectionable points in the text. The "Examen," at the very opening, startles the Christian when he reads that the candidate is required to renounce his property, and dispose of it differently from what he might naturally be disposed to do,

i. e. not upon his relatives, but upon the Order. He must also cut off all ties of kindred, except so far as his superior permits. He must engage himself to universal treachery, by promising to reveal to the superior all the defects of his companions, without the seal of confession, and he must agree to receive the same unworthy treatment at their hands.*

There is no hesitation shown in swallowing these pledges for every Jesuit keeps a secret list of all the promising youths in his district, minutely specifying their peculiar talents and circumstances, and he contrives to satisfy all the scruples of every eligible novice before he comes forward to enter the seminary.† The following are the qualifications of Jesuit novices: How skilfully they are adapted to secure eligible candidates! They must be gifted with “a *comely presence* for the edification of those with whom we deal;” also with good health and strength enough to undergo active labours. They cannot be younger than fourteen at admission, (a great saving of labour and expense this rule,) nor than twenty-five at profession. They must have, or seem likely to have, some talent. It is astutely decreed that no candidate can be admitted if discovered to be of unmanageable temper, or fickle character, or notable defect of judgment, or pretinacity of disposition, or want of utterance, or entangled with debt, or civil obligations, or if liable to any disease of the head, which may obscure the judgment or any tendency thereto. Matrimony or murder; former heresy, or schism, adhesion to any other order, or the life of a hermit, or deformity of person, also disqualify.‡

The candidate who can satisfy all these inquiries, must undergo six principal trials of obedience. First, the Retreat.

* Taylor's *Loyola*, 367, *Constit. Examen*.

† *Hospin. Jes.* 239.

‡ *Constitutions*, part i. chap. 1 and 2.

Now, as not only Jesuits, but "religious" Romanists of all classes, lay and clerical, annually enter into Retreat, superintended by Jesuits, so that such notices as the following: "The Roman Catholic Clergy of Killaloe diocese have commenced a Spiritual Retreat at Nenagh, under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Healy, a Jesuit,"* are not rare, it is of real importance to understand this movement. The house of Retreat is styled "a holy asylum opened to souls fatigued with vain bustle of the world," and "a calm retreat where the faithful happily delivered from the perishable attachments of this world can efficaciously work out their salvation." It contains many cells, so constructed as to seclude the novice in all the horrors of solitary confinement; so awful in the silence perpetually maintained in them. The door is kept closed and the window shutter barred, unless when a gleam of light is needful for the scanty meal or study of some work of mystic devotion. No person presumes to enter, except one trained servant, who only uses monosyllables, and the Jesuit confessor who, once each day, instructs the penitent in the course of meditation, he must pursue and manages so delicately as to make his suggestions appear the natural result of meditation in this dim cell. When the dejected inmate casts a weary glance upon the walls of his prison, he discerns many sentences painted upon them in huge lurid characters. None of them give words of faith and hope from Holy Writ, but the dismal outpourings of a mind diseased and groaning under its misery, yet unhappily ignorant of Christ and His finished work. Such as the following: "Despise thyself and desire to be despised by others. Thou deceivest thyself if thou lookest for aught but suffering. There are neither relations nor friends. If thou diest in the morning thou wilt be forgotten in the evening,

* Limerick Chronicle, January 16, 1852.

and who will pray for thee? We cannot render ourselves acceptable to the terrible *implacable* (!!) God, whom we worship, but by sorrow and mortification. Go where thou wilt, repose is only found by submitting thyself to the guidance of a superior. To live in obedience, to have a superior, and not to be master of thy own actions, is highly essential. We are happy in relying only on God in the person of our superiors, who fill His place."* When the miserable devotee turns from these heart-freezing sentences, his eye fixes on a picture of the Virgin. Above it a lamp dimly flickers; beneath it rests a large painted crucifix, in front of which a skull grins horribly between its pendant cross bones. A chapel is close at hand, where mass is dolefully chaunted each morning, and "vespers" sound each evening like the funeral dirge of lost souls.

A reformed priest says, that "even on the first evening he left his lonely cell to visit the chapel, he was so thoroughly unmanned by these accumulated horrors, that he wept aloud throughout the service. During this short absence his trunk was opened with a false key, by his confessor, for the purpose of discovering his tastes and habits by the examination of his papers, books, and clothes."† Such penances as fastings, denial of sleep, lying on iron bars, wearing hair cloth, and the free use of the scourge, must be so far used as not to injure very seriously the health.

Loyola's "Spiritual Exercises" is the guide book employed, and it furnishes devotions for one month's retreat. Each evening the sins of the day must be noted by an equal number of dots upon a line, to which is attached the day of the week, and the penitent is directed how he may daily reduce this recording line, and make it "fine by degrees and beauti-

* L'Imitation par Gonlieu. Juif. Errant. ix. c. 3.

† Letters of Henri, by Dr. De Sanctis.

fully less," till, at the close of the Retreat, he shall have attained sinless perfection—according to the Jesuit model.*

During each of Loyola's Spiritual Exercises the devotee must excite his imagination to such "fine frenzy," that every object of meditation is clothed in the shape and colours of real life. At given points he is taught to work up his feelings to such a pitch of enthusiasm, that sobs and groans, or rapturous exclamations, burst passionately from his lips, as the subject may be one of sorrow or of joy. A colloquy or conversation with God or "our Lady," ends each of these extraordinary scenes. The first imaginary conversation is held with "the Queen of Angels," whose radiant form must be absolutely seen by the mind's eye, and whose mercy and intercession must be supplicated in loud and piercing accents. It is thus, probably, that Roman priests acquire the dangerous art of addressing a crucifix or a picture, of which they make such a blasphemous and thrilling use in their sermons.

The first week of Retreat exercises all the senses upon objects of wrath and terror. Late at night, now kneeling, now lying on his face or back, now sitting or standing the novice must, in imagination, *see* the vast fires of hell, and the souls of the lost enclosed in their adamantyne fiery dungeons; he must *hear* their lamentations, howlings, and blasphemies against God and his saints; he must *smell* the vile stench of the bottomless pit; then he must *taste* the bitter tears, the rottenness, and the worm of conscience; and *touch* the very fires by which lost souls are burned. By these Exercises "sin is abandoned, hated, loathed!"

The second weeks arrives bringing new work for the excited fancy, which must vividly picture to itself the round globe we live on, and all its inhabitants. The cottage of the Virgin attracts the devotee's eye. As in a panorama he must

* Spir. Exer. 39. Hispal. 1587.

view with ardent gaze the principal events of her history, for she is the chief object of Jesuit worship. He beholds her sitting on a she-ass. Joseph, with a poor maid servant and an ox, follow in her train. They are setting out for Bethlehem that they may pay tribute to Cæsar, and the road must stand out prominently to view, in length obliquity, smoothness or roughness, as it presents itself from place to place. The persons must be *seen*, their words *heard*, the sweetness of the holy family must be *tasted*, and by the *touch* their garments and footsteps must be kissed and handled. Then Satan and Christ appear upon the moving scene. The great captain of the wicked must be imagined as sitting on his burning throne, horrible in figure and terrible in countenance, drawing men unto himself by the desire of *riches*, through which he may cast them into the abyss of pride. On the other side, the Saviour invites to a love of *poverty*, and persuades to the practice of poverty. Three rich men approach, whose hearts have been touched by the Redeemer's pleading voice, and who are benevolently considering how they may get rid of their property, so as to pacify God and be saved from the snares of wealth. The novice then rises to a lofty desire of choosing poverty and humility as his portion before God and His saints. *Election* is attained by this week's exercises !

The third week is devoted to a "Spiritual" Review of the incidents of our Lord's Passion. All the senses must be enlisted in these meditations. The sort of road Jesus travelled, whether rough or smooth, short or long, steep or level. The chamber in which he took his last supper, whether wide or narrow, plain or adorned. The garden, its size, situation, trees and flowers, must in the most trivial particulars pass before the mental eye, and furnish food for every sense. All eagerness in taking food must now be subdued

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by the example of our Lord in supping with his disciples. His every act must be observed by each of the senses, that the great example may have its due effect. The novice is now called on to form these two resolutions: Carefully to avoid laughter, and to forbear looking any person straight in the face, except to salute or bid him farewell.* The reason assigned for the latter rule is, in order to prevent the eyes, these windows of the soul, from admitting sights of sin. The true object in view is, more probably, that of concealing the emotions of the soul, by letting down "the fringed curtains of the eye." However this may be, the novice thus begins to exercise the command of countenance, for which Jesuits stand unrivalled by the most accomplished actors, tragic or comic. They carry what they are pleased to call the "custody of the eyes," to wonderful perfection. Thus the "imitation of Christ" is attained in Jesuit retreat!

The last week sees the novice exercising all his senses on the resurrection of our Lord, and everything conspires to banish gloom and sadness. The window of the cell is thrown widely open. The foliage and blossoms of fragrant shrubs and flowers refresh the poor votary's aching eye, in spring or summer, and the sweet breath of morn brings healing to his shattered nerves. In winter the welcome light of heaven and the bright glow of a brisk fire, "fairest of flowers in a winter's garden" exhilarate his exhausted spirits. The confessor cheerfully enters the cell, warmly congratulates him on having completed so many painful and meritorious "spiritual exercises," and summons him to rejoice with his risen Redeemer. While the feelings rise in a tumult of self-righteous exultation, the abdication of property, and surrender of the liberty are held out as evidences of his spiritual resurrection. The confessor now gently insinuates that the

* Spir. Exer. 69.

regenerate alone know the spiritual benefit of relics, pilgrimages, indulgences, church adornment, tradition, and invocation of saints. He then effectually paralyzes enquiry upon those subjects, by inculcating Loyola's notorious rule of obedience. "In order that we may be altogether in conformity with the (Roman) Catholic Church and of the same mind, we should hold ourselves ready if in any instance, she pronounces that to be *black* which to our eyes appears *white*, to declare that it is so, and to believe that it is so!"*

This rule supplies the true answer to the question. "How can an intelligent scholar remain or become a Romanist?" The very essence of the Papal system is a denial of the right of private judgment in religious matters, and when a man makes it a matter of conscience to check investigation as involving sinful doubt, he will of course yield implicit submission to the pseudo *infallible* Church, however glaringly contrary to reason and scripture in her dictates. To supply subtle sophisms in the *defence* of the Roman system, is the peculiar province of Jesuitism. It never seeks for truth.

The retreat ends with three exercises on the right practice of prayer. What will my Christian reader think of the Jesuit system of using this sweet privilege of the children of God,—by which they come boldly to the throne of grace, through the new and living way opened to them by the Redeemer's meditation,—when he hears, that so often as we draw breath in supplication, we are enjoined to mutter some words of the Lord's prayer with reflections, either on the words or the dignity of the Person addressed, or our own vileness, or the difference between Him and us? The retreat is short or long according to circumstances, but whatever be its duration, it is melancholy to reflect how cunningly devised it is to petrify the heart with spiritual pride, or to inflate it

* Spirit. Exer. 215.

with wild mysticism or dangerous fanaticism, by diverting the mind from the all-atoning sacrifice of the Redeemer, and his merciful offices, even while exercising the feelings and the fancy upon the immaterial points of his history. So that "a form of godliness denying the power thereof" is the inevitable result.

To proceed with the Constitutions. If after undergoing quarantine in this spiritual Lazaretto the novice is found to be "purified from self-will," he is despatched to a month's active and disagreeable attendance upon the sick poor in an Hospital. Then he must prove his total disregard of public opinions, by begging his bread from door to door in a pious and edifying manner. The fourth ordeal severely tests his submission to authority while he acts as scullion in the college kitchen, the cook, nothing loath, is directed to try his temper by every imaginable insolence. He comforts himself by fancying that the order of the cook though, "neither decent nor right," is the voice of the Lord! Perhaps one of the most striking instances of Loyola's profound policy may be seen in his directing novices to be carefully drilled in "the proper method of teaching the catechism; accommodated to the intelligence of children and of ignorant persons."* For it is by this mode of instruction that the minds of children and of the masses of the people, are most easily and most permanently impressed.

James I. "the British Solomon," used to say that "a boy might preach, but it required a man to catechise." The very first book published by the society was a Catechism, which has become a Classic, in Jesuit Schools, to enable the children "to take in piety." It was called "A Sum of Christian Doctrine;" and so admirably shows how they contrive to prejudice Romanists against Protestant faith, by

* Constit. Soc. Jes. p. iv. c. 8. s. 6.

subtle MISREPRESENTATION of its doctrines, and by vile calumnies on our Reformers, that I give a few extracts.

Unity is first shown to be a test of Catholicity. It is alleged (falsely) to be found in the Roman Church, and then follows:—

“ Is the same unity found among Protestants ?

“ Oh ! Not the least in the world, as is evident from their continual schisms on the principal points of faith.

“ Have you an example in point ?

“ Luther himself recognises in his Catechism only one Sacrament, instituted by Christ, and *elsewhere* propounds two, three, four, yea, and seven Sacraments.”

“ Holiness ” is adduced as a mark of the true Church : then comes the ticklish question.

“ But are there not many wicked people amongst (Roman) Catholics ?

“ Alas ! there are to our shame, but only as Judas amongst the Apostles.

“ How stands the matter amongst Protestants ?

“ Oh ! their doctrine is alienated from all the means of acquiring sanctity. So far are they from teaching it !

“ How is this ? Don’t they boast that they are Reformed and Evangelical, and think themselves purer than the (Roman) Catholics ?

“ The reason is, they teach that good works are of no avail for Salvation, and that they render us more and more hateful in the sight of God. (Luther Resol. Contra. Eck. Art. 29. 32 Lib. de Libert. Christ. Sermon in Dom. 4 Post Pasch. Calvin Instit. L. 3, ch. 12, s. 4 ; ch. 14, s. 9.)

“ What’s their ditty on good works ?

“ They daily sing those verses,

“ ‘ All our works are vain ; they bring
Nought but bolts from Heaven’s King.’

“ What do they say of the Ten Commandments ?

“ They say, that it is not in the power of man to keep them, and that they no more pertain to us than the old ceremonies of the circumcision and the like. (Luther in ch. iv. Galat. ; in ch. xl. Exod. Calvin Instit. lib. 2, ch. 7.)

“ Did Luther teach that sin is not anything contrary to the Commandments of God ?

"Yes, he did, expressly in his *Postilla* of Wirtemberg, published during his life time, and in the Sermon already quoted, Fourth Sunday after Easter.

"What follows from that doctrine of Luther's?

"That to adore idols, to blaspheme, to rob, to commit murder, and other deeds against the Commandments, are not sins.

"Do you think that this detestable doctrine is taught by the disciples of Luther?

"The more honest of them are ashamed to own it. The rest follow their master boldly.

"How is this reconciled with what they say, that all our works are mere sins?

"Let them see to that, I certainly don't see it.

"What do the Protestants teach about the Sacraments?

"Nothing for certain. What they teach in one place they deny in another.

"How do you know this?

"From their books, as has been already said respecting Luther."*

How needful then is it in every controversy, clearly to unfold Gospel doctrines—as necessarily producing holiness—whilst assailing Romish errors.

When the novice perfectly proves himself apt to teach this *Anti*-"Christian doctrine," he passes his fifth Ordeal: meanwhile debating and disputation must be zealously practised.

The last trial-tests, for a considerable time, are his ability in the pulpit, and in the confessional where subjects requiring masterly tact and refined casuistry, are unsparingly consigned to his management, and vigilant indeed is the critical inspection of his performances.†

Through all these trials blind obedience is steadily exercised. It is, in this terrific system, the key-stone of the arch, which securely spans the foaming torrent of human passion, or the deep spring tide of human affection. Loyola's famous "Letter on Obedience," describes it as, "an abdication of

* Steinmetz Hist. Jes. ii. 209.

† Constit. Soc. Jes. Pars. iv. ch. 4.

the will and judgment by which the will of the superior is made one's own will, and is so identical with it as to be the same in perfect agreement:" and he adds, as a means, "easy and safe of subjugating the judgment, to fix it in your mind that whatever the superior commands is the order of God himself, and to perform that order, be it what it may, with a certain blind impulse of an eager will, bearing you forward without giving space for inquiry."* He illustrates his meaning by the case of the Abbot John, who, without inquiry or hesitation, daily watered, for a year, the stump of a dead tree; and he binds each Jesuit to be in the hands of his superior as resistless as an old man's staff or as a corpse which can be moved as may be most convenient.

Hospinian, the ablest writer which Switzerland ever produced, directly traces all the crimes of the Jesuits to this principle of *blind obedience*, and sagaciously remarks that their fourth vow of obedience to the Pope, makes him a partner in all their guilty deeds, for it constitutes him head of their monstrous body.†

There is an ominous rule in the Constitutions, which makes our blood run cold as we read it. It forbids Jesuits to commit sin, "UNLESS *the Superior commands them, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, or in virtue of holy obedience, which shall be done in those cases or persons wherein it shall be judged that it will greatly conduce to the particular good of each, or to the general advantage!*"‡

During all these trials the novice is incessantly under the microscopic scrutiny of his superior, or of officials, monitors, confessor, and companions. If still approved of, four years' course of study lies before him. Its multifarious nature is well described by Mr. Macaulay. "The Jesuits

* Taylor's *Loyola*, 240, 245.

† *Hist. Jes.* 398-9.

‡ *Constit.* pt. vi. c. 5.

deciphered Latin inscriptions. They observed the motions of Jupiter's satellites. They published whole libraries of controversy, casuistry, history, treatises on optics, alcaic odes, editions of the fathers, madrigals, lampoons.*

Any one of these studies, to which his genius inclines, may be followed by the novice, but controversial casuistry and *morality* for the confessional, such as might be expected from Jesuit doctrines, must be his *forte*. The celebrated Jansenist Pascal's revelations of their iniquity were so shocking that, notwithstanding all his wit and eloquence, Europe shuddered while it applauded. I shall follow him in some of his delineations of Jesuit iniquity, though with but faint hopes of catching the inimitable grace, with which he treats a subject so utterly revolting. In a series of "Letters to a *Provincial* (of Jesuits) from one of his Friends," which have been stamped with Papal authority—by having been quoted approvingly by Innocent XI., who favoured the Jansenists,† Pascal describes several imaginary conversations with "a good Jesuit father, who always suffers his visits, and whose discourses he always suffers though with much mutual pain." The Jesuit, for a time, baffles his polite visitor, by subtle distinctions and evasions on the doctrines of Grace, "always showing, if not great adroitness, at least great courage." Pushed to extremity, he at length boldly throws off the mask of evangelical doctrine, boasts of the peculiar advantages of Jesuit morality, and introduces Pascal to his study. As soon as they enter, the Jesuit seizes a splendid volume, and triumphantly exclaims, "Here is the proof! Escobar shows it." "Who is Escobar?" "What, dont you know Escobar of our society, who has compiled this moral theology of our twenty-four fathers, compares it to the seven-sealed book of the Revelation,

* Hist. Eng. ii. 54.

† Ibid ii. 60.

and says that Jesus offers it, thus sealed, to the four Cherubin Suarez, Vasquez, Molina, and Valentia, in presence of the twenty-four Jesuits, who represent the twenty-four Elders?" "Oh! how amusing," says Pascal, "I will pass night and day in reading it: I'll do nothing else." With this hopeful resolution he applies all his energies to the study of this wonderful book, and quotes from Filliucius, Tambourini, Squililanti, Molina, Sanchez, Escobar, &c., but he innocently asks the good Father,—“Do tell me were *these writers Christians?*”

No wonder at his surprise, for, in a treatise on sins of ignorance, “he marks with his pencil, as writing in letters of gold, the value of their system, the words ‘that knowledge of a guilty action, being opposed to the revealed will of God is necessary to make that act a sin.’” He cannot help exclaiming that this doctrine is a *new* redemption, and that its Jesuit inventor ought to be called “He who taketh away the sins of the world,” because it opposes our Lord’s words,—that the ignorant servant should be punished as well as the servant who knew his Lord’s will and did it not. He entreats the good Father “not to give him false joy, and furiously fears the distinction which is coming to dissipate this wondrous shadow.” He is reassured; for, his friend, “whether from prudence or good temper, encouragingly squeezes his hand and refers him to *Aristotle* for the true definition of sin!”

Pascal’s seventh letter shows how Jesuits excuse a crime by “directing the *intention*,” i.e., that the end sanctifies the means. For instance, St. Paul’s doctrine, (Rom. xii. 19,) forbids duelling, but a duellist is justified, if it be his *intention*, not to render evil for evil, but merely to preserve his honour. So a son may wish for his father’s death if his own interest be his intention, and not any malice. Assas-

sinations are also justified by Jesuits, if committed with *good intention*, although perpetrated from behind a hedge or from the rear. False witnesses and an unjust judge may be thus disposed of says Emmanuel Sa. And these conscientious divines dare not condemn a man who kills the person by whom he is deprived of *five shillings*!* “But are priests to be debarred from this fine liberty?” No! for Father Lamy says that they are justified in slaying calumniators; for honour is more precious than life, and in fact it is sometimes their duty to kill their calumniators! Pascal grows pale, and in faltering tones inquires whether Jesuits are justified in slaying Jansenists, their opponents in doctrine; in fact, “he already sees them slain by Father Lamy’s doctrine,” but he is graciously informed that they are safe, because their calumnies “no more darken the splendour of the society, than a great owl dims the lustre of the sun.”

Pascal illustrates the Jesuit doctrine upon honesty by the following facts. Jean d’Alba was servant in a Jesuit College, and tried for theft. He confessed that he had taken the articles in question, but he justified the act by the doctrine of Father Bauny which permits a servant, who gets lower wages than he deserves, to make up the deficiency by abstracting his master’s property to the requisite amount. The judge declared that this doctrine was destructive of all laws, human and divine, and certain to encourage household thefts to an enormous amount; and his sentence was, that this too faithful disciple should be flogged publicly at the College gate by the hangman, who should at the same time burn the Jesuit-works upon theft.†

* No wonder, then, that murder is so frequently perpetrated by wretched Romanists, who suppose themselves injured to the amount of 5s., and have their malignant passions fostered by such teaching.

† Maynooth College virtually inculcates the very same anti-social doctrines in the works of Bailey and Delahogue.

Father Lessius, not content with the anti-Christian permission of all Romish theologians to commit theft in extreme necessity, extends the indulgence in cases of urgent necessity, to the intense vexation of Pascal, who remarks that even kings have their times of urgent necessity, so that this maxim at once sweeps away all the land marks of honesty. In his eighth letter Pascal tells an anecdote, which should, at least for their own interests, make our men of business vehemently opposed to this immoral society. A person was carrying a large sum of money to pay a creditor, when he turned into a bookseller's shop, and, asking for news, a fresh Jesuit-book was placed in his hand. For a while he negligently turns over the pages; then his eye brightens, for he finds a case of conscience similar to his own, by which, it seems, he is justified in repudiating his debt; "so he returns home very cheerfully lightened of his scruples, but loaded with his gold."

Pascal, in his ninth letter, shows us how "the good Father" laments the difficulty of avoiding falsehood and perjury when a man desires to get credit for truth where truth is inconvenient. In such cases "Amphibology," or words capable of a double and contradictory meaning are justified, but, because all men have not *wit* enough for this art, a man may say or swear that he never committed the act, being dispensed by the mental reservation that he did not do it "on a particular day, or before he was born, &c.," or he may say aloud "I swear I did not do it," adding mentally—*to-day*—and then continue his oath in a loud tone, or, if he has not presence of mind, he may be free from perjury by having the intention to give to his words the sense which a clever man could give to them!

The kind Jesuit then asks his friendly visitor "Would it not often be very convenient to be dispensed in conscience

from keeping promises? Listen to our Escobar who says that they are not binding upon those who never *intended* to keep them." Surely we have here the *justification* of the dreadful maxim that *no faith is to be kept with heretics*, of which Hospinian gives us, as authorities, the Jesuits Simancha, Salmonius, and Menochius, who say that as faith ought not to be kept with tyrants, pirates and robbers, who kill the body, far less should it be kept with those who kill the soul, and who triumphantly assign the example of the council of Constance, which in defiance of an oath of protection, burned the arch-heretic John Huss.*

Escobar, passing from the indulgent mode in which lovers' vows should be treated, speaks very gallantly of the permission given to a lady to gratify her natural vanity in dress, provided it be without a bad intention, even if conquest be her motive, though she should be conscious of the dangerous effect which her diligence in arranging her ornament and dress may have upon the mind and body of the admiring beholders: yet a lady is permitted to indulge her taste, for Lessius has declared "that all the rules given in Scripture for avoiding gold and pearls, and plaiting the hair, and being content with the ornament of a *meek and quiet spirit*, which in the sight of God is of great price," merely refer to the example of modesty which Christian ladies were *then* bound to give for the edification of the *heathen*. But Father Le Moine draws a distinction here worthy of note. "Youth may be adorned, for it is the flower and verdure of life: but adornment should cease when youth is passed. It would be strange to seek roses on snow. It is only the stars that can remain always in brilliant ball-dress, for they have the gift of perpetual youth. The better part then would be, to take the hints of common sense and a good looking-glass,

* His. Jes. 395.

and yield to good taste and necessity, by retiring from view when the night of old age approaches."

Escobar confesses that all this is very judicious, but he shows what care the good Fathers have of every case, by permitting ladies of a certain age to play games of chance, and, for fear the permission would be ineffectual without money, he establishes a maxim in their favour that they can take for that purpose and no other, the money of their husbands. By what those casuists call "commutative justice" permission is given to men to enjoy the pleasures of the table to excess, provided the health be not injured. Ambition is merely a trifling sin in the estimation of Escobar, unless it aspires to greatness, in order to offend God or the state. Avarice, the sin which God abhorreth, is also exempted by the same authority from the catalogue of deadly sins. Pascal exclaims, "My Father, if all this be so, I see clearly that I have scarcely any sins to account for!" "To show you this more clearly" was the cheerful reply, "dont you think that the high opinion a man may have of himself, and the pride he may have in his works are very dangerous sins? Well, you will be much surprised and rejoiced to learn, that our great Father Garasse has proved vanity to be no sin at all, but a gift of God, who permits all His creatures to enjoy the praise which is their due, or the internal self-satisfaction which compensates for the loss of public applause: so that even frogs are self-satisfied and proud of their power of song." As for envy we owe to Father Bauny the fine distinction which renders envy of our neighbour's temporal good as of little consequence as those fleeting and perishable things themselves, and limits its guilt to envy of his spiritual welfare which is the only thing of consideration before God and His angels!

The ninth letter graphically describes the triumph of the

Jesuit as he describes the *easy devotion* recommended in the fine book which he holds in his hand, entitled, "Paradise Opened by a Hundred Easy Devotions, Easy to practice,—written by Father Barry." Pascal exclaims, "What! my Father, can any one of these easy devotions open heaven for me?" "Certainly, these devotions to the mother of God* are so many keys of heaven, so that even one of them shall open all paradise, if you regularly practise it." He asks for one of the easiest, and hears that "to salute the Virgin whenever you meet her image; to say the little chaplet of the ten pleasures of the Virgin; to pronounce the name of Mary often; to request the angels to pay our respects to her; the wish to build more Churches in her honor, than all the monarchs of the globe have ever erected; to bid her good morrow when you rise, and good night when you go to bed; to say the "Hail Mary" in her honour; or easier still, to wear a rosary or image of the Virgin night and day; this will obtain for you the heart of Mary." Pascal inquires, "But must I give her my heart in return?" "No, if the little slave, which you call your heart, be too much wedded to the world, I dare not invite you to offer it to the Virgin."

A miracle is readily offered to authenticate this new revelation. A woman is gravely described as having lived and died in mortal sin, but she daily took the precaution of saluting an image of the virgin; and to show that no one can perish who uses these devotions, she was sent back again to earth to do penance and be saved! "Father Barry hence concludes that if, at the hour of death, the enemy of souls should create any disturbance in the little republic of your thoughts, you have merely to refer him to Mary and say that she will answer for you." "O, but my good Father, who

* How interwoven is Mariolatry—the quintessence of the apostacy, or creature worship—with the whole web of Popery!

can assure us that the Virgin will answer for us?" "Calm your agitation, Father Barry pledges himself for the fidelity of the good mother." "But who will answer for Father Barry." "What! our society answers for all the books of our writers: for none of them can be published without the approbation of the theologians of our company." Some of the other parts of this "Easy Devotion" draw from Pascal the exclamation, "Truly, my Father, I would never have believed this, if any one else had said it." For instance—Hurtado teaches that "bodily presence at mass is sufficient, even though the mind should be far away, provided that the countenance should be outwardly reverential." Turrianus is still more indulgent, when he permits "an attendance at two half masses to reckon for one whole one; and attendance at mass is allowed to satisfy the precept, even though it should be without any intention to worship, or even if the motive be in order to keep an assignation!"*

Father Bauny makes absolution easy, by laying down the rule "That absolution must not be refused to those who habitually sin against the laws of God, of nature, and of the Church, though the confessor sees no hope of their amendment, and that contrition at the point of death is quite sufficient." As for "Love to God,—the first and great commandment", Jesuit-casuists doubt at what time of our lives this *painful* duty must be exercised. Suarez thinks any time before death sufficient; Vasquez says it is sufficient to feel it in the hour of death; Pascal quietly replies, that might be rather late. Others maintain that the moment of baptism is enough. Comminck thinks that the love of God should touch the heart at least once every three or four years! Sotus is more genial, and conceives that we ought to love God whenever we receive a favour from Him; Scotus

* Compare Usborne's *Jesuits*, 57.

thinks that every Sunday is the season for this emotion of the heart; Vasquez nicely explains away the love of our neighbour, for he defines it to be almsgiving, and, as even kings seldom have superfluity of cash, and as it is only from our superfluity we are to give to the poor, we can seldom perform this duty. Your "Easy Devotion," remarks Pascal, "must attract multitudes to your confessionals." "Certainly," and "in a manner profane and coquettish;" the Jesuit proceeds to dilate "upon questions so licentious and infamous," that his modest listener dares not repeat his words; indeed he "believes that no Jesuit would like him to divulge them," and the good Father, seeing his painful confusion, acknowledges that these matters require "the authority of great names," and therefore proceeds to explain the doctrine of "probability."

The twenty-four elders, (letter 5,) say, "an opinion is called probable when it is founded on reasons of some consideration; whence it happens that one grave and learned doctor can make an opinion probable because he would not have embraced it, save for some good and sufficient reason." "What if these doctors differ?" "O, how ready you are with your objections, you remind me of the Jansenists! In such a case one may, if it be more convenient, follow the less probable opinion, and our confessors are permitted by Layman to give advice, contrary to their own opinions, if it happen to be held by some doctor, and be *more agreeable* to the penitent." "O my father," replies Pascal, "thanks to your probable opinions, we have a fine liberty of conscience; but I see some powerful barriers to oppose your course,—Holy Scripture, the Fathers, and Councils." "Is that all?" was the answer, and, at great length, he proceeds to show the subtle distinctions and different meanings attached to terms by which Jesuit-casuists pretend to reconcile, what they are pleased to call these apparent contradictions.

Nothing could equal the fury of the Jesuits at this novel and powerful assault upon them. Their attacks upon his veracity caused Pascal to lay aside the delicate raillery with which he had exposed their system, and drew forth indignant and stern rebukes, in which he styles them "wicked impostors" and "hypocritical liars," and exposes to public scorn their most deadly weapon—CALUMNY

In his fifteenth letter he proves that this vile art is openly defended in their writings, and even in disputations. At Louvaine disputation 1645, it was held that "It is only a venial sin to calumniate and accuse falsely those who speak evil of us." Dicastillus says, "I have maintained and do maintain that calumny, whenever used against a calumniator, though it be a falsehood, is not a breach of justice, nor of Christian charity, as may be proved in a multitude of passages from our Fathers and universities; amongst others by Father Gans, confessor of the Emperor; Bastéle, confessor of the Archduke Leopold; Father Henri, tutor of the two Princes; all the Professors of the Universities of Vienna, Gratz and Prague, whose approbation of this doctrine I have under their own hands, besides Father Penalossa, preacher of the Emperor and of the King of Spain and many others, who have judged this opinion probable before our dispute." Caramuel says, "It is a probable opinion that there is no mortal sin in calumniating falsely, in order to preserve one's honour." To prove that this doctrine was preached by Dicastillus, he tells us the following curious fact. A German Countess who instructed the daughters of the Empress, taught them that the good Jesuit Fathers exempted calumny from the deadly sins. Instantly such a shower of false reports and of slander deluged the court, that to preserve it from absolute destruction the Empress summoned a Capuchin friar to preach against calumny as highly dangerous,

especially amongst women. The case of M. Puys is still more remarkable. He was an aged priest at Lyons, and highly respected, but he wrote a book which gave mortal offence to the Jesuits. Instantly Alby, a Jesuit of much note, wrote a ferocious pamphlet against him, filled with the foulest charges of seduction, impiety, and heresy, and even denounced him as worthy of being excommunicated, and consigned to the stake. M. Puys replied: and his justification drew forth a second work from Alby, supporting all the former accusations. It is an astounding fact, that on 25th September, 1650, at a crowded meeting, consisting of the chief persons in Lyons, after Puys declared he had not the slightest idea of attacking the Jesuits; and, on the contrary honoured them with all love, Alby withdrew every charge against him! We must give his words,—“When I believed that you had assailed the Company, of which I have the honour to be a member, I took up my pen to reply to you, and I believe that the manner in which I used it, was permitted to me. But now, knowing your intention better, there is nothing to prevent me from declaring you to be a priest very learned, very enlightened, profoundly orthodox in doctrine; irreproachable in morals; in a word, worthy of your Church. This declaration I make joyfully, and request that it may be ever remembered to your honour!” Thus, knowing calumny to be “the badge of all their tribe,” when his Jesuit accusers assailed Pascal as having falsely quoted from their writers, as being in the pay of the Jansenists, and, above all, as having written romances—“Me,” says he, “who never even read a romance!”—before those famous letters; he replies in the words of a Friar, who had found them out before him, “*Mentiris impudentissime*,”—“You tell me an unblushing falsehood.”

The acute anguish, which the remaining letters show



Pascal to have suffered from the scandalous calumnies and abominable abuse heaped upon him, proves how "wise in their generation," Romish controversialists are in the unmeasured insults which they cast upon their opponents. Many a sensitive Romanist is deterred from leaving Popery: and many a godly Protestant clergyman is kept back from assailing Papal errors, by abhorrence of the ribald reviling, which is the certain consequence of the act.

Poor Pascal, in his sixteenth letter, bitterly complains that the "final answer, given to his fifteen letters, is fifteen assertions that he is a heretic, and *therefore* unworthy of credit." In his seventeenth letter he declares, that the Jesuits "maliciously mistake" his words. He warns them that "calumny is unprofitable, if there be not joined with it a great reputation for sincerity." He reminds them of all the laws enacted in the Church against calumny, that those who could not prove their charges should be whipped. "Note, reverend Fathers, they shall be whipped!" He declares that they fulfil the Prophet's words, for "they have made lies their refuge, and under falsehood they have hid themselves." (Is. xxviii. 15.) He pronounces them "most *accomplished* liars," who have "with lies made the heart of the righteous sad." (Ezek. xiii. 22.) He concludes with the prayer, "Fill their faces with shame; that they may seek thy name, O Lord!"

Exactly so the celebrated French lawyer, Pasquier, who, in 1564, eloquently arraigned the Jesuits in the French Parliament, and challenged them "to choke him with any miracle or miraculous *vision* vouchsafed to Loyola," was pelted with filthy abuse. He was called "Satan's trumpet, the Fox Pasquier," and many infamous names not to be repeated; and denounced as "Catholic in mouth, heretic in purse, and deist in heart." Strange to say, the Jesuit, who

thus excelled in Billingsgate oratory, was equally great in "the silky line." He edified devotees by many works of mystic devotion, such as "The Sighs and Counsels of a Christian Soul," and he was said to have received "this reward of his excellent virtue, that his head was surrounded with rays of glory, which so little exalted him, that in his eightieth year, when laid up with gout, he used humbly and painfully to wash pots in the kitchen, though having been twice Provincial of France."*

It is in such books of Jesuit casuistry, as Pascal rebukes, that an unhappy novice must "read by day and meditate by night," until he can skilfully "put evil for good," and, at his superior's command, "declare that what seems to his eyes to be black, is the contrary." All this time he is goaded into preter-natural activity of mind and body, for Loyola's rule is, "that idleness, the source of all evils, must have no place in our houses."† So he has incessant labour for the body, occupation for the mind, and stimulants for the heart. It is during training that the Jesuit acquires the restless activity, which never deserts him in after life, so that he never loses a moment of time. A Jesuit has been known to translate Thomas à Kempis' *Imitation* into Greek, during the few minutes he had to wait each day at his superior's door for orders, sentence by sentence, on small slips of paper, until the volume was finished.‡ During their studies this energy is carefully directed to any subject for which they seem to have a peculiar talent, for Jesuits never try to *change* but only to *train* nature by education. The rule is, "as all cannot excel in every department, each must be made to excel in some one or

* Steinmetz Hist. Jes. ii. 250.

† Constit. Soc. Jes. part iii. chap. 1.

‡ Steinmetz Noviciate, 285.

other of them, according to his age, genius, inclination, and previous acquirements."*

Pasquier gives a singular schedule, used in Jesuit colleges, which shows what consultation must be held, upon "the gifts" of each pupil, with the Provincials and Father-General, before fixing his peculiar line of employment. It must specify the exact state of his intellect in "wit, judgment, prudence, experience, progress in learning, natural habit and complexion, and what talents he has whereof use may be made in any service of the society."† For example, a youth disposed for adventurous travelling is taught to follow his *taste* usefully to the society, by becoming a missionary. As they are thus trained, according to their tastes, the yoke of obedience becomes an ornamental necklace of intellectual beauty which delights them. All possible means are also used to exercise a novice in perfectly concealing his thoughts, and habitually controlling his natural feelings. He is taught to consider himself in a three-fold aspect, viz. the *inner man*, or mind; the *outer man*, or fleshly nature; and the *visible man*, or the looks, carriage, and the expression of emotions. Exactly the same penances are imposed on the neglect of the Jesuit rules for managing the latter, as upon the sins which break God's laws in the former relations.

Loyola's rule shows him perfect master of the artful diplomacy in which Talleyrand so gloried, and he warns his "genuine son to guard most diligently the gates of the senses; especially of the eyes, ears, and tongue; to exercise modesty of features, and decorum of gait and attitude; never to betray tokens of impatience and pride; *externally* paying that honour which every condition demands; keeping silence when expedient, and when speaking using all circumspec-

* Constit. Soc. Jes. part iv. chap. 5. c. dec.

† Catechisme des Jesuites, 211.

tion.”* Thus the Jesuit attains that perfect command of *temper* which prevents any adversary from seeing that he is galled, save perhaps by the smile of affected pity which curls his lip. The care of the visible man requires special attention to “dress which must be very becoming and fashionable, for it must be accommodated to the place and society in which he moves, and not so gaudy as to contradict the *profession* of poverty.”†

All these years the novice bares his heart to the confessor alone. He converses with his companions it is true, but the voice of human sympathy is silenced. The strings of his heart do not vibrate. Hence the impenetrability of Jesuits in their machinations. Accustomed from early youth, to suppress all the feelings of nature, they are not permitted to speak against some grand and terrible deed performed “for the greater glory of the Society.” So Jesuits have perished manfully on the scaffold; have been devoured by cannibals joyfully; and have drunk the breath of pestilence without repining. Meanwhile their health is a special object of care. “They must not study at seasons unfavorable to health. They must devote sufficient time to sleep, and observe moderation in mental labour, that they may be longer able to persevere, both in the acquisition of learning and in its employment.”‡

Every means is also used to secure friendly co-operation. Precedence is not allowed, or special honour given to successful scholars. If any dispute arises amongst them, the *aggrieved* person “must humble himself first, and by all means entice the offending party to brotherly love, and the superior settles the quarrel without delay.” As a general rule novices are bound to salute one another, and converse ami-

* Constit. Soc. Jes. pars. iii. § 4.

† Ibid. pars. vi. § 15.

‡ Ibid. pars. iv., ch. iv.

cably daily. If a probationer "cannot settle himself to a life of obedience" he must be dismissed without public notice being taken of his defects, with the least possible disgrace, and in full possession of all his effects. Every means must be cautiously employed to make the parting one of mutual kindness ; for which purpose all the remaining novices are enjoined to pray fervently and often for their departing brother. The superior must affectionately advise him to enter some religious order ; or at least give him wise counsel as to his future life, and he must delicately improve the dismissal to the better discipline of those who remain.* How craftily is the annoyance avoided that might arise from discarded novices! . . . At length the eligible novice takes the vows with great pomp. He "promises Almighty God before his Virgin Mother (!) perpetual poverty, chastity, and obedience to the Father General, holding the place of God (!) and a *peculiar care in the education of youth*, with special obedience to the Pope.†

Still, though now a member, he is rigidly watched : for every Jesuit-house has its rector ; every district its provincial, and every kingdom its assistant, who severally transmits to the Father-General, at Rome, incessant reports of the character and conduct of each member, his progress in learning and experience, and any newly discovered faculty, which may fit him for any particular department ; and, above all, his attention to the rule of " holy obedience," even in countenance and word, as well as in act. The reports also detail every event which directly or indirectly concerns the order in its foreign relations. Such events are consequently known, at Rome, long before they become public in their respective localities. All these reports are digested in the great registers of the Father-General, elected for life, and

* Constit. Jes. pars ii. ch. iii. § 5.

† Ibid pars. v. ch. iii.

having absolute power to displace or promote every Jesuit, under his irresponsible rule, whose food and raiment he supplies from the society's untold wealth. Seated in his secluded study at Rome, he can survey with one comprehensive glance, as on a huge terrestrial globe, the members of the order in every corner of the earth. He knows the peculiar talents of each, and chooses, with perfect information, the instruments he can use, with uncontrollable sway, in any service he thinks fit to employ them.* He has been called "Lord of lords," and counted amenable to no law. It has been boasted that "he debases and exalts as if he were indeed God!"†

A modern apologist for this society says, that "the mystic whisperings of the 'Secreta Monita,' or Secret Instructions must be studied by every author who will sit down to write about Jesuits."‡ This singular book was first brought to light by Christian, Duke of Brunswick, when he seized the Jesuit College of Paderborn, in Westphalia. Its publication created an immense sensation. Dr. Compton, Bishop of London, to whose sound and scriptural instruction the Princesses Mary and Anne owed, under God, their preservation from Popery, translated it into English, in 1669, and thereby did good service to the Protestant cause.§ As if conscious of its scandalous craft, directions were given, in the eighteenth chapter, that "if by accident this book falls into the hands of a stranger, it must be positively denied that these are the rules of the society," and it is provided, that "none acquainted with them shall be permitted to enter

* Constit. part iv. chap. 10. Encycl. Brit. Jesuits.

† Memorial of Jesuits of Spain and Portugal to Pope Clement VIII., 1593, Instit. Jes. p. 65.

‡ Father Prout's Reliques, i. 274.

§ Secreta Monita Ed. 1669 and 1824, preface 6.

any, but the Trappist order, whose perpetual silence will keep them safe enough."

Every day's experience shows how powerful an impetus is given to the *external* profession of religion by the favour of Kings and patronage of the great. The wily Jesuits early discovered, and have ever since steadily worked out this principle. Hence we have here very many rules, "showing how to insinuate themselves into the favour and familiarity of grandees and princes." "Sidney Godolphin," said Charles II., "is never *in* the way, and never *out* of the way." Here we see the model of Jesuit courtiers. They must never be "in the way" of the royal vices, but supply "Easy devotion" adroitly enough to stupify the upbraiding conscience, while they must never be "out of the way" where their powerful agency may be needful in discovering secret information, and in managing difficult intrigues. Still, however secure of the royal ear, they are directed to crouch to ministers of state, even though hostile; and quietly to undermine enemies by obtaining places around the throne for their "fast friends." No matter how successful in grasping power, they must never exhibit themselves as the rulers, and this to such a degree that when suggesting measures of prime importance they must never dictate, but speak as if merely from conscientious scruples. By upholding, at court, the interests and revenues of the dignitaries of the Church; they obtain access to Churches and Colleges. By the friendly interposition of their royal patrons, they are directed "to win the ear of the pope, and cause him to subject to the Society all the other orders, especially those who ape it in the education of youth." They are also, when expedient, to breed dissensions amongst great men, and *raise seditions in states*.* "No matter what mischief we create, since

* Ibid. 12.

the advancement of our Society is above all other considerations."

Their financial rules seem entirely founded upon the advice of the dying miser to his sons,—“Make money, honestly if you can, but, at all events, make money.” So the sons of Loyola must choose wealthy places for their missions; but, “unlike those dull and sottish fellows the monks,” they must give value, such as it is, by teaching the young, visiting the sick, and “directing their preaching by the humour of the people amongst whom they sojourn.” “Fathers of the liveliest fresh complexion, and of middle age, must seek out rich widows, and impart to them the great worth of the Society, and entertain them with godly stories and pleasing discourses, and keep up the cheerfulness of their humour that they may be wholly our’s, body and goods.”* Young heirs must be made miserable at home, and then invited to the smiling abode of the good fathers, who boast “how easy their rule is which has the promise of the glory of the blessed. They are to be given little presents, fruit, and a taste of the choicest wines, and be well sweetened with words.” They must be charged *not* to divulge their intention of entering the Order; and may be, if expedient, sent to Rome to avoid annoyance. Physicians are to be well feed, when introducing a Jesuit to their wealthy patients, who are to be tenderly and delicately admonished “to perfect their salvation, and even obtain the powerful interest of the Order for their canonization, by bestowing their property upon this heavenly Society.” A rich devotee must be urged to convey his money in his life time, to the ready hands of his confessor, and may then be quietly taken into one of the Colleges as a *servant*; or supported in meritorious misery in some remote quarter, on a trifling pension.

* Ibid. 21—28.

Immensely rich as the Society is, no display is allowed of its wealth. Its estates and colleges must be generally vested in the name of some other order, or of some friend. Every superior is directed to borrow money often of capitalists, who may spread abroad a general opinion of the poverty of the society, and, perhaps in the hour of death, be induced to cancel the bonds for "the repose of their souls."

The Jesuits, for their own purposes of concealment, cordially echo the poet's exclamation

"Who builds a Church to God and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name."

So they never allow monuments to be erected in their Churches to their benefactors; "not even of a widow that we have drained of the last mite."

Further light is thrown upon Jesuit manœuvres by a very rare and curious work, published in the eventful year 1689, by the learned Robert Ware, from the papers of the eminent antiquarian Sir James Ware. Strype gives strong testimony to its authenticity.* It is entitled "Foxes and Firebrands." The third part contains many Papal indulgences given to the Jesuits, and also some of their most remarkable secret rules. They were copied from papers amongst Archbishop Usher's MSS. First we find that all friends and allies are required to bring up their children to such professions, or trades, as may be useful for the Society. They may marry into heretical families, without drawing into mother Church the heretics thus allied to them.— "This will qualify all laws made against our Society; and thus many things will be discovered, and the heat of heretic Parliaments be allayed, so that they will never root out the Roman faith." Jesuits *in voto*, are also permitted to attend heretic Churches, and to take all anti-papal oaths which

* Life of Archbishop Parker, Pref. 3.

qualify for office. They must make use of all means for damaging the character of heretics, so that even their virtues may appear vices. Even the mercer's shop, and "my lady's chamber" are not unattended to by these regulations, which provide that fanciful articles, supplied by the miserable captives in foreign nunneries, must be exhibited at Court by friends of the Order, to the depreciation of our native, heretic, manufacture. "To the enemies of the Order they must so act that they who do not love, may at least fear them."

Since there is no way better to confound heretics, Jesuits are dispensed with to *multiply divisions* amongst them, by preaching the doctrine of sectaries, and, for the better ensuring the confidence of their hearers, they may assail their own (Roman Catholic) Church and Order, but always so as to implicate the Church of England and the other Protestant Churches in their accusations of false doctrine.* Then follows the notorious *Secret Oath*, from which I give the following extract:—

"I hereby declare from my heart, without mental reservation, that his Holiness Pope Urban VIII., is Christ's Vicar-General, that he hath power to depose heretical kings, all being illegal without his sacred confirmation, and, therefore, that they may be safely destroyed, especially the now pretended authority of the Church of England.....I further declare that the doctrines of the Church of England, of Calvinists, Huguenots, and others of the name of Protestants, are damnable, and they themselves are damned, and to be damned.....I disown any allegiance as due to heretical kings.....I do further promise that, notwithstanding I am dispensed with to *assume any religion heretical*, for the propagation of mother Church's interest, to keep secret all her

* Foxes and Firebrands, 177, 188.

agents' counsels.....In testimony whereof I take the most holy sacrament of the Eucharist".*

Then we have "permission to the Roman clergy and orders to wear disguised dresses, periwigs, swords, and other fashions, within those countries where heretics have power." As a fit pendant to this awful oath, we must give the form for consecrating a *poisoned dagger*, and its regicide Jesuit owner.

"The dagger unsheathed is bedewed with holy water, and the handle is adorned with a certain number of coral beads; thereby noting that so many effectual stabs as may be given to the assassinated Prince, so many souls shall be redeemed out of purgatory." When it is placed in the assassin's hand the following address is made to him:—"Elected son of God receive the sword of Jephtha, the sword of Sampson, the sword of David, wherewith he smote off the head of Goliath, the sword of Gideon, the sword of Judith, the sword of the Maccabees, the sword of Pope Julius II., wherewith he freed himself from the persecution of princes. Prosper prudently, courageously! The Lord strengthen thine arm!" This exorcism is then offered,—“May you obtain the crown of the blessed Virgin Mary, and of all the holy patriarchs and martyrs: may you have wings that you may escape your pursuers!” Five Jesuits then constantly watch him, and “keep up his courage to the sticking place” by incessantly praising his heroism, and they must often exclaim in holy envy, “Would to God that I had been chosen in thy stead, and by this means, being free from the pains of purgatory, might go directly to paradise.”†

We shall soon see how terribly this dagger was employed against Princes, whom flattery and intrigue failed to govern,

* Foxes and Firebrands, part iii., 171: compare Hospinian His. Jes. 392.

† Hospinian Hist. Jes. 366.

and how the Jesuit regicide-doctrines were sealed with royal blood.

A gifted poet thus exquisitely portrays a character which, to the very life, represents the Jesuit :—

“ Though smooth his voice, and calm his general mein,
Still seems there something he would not have seen :
His features deepening lines and varying hue
At times attracted, yet perplexed the view
As if within that murkiness of mind
Worked feelings fearful, and yet undefined !
There breathe but few whose aspect might defy
The full encounter of his searching eye :
He had the skill, when cunning’s gaze would seek
To probe his heart and watch his changing cheek,
At once the observer’s purpose to espy.
And on himself roll back his scrutiny—
There was a laughing devil in his sneer
That raised emotions both of rage and fear ;
And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
Hope withering fled,—and mercy sighed farewell !
.....Yet was not he by nature sent
To lead the guilty—guilt’s worst instrument—
His mind was changed, before his deeds had driven
Him forth to war with man and forfeit heaven.
His name could sadden, and his acts surprise ;
But they that fear’d him dared not to despise :
Man spurns the worm, but pauses ere he wake
The slumbering venom of the folded snake :
The first may turn—but not avenge the blow
The last expires—but leaves no living foe ;
Fast to the doom’d offender’s form it clings
And he may crush—not conquer—still it stings.”

BYRON.



CHAPTER II.

THE JESUITS.—[CONTINUED.]

Jesuits in controversy—Bellarmine, Bourdaloue, Bossuet, Menochius, and Maldonatus—Gilpin's Portrait of the first Jesuit in England—Harding and Malone vanquished by Jewel and Ussher—Jesuits masked, militant, invisible, drab-coloured, and preaching in Cathedrals and Conventicles—Their Foreign Missions and Miracles—Jesuit Brahmins and Mandarins—The flying Dragon and angelic Music—Successes in Germany and Poland—Persecution of the Waldenses—Intrigues in Holland, Sweden, Denmark, and France—Their Suppression and Restoration—Prophetic Warning of Napoleon—Jesuits unchanged—Testimonies of Seymour, Achili, Mapei, Leone, Michelet, Quinet, and Macaulay.

IF the "Janissaries of the Pope" present a curious spectacle to the careful observer of their armour and discipline, it is still more interesting to follow them in the splendid campaign by which they stopped the mighty march of Protestantism, and beat it back from the foot of the Alps to the shores of the Baltic.

We have considered the logical subtilty with which Loyola and his companions wrenched, or bent, or dovetailed Holy Scripture and poor humanity, to serve their

system. The Jesuit Bellarmine shone so resplendently in this mode of controversy, that in 1576 he was invited to Rome by Sixtus V. to preach against Protestantism, and in 1599 he was compelled, under anathema, to accept a Cardinal's hat. To this very day his voluminous works are the arsenal to which Romish disputants fly for their most valuable weapons. Bellarmine really excels in perspicuity and precision, and in a most captivating semblance of moderation and candour. His work on Anti-Christ is a very masterly composition, which supplies Maitland and other Tractarian writers with the most plausible arguments against the position of the Reformers thus stated by himself. "The Roman Pontiff is so clearly Anti-Christ, that if we held our peace the very stones would cry out." He is peculiarly happy in detecting any trifling flaw in our chain of historical evidence such as the story of Pope Joan. The coolness and ease with which he evades, by a mere passing assertion, the most damning proofs adduced to identify the papacy with the great foretold apostacy, are only equalled by the consummate art with which he retorts his adversaries' arguments upon themselves. For example, he quietly remarks that the *few heretics* who were burned, do not prove papal Rome to be the harlot "drunken with the blood of the *saints*," and he insinuates that the mystic number 666, which gives the name of the Beast, might be found in Luther's own appellation, "Saxoneios the Saxon."* The astounding hardihood with which Bellarmine defended the papal prerogatives is palpable enough in his notorious axiom. "*Should the Pope enjoin the practice of vice, and prevent the observance of virtue the Church is bound to believe that vice is virtue, and virtue is vice, under pain of mortal sin!*"† Still ably as Bellarmine parades his subtle arguments in defence of the papacy,

* De Rom. Pontif. Lib. iii. cap. x.

† Ibid. Lib. iv. cap. v.

they are so repeatedly based on quotations from the apocryphal books and the degenerate writers of the dark ages, that they can have little or no weight with a true follower of the inspired volume, and all his clever strictures on the inconsistencies of the Reformers, fade away before his own glaring act of impiety in bequeathing one half of his soul to the Virgin, and the remainder to the Divine Redeemer.* Bourdaloue was Bellarmine's zealous disciple, and did infinite mischief amongst the Huguenots in Languedoc, by his mortified mein, closed eyes, and meek sophistry. Even now the fascinating suavity and oily subtilty of this eminent Jesuit, make his sermons highly seductive to those whose ignorance of the Bible renders them unable to "take the precious from the vile." The cloven foot, however, of the Jesuit constantly appears beneath the glittering robe of his eloquence, for he makes self-interest the motive to holiness.

It was in the spiritual exercises of the Jesuit College at Dijon, that Bossuet was trained, 1642, to those flights of sublime sophistry, which gained for him the title of "The Eagle of Meaux." His discussion with the celebrated reformer Claude, gives a striking example of the perverse skill with which Jesuits evade the clearest scriptural testimony against their errors. Claude had powerfully shown how signally our Saviour's constant appeals to the written word, and his injunctions to "search" it recognized the right of private judgment in the humblest and most illiterate Jews, even in the days of the Great Teacher Himself, and he thence concluded that a similar freedom of inquiry should be exercised always in the Church. A profound silence showed the impression made upon the assembly by this unanswerable argument. Bossuet looked down to collect his thoughts; then suddenly burst into a passionate

* Encyc. Britt. Bellarmine.

“colloquy” with our Lord, in which he lauded to the stars His mercy in bequeathing to the Church an unerring judge of controversies in His vicar the Pope, and then coolly asserted that our Lord’s sojourn on earth was the age of miracles, so that His example proved nothing! In vain Claude remonstrated that this mode of reasoning was mere sophistry and a begging of the question; he was banished, and his antagonist claimed a triumph.*

How the learned Jesuit commentators, Menochius, and Maldonatus, signal favourites at Maynooth, wrest the sweetest precept of our merciful Lord against persecution into a direct injunction for burning heretics, shall shortly appear. It exemplifies the process by which the spider collects his foul poison from the fragrant flower which supplies honey to the bee.

Bernard Gilpin, one of our noblest reformers, gives us the first notice of Jesuit controversy in England. A young Jesuit, just let loose from his foreign seminary, was sent by his uncle to Gilpin in the vain hope that he might be “convinced against his will” of the errors of popery. “The apostle of the north” thus quaintly and graphically describes the result of the visit. “The young fellow thinking, I know not how, a great deal too well of himself, had a hope to draw me at these years to acknowledge certain absurdities. I see that the Jesuits have found out certain new expositions of Scripture never heard of heretofore. They cast away all respect, and set upon men with impudency. They dare prove the invocation of saints from Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. This fellow doth obstinately affirm that the Church of Rome hath not erred in any one thing. Their most horrible errors touching indulgences, falsified miracles, falsified relics, pilgrimages, worshipping of images, and the

* Encyc. Britt. Bossuet.

rest of the same sort, all these this wonderful man findeth out in the gospel. And he standeth upon it stiffly that all these things are good and holy. I desire not to have any more to do with such a monstrous kind of men, with such fierce natures, who open their mouths against heaven ; for what is it to open mouths against heaven if this be not, so violently and disgracefully to handle the Holy Scriptures ? They have devised and daily do devise horrible strange expositions, such as were never heard of before in the Church of Rome. I desire, therefore, to rid mine hands of this fellow as of a scabbed sheep, for fear he might infect my whole flock.”*

The Jesuit Harding shortly afterwards appeared in England, and created a profound sensation by his vehement, abusive, and subtle answer to Bishop Jewel's famous “ Apology for the National Church.” Jewel replied by publishing his “ Defence of the Apology ;” which was hailed by our Protestant country as a national blessing. Elizabeth, James I., Charles I., and four successive Archbishops ordered it to be kept chained in all parish Churches for public use. As this was the first and most remarkable Jesuit controversy in England, a few specimens of Jewel's “ Defence” must be interesting. At the close of his preface he quietly collects the abusive terms in which Harding had assailed him, no doubt in hopes to disgust, and so deter him from replying. He calls them the principal flowers of M. Harding's modest speech, and advises his good Christian reader to “ taste no more than may like him.” We may judge of their virulence by the following,—“ Your devilish spite, slanderous lies, sturdy dog eloquence, cuckoo note, ministerial talk with sad hypocrisy, pulpit buzzing ;” with warnings to “ cough up the crumb of his heresy,” and that his “ heart was Satan's

* Wordsworth's Eccles. Biog. iv. 155.

workshop!" The good old Bishop then earnestly requests an unprejudiced hearing. He reminds the gentle reader that a juggler seems, to an inexperienced eye, to be the honestest man alive; that he will strike up his sleeves and make bare his arms, and open his fingers; and yet his whole skill is to deceive, and the more simple he appears, the sooner he deceives. So is a Jesuit-disputant in artful plausibility.

Jewel's admirable readiness at retort may be seen by the following specimen. In the apology he had asserted that "Pope Leo, as appeareth by the legend, was an Arian heretic." Harding remarks, "As it appeareth by the legend! what an obscure proof is this! Forsooth, there is an old moth eaten book wherein saints lives are said to be contained. Certainly among some true stories there may be many vain fables, among which this is one." Jewel answers in his Defence, "This book was not so much moth eaten, nor so far out of credit, as you tell us, M. Harding. It was read sadly (*i.e.* solemnly) unto the people, and had in reverence when the Holy Scriptures were moth eaten and thrown in corners. It was called the "Aurea Legenda," as you know, or the "Golden Legend," for the excellency that it seemed to have above all other stories. Thus were you able in your kingdom of darkness to give the people dross, and to call it gold, and to lead them into clouds and shadows of death, and yet to make them believe that they walked in the light. As for this matter of Pope Leo, I report it not as a certain truth. I leave the credit of it to the author. If it be a fable it is your own; it is not ours. Thus at the least we may reasonably gather thereof. Although Pope Leo were no Arian, yet, notwithstanding his popedom, and the (pretended) succession of Peter, by the author's judgment he

might well have been an Arian."* It is a fact worth noting that even Dr. Wiseman's plausible book on the Church, is, for the most part, a plagiary of Harding's more elaborate and thoroughly refuted work!

Harding was vanquished: but the Jesuit Malone renewed the attack in Ireland. Here also another noble prelate sprung forth "to the rescue." Whoever has had the privilege of reading Archbishop Ussher's "Answer to the Challenge of Malone, the Jesuit," will heartily thank God for James Ussher. An extract will, no doubt, be acceptable. He had, during eighteen years study, become perfect master of the ancient fathers: but see how faithful a testimony he bore to the supremacy of the word of God over the word of man. "Produce but one clear testimony of the sacred Scriptures for the pope and it shall suffice. Allege what authorities you wish, *without Scripture*, it cannot suffice. We reverence indeed the ancient fathers, as it is fit we should, and hold it our duty to honour the person of the aged (Levit. xix. 32,) but still with reservation of the respect we owe to their Father and ours—that Ancient of days, the hair of whose head is like the pure wool, (Dan. vii. 6.) We do not forget the lesson which our great Master hath taught us. "Call no man your Father upon earth; for one is your Father which is in heaven," (Mat. xxiii. 9.) Him therefore alone do we acknowledge for the Father of our faith: no other father do we know, upon whose bare credit we may ground our consciences in things that are to be believed."† The champion, who thus wielded the sword of the Spirit in the strength of the Spirit, was invincible, and Malone fled, disastrously overthrown. Vanquished in open controversy, the Jesuit disputants then resorted to the most

* Jewel's Works. Defence, &c.. 341.

† Answer to the Challenge of Malone, the Jesuit, 10.

dishonourable artifice of assuming the character of Protestant teachers of various sects, in order to weaken Protestant Churches, at home and abroad, by internal divisions. This is an astounding charge ; but alas ! it is too clearly proved. Bishop Bramhall, writing from the continent, to his friend Archbishop Ussher, informs him that in the calamitous year 1646, just before the execution of Charles I. no less than 100 English, Irish and Scottish Romish priests, Franciscan, Dominican and Jesuit, had been despatched to England to "make confusion worse confounded." Previously to their departure on this unholy mission, they were examined as to their peculiar abilities and fancies, "whether for presbytery, independency, ana-baptism, atheism, or any new tenets, and charged to exercise their wits accordingly." They were assured that many at Paris were fitting out, in these spiritual exercises, to follow them, and were charged to give "monthly intelligence of all affairs, wherever they be dispersed, so that the English abroad know news better than they at home." It is added that "the 100 men who went over in 1646 were most of them soldiers in the Parliament's army, and were daily to correspond with those Romanists in our late King's army that were lately at Oxford, and pretended to fight for his Majesty. But in 1647, many of those Romish orders knowing each other, asking some why they took with the Parliament side, and asking others whether they were bewitched to turn puritans—the secret bulls and licenses being produced—it was declared between them that there was no better design to confound the Church of England than by *pretending 'liberty of conscience.'*"*

Fuller tells us that earlier still, even in 1580, this vile system was practised. "Now began priests and Jesuits to flock faster to England than ever before, having change of

* Ussher's Works, xvi. 293.

clothes, names, and professions. He who on Sunday was a priest or Jesuit, was on Monday, a merchant ; on Tuesday, a soldier ; on Wednesday, a courtier, &c. ; and, with the shears of equivocation constantly carried about him, he could cut himself to any shape he pleased. But under all their new shapes they retained their old nature ; traitors maintaining that Elizabeth neither had nor ought to have any dominion over her subjects, while she continued a heretic from Rome.* So the Jesuit Parsons, in his journal, describes himself as playing the part of a captain returning from Flanders to England, provided with a dress of buff, laid with gold lace, with white hat and feather suited to the same. His fellow conspirator, Campian, when reporting his progress in England, says, " I am in a most antique habit, which I often change, as also my name."† They had need of good acting in order to escape discovery, for on landing they found their portraits as large as life, staring them in the face on every gate : and also proclamations, most minutely describing each of them, circulated through every hamlet. The escapes of Parsons would furnish matter for a thrilling romance. One night the farm house in which he slept was suddenly surrounded and rigorous search made for him ; but Parsons took a flying leap from the window of his apartment into a heap of hay and escaped. A hue and cry was raised after him in the streets one day, " Parsons ! Parsons !" He took up the shout and ran like the rest, till coming to a side street, he pointed straight before him and cried " There's Parsons yonder !" and coolly walked off in a different direction. A furious mob once attacked the house of a Romanist, in which Parsons was sheltered. The Jesuit boldly opened the door, went out to them, and asked them what they wanted. They shouted " Parsons !" " Walk in

* Ch. Hist. vol. iv. 456.

† Fuller iv. 404.

gentlemen, and look for him quietly," was the reply of the unruffled emissary of Rome, who stole away while his pursuers rushed up stairs. Elizabeth said to one of her Romanist nobles that she "would so like to see the invisible Jesuit." "Your Majesty shall see him then" was the ready answer. A few days after a loud noise was heard in the street. The Queen approached the palace window and saw a half tipsy harlequin swaggering along the street, and making all sorts of droll pastime for the diverted crowd that followed him. When he was well out of view the nobleman told Elizabeth in a low tone that her Majesty had just seen the famous Jesuit Parsons.*

Mr. Ware's valuable and rare work, "Foxes and Firebrands," supplies us with some valuable facts illustrative of the wily artifices by which this unscrupulous society carries out its ambitious schemes. The first alludes to a cunning artifice which they made use of, in order to make our scriptural prayer book odious to Dissenters, and a means of drawing weak Protestants to the Church of Rome. In these days when some feeble-minded Tractarian clergy lay so much stress upon pictures, crucifixes, and illustrated prayer books as means of devotion in our Churches, it has peculiar value. On new year's day, 1560, Queen Elizabeth went in state to St. Paul's. A prayer book, splendidly bound and illustrated with popish pictures, was placed on her Majesty's cushion by the Dean. Elizabeth examined it with curiosity, then frowned and blushed. After a moment's consideration she put it away, and called to the verger to bring her the old prayer book. As soon as the service was over, in place of mounting her horse as usual, she walked to the vestry room, called for the Dean, and asked him why he had given her the new prayer book? When he explained that he had

* Steinmetz ii. 397.

placed it there as a new year's gift to her Majesty, the Queen remarked that he "could never have given her a worse, for that she had an aversion to idolatry, to images, and pictures of saints and angels, and the grosser absurdities resembling the Holy Trinity; and reminded him of her proclamation against images, pictures, and Romish relics in Churches." When the Dean humbly declared that he acted in ignorance, the Queen expressed her hope "that God would pardon his sin of ignorance, and grant him the Holy Spirit, and more wisdom for the future." Upon enquiry it was found that *foreigners* had supplied him with the illuminated, or rather the darkened prayer book. The salutary effect of this spirited rebuke of our first Protestant Queen was soon seen in the careful eradication from the walls of all the London Churches of the Popish paintings, and the substitution of Scriptural texts against Romish errors.* The following important facts are extracted from the registry of the Bishop of Rochester. They refer to Thomas Heath, brother of the late Bishop of that diocese, who appeared in 1568 in that city, and pretending to be a Protestant clergyman, applied to the Dean to recommend him for preferment. The Dean kindly directed him to preach in the cathedral before the Bishop, on the 21st November. It was ordered by Providence for the confusion of the hypocrite, that, whilst preaching, he drew from his pocket, with his sermon, a letter, which fell, unobserved by him, into the pulpit, and was found by the sexton, who noticed it to be directed to Thomas Finn, and bearing the signature of Samuel Malt, a notorious English Jesuit, then residing at Madrid. It was as follows:—

"Brother! the Council of our fraternity have thought fit to send you David George, Theodorus Sartor, and John Huts, their collections which you may distribute wherever

* Foxes and Firebrands, p. iii., 20.

you may see it may be for your purpose, according to the people's inclinations. These mixtures with your own, will not only puzzle the understanding of the auditors, but make yourself famous. We suppose your wants are not considerable at present, by what we have heard, how your flock do admire you every day more and more. Be not over-zealous in your proceedings at first, but gradually win upon them as you visit them, and according as you find their inclinations bend to your designs. Let us hear how you have proceeded, for it will satisfy your brethren much, and enable them the better to instruct you for the future. Hollingham, Collingson, and Benson, have set a faction among the German heretics, so that several who had turned from us have already denied their baptism, which we hope will soon turn the scale and bring them back to their own principles. This we have certified to the Councils and Cardinals, that there is no other way to prevent people from turning heretics, and for the recalling others back again to mother Church, *than by the diversities of doctrines*. We all wish you to prosper.

“Madrid, Oct. 26, 1568.”

“SAML. MALT.”

The sexton brought this singular document to the Dean, who instantly detected the artifice of Heath, when he compared it with his sermon, the text of which was (Acts xii. 5,) “Peter, therefore was kept in prison, but prayer was made without ceasing of the Church unto God for him; and remembered that the whole point of his sermon was to show that it was *spiritual* prayers, and not those prayers of the Church of England now established, which had brought Peter out of prison. The Dean immediately laid this letter before Bishop Guest; and Heath, after much prevarication, in which he pretended to be anxious to “purify the Church from all *smacks* of Romish ceremonies,” was clearly detected as a Jesuit sent to trouble the peace of the Church, for in one of

his boots was found a bull of Pope Pius V. licensing him to preach what doctrine the society of Jesuits pleased, for dividing English heretics. He was offered liberty if he would make a full confession; but, refusing the boon, was committed to prison, where he died soon after, not without suspicion of having poisoned himself.*

Sir John Temple, in his annals of the Irish rebellion of 1641, mentions a friar who cruelly tied several Protestants back to back, and then caused them to be flung over Portadown bridge. That murderer afterwards assumed the name of Captain Holland, and entered the Parliamentary army. He married, and left £2500 to his family. Cromwell finding the Jesuits most active in obtaining information of all his movements; so that they were sooner known in Rome than in London, instituted so rigorous a search, that several Jesuits were discovered in the army. Their effects were confiscated, and Holland's ill-gotten gain shared the same ruin.†

Dr. Ramsey was one of Charles I.'s physicians in Scotland. He had two sons, both of whom became Jesuits. The elder entered the Parliamentary army under the fictitious name of Captain Right. So admirably was he disguised, that for a considerable time, with matchless intrepidity of face, he steadily baffled the enquiries of his own father, who between fear and doubt, often addressed him. This masked Jesuit was at length suspected, stripped of his disguise, and so much treasonable correspondence discovered, that he was executed as a traitor. The youngest son became a physician, and a Jesuit *in voto*. His career was wild and eventful. He was a very clever linguist, and for some time pretended to be a Jew; wore a long beard, and taught Hebrew in the university of Oxford. At that period of our national history

* Foxes and Firebrands, p. i. 40.

† Ibid ii. 90.

great care was taken to prevent young students from being perverted at our universities, and Ramsey being detected in efforts to inculcate Popery, was summoned before the Vice-Chancellor, but on the eve of his examination he fled to Cambridge, where he appeared in a different disguise, and propagated his apostasy. As soon as the Vice-Chancellor at Cambridge, heard of his mischievous attempts to pervert the faith of the students, he was again summoned, but fled and retired to London. O ! that the heads of houses at our Universities were equally vigilant and determined *now*, in opposition to popish subverters of the faith of the students entrusted to their charge, and for whom they must give account !

Such were the tact and courage of Ramsey that as soon as he heard that Prynne had offered a reward for his detection, he disguised himself as a poor Bohemian priest, who had been just rescued by an English merchant from slavery in Turkey ; and so admirably did he carry on the deception by the Italian, German, and Latin languages, that he extracted a large sum of money from that zealous Protestant, to whom he afterwards wrote, apprising him that he had not only seen Dr. Ramsey, but hospitably entertained and assisted him with money.* Dr. Pullen, Dean of Clonfert, and afterwards Archbishop of Tuam, met a singular adventure, which throws still more light upon the unscrupulous means used by the Jesuits for weakening the Church of England. Pullen was preserved from the massacre of 1641, by a Jesuit who had received some favours from him ; after escaping to England he became chaplain to the Earl of Oxford, whose wife was an amiable lady, but very inconsistent. She frequented a conventicle where a shoe-maker so charmed her by his eloquence, that she at length prevailed

* Ibid. ii. 94.

upon her chaplain to accompany her thither. The Dean greatly admired the gifted preacher, but fancied that he had a dim recollection of having seen him before; and the very same day Lady Oxford having invited the shoe-maker to dinner, his suspicions were turned into certainty, for weary of remaining entirely in the shade into which the strange visitor's brilliant gifts had thrown him, Dr. Pullen quoted a Hebrew text, which was instantly responded to by the shoe-maker to the amazement of the company. Immediately after Dr. Pullen leaned towards his rival and whispered to him, "You are the Jesuit who saved my life in Ireland! Do not deny it, but take measures for your escape. I will now save yours if I can." The Jesuit quietly stole away, and great was the vexation of his admirers when informed of the facts of the case; but the Countess never afterwards followed such "Wandering Stars."* In the life of the learned and pious Dr. Hammond we find another remarkable instance of the versatility and subtilty of this dangerous Order. Dr. Hammond was one day in a bookseller's shop reading the works of St. Ambrose, when a soldier familiarly placed a hand on his shoulder, and looking into the volume, read it with perfect ease. Dr. Hammond, astounded, asked how he could have acquired that knowledge? The soldier boldly replied, "From the Holy Spirit, who has given me the gift of tongues." "Well," said Hammond, "I will try you further." The soldier stood the test wonderfully, and freely translated Greek, Hebrew, and other languages. At length a Welch Bible was placed before him; but he shut up the book angrily, with the words, "I will not satisfy you further, for you will not believe even an angel from heaven!" Dr. Hammond had him arrested and brought before Oliver Cromwell, who caused his lodgings to be searched, when

* Ibid ii. 98. Jude 13.

several Popish and seditious papers were discovered, and in one of his boots—apparently a favourite hiding place of Jesuits—a Papal bull, licensing him, under several names, to assume what calling he pleased, and he was then playing the part of a military field preacher.*

Cromwell was the terror of Jesuits, and so vigorous in his prosecution of those traitors, that when even one of them appeared openly in England, information was required to be instantly given to him. George Coulishaw, an ironmonger of Bristol, detailed the following singular fact to the sturdy Protestant Protector. An old school-fellow, named Coppinger, one day called upon him, and, in the confidence of the festive hour, told him that he had been for eight or nine years in Italy, and had lately visited London, where he had earned a handsome sum of money by preaching; he remarked, that amongst all the Dissenting bodies he had found none so like the Jesuit fraternity, as the Quakers, and that at London he had encountered, at one of their meetings, two Jesuits, whom he had well known at Rome. He then asked, whether there were any Quakers at Bristol, and when answered in the negative, and that it was unlikely they would ever visit that city; Coppinger turned quickly, and offered a wager of £500 to £5 that within one month a Quaker's meeting would be established at Bristol. Coulishaw laughed incredulously, but how great was his amazement to find that within the specified time, two Quakers appeared at Bristol, who so "rambled and roared," that a flourishing sect of Quakers soon existed in that city!†

Romish writers delight in tarnishing the character of Cromwell, by imputing to him the entire odium of the death of Charles I.; the fact being that deed of blood was mainly effected papal own intrigues. On the very day of the

* Foxes and Firebrands, ii. 102.

† Ibid ii. 141.

King's execution Mr. Spotteswoode saw, with wonder, the Queen's confessor on horseback, in the regimental dress of a trooper, flourishing his sword above his head, and with triumphant shouts stimulating the soldiers around him to drown, by their cheers, the universal groan of the sorrowing multitude, when the executioner held forth to their view the bleeding head of the unhappy sovereign. Watching an opportunity, Spotteswoode rode up to the soldier priest, whom he knew well, and said to him in an under tone, "O Father, I little thought to have found you, or any of your profession, at so sad a spectacle." "Tush, friend," replied the pretended trooper, "there are at least *forty* or more priests and Jesuits here on horseback besides myself."

The above fact, given by Ware,* is thus strongly authenticated by Baxter in his autobiography:—

- "A little after the death of Charles I., Mr. Atkins, of Gloucestershire, brother of Judge Atkins, was much surprised one day by meeting in London, a foreign priest, the superior of a College in Flanders, whom he had known intimately abroad; he took him to a tavern, and said in his old familiar tone, 'What brings you here? I warrant you came on some roguery or other.' The priest, being well warmed with wine, told him, as a profound secret, 'that there were thirty of them here in London, who, by instructions from Cardinal Mazarin, did take care of such affairs, and had sat in a council and debated the question, 'Whether the King should be put to death or not?' and that it was carried in the affirmative, and there were but two voices for the negative, his own and another, and that for his part he could not concur with them, as foreseeing what misery they would bring upon the country.' " Baxter adds, "Mr. Atkins was loath to meddle in the publication of this, nor did I

* Foxes and Firebrands, p. iii. 163.

think it prudence myself to do it, as knowing the malice and power of Papists."* Jesuits could have easily suggested to Charles and discovered to Cromwell the fatal paper, which caused the latter to lay aside his thoughts of mercy and bring the unhappy King to the scaffold. Many more of their dark deeds in our land shall appear in their own place.

Let us now follow the sons of Loyola across the ocean, and gaze upon their exploits in the new world. We enter the magnificent river of Paraguay, and soon reach the fair and fertile country, which Jesuits extol as the scene of their most successful missionary enterprises. We traverse the twenty-one "Reductions," which form handsome towns. In the centre of each a beautiful church, rectory, school, work-house, and hospital, form an elegant square. Two of this versatile society act in each town as merchants, farmers, and soldiers, as well as priests. Their government is represented to be altogether paternal. A discipline the most minute, inquisitive, and incessant, carefully regulates the morals of the natives, and even their amusements. As soon as the labourers have quietly hoed their mandioc, they are set to weave garlands for the Virgin and the Saints, and taught to sing hymns in their praise; to dance figure dances; to act plays, and to walk to church in procession. Foreigners are sternly warned off from this "happy valley." To prevent hostile intrusion the Jesuits keep up large bodies of cavalry and infantry, and a great train of artillery.

Southey, in his delightful "History of Brazil," completely strips the colouring off this fine painting, and presents to view all its native deformity. He says that Orpheus was a type of the first Jesuit missionary who entered Paraguay. He took with him on all his excursions a band of little choiristers. When they approached an inhabited place

* Reliq. Bax. Bl. p. ii. 373.

they sang a litany. The savages, like snakes, were won by the voice of the charmer. He set the Romish catechism, creed, and prayers to sol fa : and the pleasure of learning to sing used to make the little Tupis to run away from their parents, and put themselves under these vocal fathers.* As the natives were taken by childish arts, they were kept in childish ignorance; for it was the object of their teachers not to advance them in civilization, but to tame them to the utmost docility possible. "Images," adds Southey, "were called by Pope Gregory the Great, '*the books of the poor*,' and the Romish clergy have succeeded in substituting them for the Bible. So at each corner of their squares, in every Reduction, there was erected a cross, and in the middle a column supporting an *image* of the Virgin; the great mother—*magna mater*—of this idolatry." It is true that many chiefs were decorated with titles, and entrusted with high office, but magistrates, judges, generals, and even women were publicly flogged in the market-place for the most trivial offences, and these infamous stripes were always received "without a murmur, and even as an act of grace, so trained were they to lick the hand which chastised and fed them."†

Few of the natives were taught to read, and in no single instance was a convert admitted into their Order or into the priesthood. In this, however, the Jesuits exercised a wise discretion, for if we may judge of their converts by Southey's description, they must have been a strange sort of Romanists. He tells us, that when the savages took a conceit that the water of baptism spoilt the taste of the meat (human flesh), and would not let the Jesuits baptize any more; the "good fathers" then carried with them wet handkerchiefs, or contrived to wet the skirt or sleeve of their

* Southey's Hist. Braz. i. 257; ii. 338.

† Quinet Jesuits, Lec. iv.

habits, that out of it they might squeeze enough of holy water to ensure the victim's salvation. He also speaks of an old convert who made the following complaint to her Jesuit confessor:—"Oh, my grandson, my stomach goes against every thing. There is but one thing which I think I could touch. If I had the little hand of a little tender Tapuay boy, I think I could pick the little bones; but, woe is me, there is no body to go out and shoot one for me!"*

When the Jesuits were expelled from Paraguay by the Spaniards, in 1760, after upwards of a hundred years residence, their Church being not founded on the Word of God, but upon corrupt traditions, crumbled away at once, for it had been built upon the sand, and when the storm came the building fell. Far different was the mission of the Moravians at the Cape. George Schmidt, 1737, had given some Hottentots the truth of Christianity undefiled by human inventions, and taught them to read the Bible. For fifty long years the mission was suspended; but the Moravians returned, hearing that in their former settlement the gospel was yet known and loved. An aged Hottentot woman was carried out to meet the preachers. She bore in her hand a Dutch Testament, which she still continued to read, and counted a treasure beyond all price. Some young people had been taught by her to read the sacred volume, and when the messengers of peace returned "the Word of God grew and multiplied" in that rejoicing land. The main object of the Jesuits seems to have been the accession of numbers to their congregations; and in but too many instances they merely trained their people to give Christian names to their idols. An old Japanese woman who used to invoke the name of her idol Amida one hundred and forty thousand times a day after her conversion (!) simply exchanged the

* Ibid. ii. 254; i. 223.

name of Amida for the name of Mary, and continued her superstitious mumblings.*

Pascal charges the Jesuits in India and China with suppressing *the death of Christ* in order to avoid the offence of the cross! He also accuses them with permitting their converts to engage in heathen idolatry, provided they paid mental worship to images of the Redeemer, concealed under their flowing robes!† M. Quinet shows that if ever they made use of the cross, they hid it under the flowers which were scattered at the feet of the idols, and that they denied the sacraments to the dying poor!§

The Jesuits at Madura, southern India, forged a fifth veda or sacred book which paved the way for them, by establishing a new sect, holding some of their own doctrines! Some of them turned Pariahs, half-naked outcasts, living amongst outcasts, who used to prostrate themselves in the dust, laying their hands upon their mouths that their polluted breath might not infect the saintly Brahmin of the nobles, their brother Jesuit. The story of the Jesuit De Nobili, illustrates the crafty mode by which those "missioners" made way in India. Perceiving how devoted the Hindoos were to their Brahmins, he for several years secretly studied their language, habits and traditions. By the aid of a native whom he contrived to attach to his order, this wily agent of Rome succeeded in perfectly personating a Brahmin. He stained his whole body to the nicest shade of colour required, and shaved his head, except a long tuft of hair which betokened his office. He dressed himself in a tiger skin, ate nothing which had life, bathed in a tank thrice a day, and religiously observed every rite of his new creed, down to rubbing his forehead and breast with the ashes of cow dung; for he now preached that the dung of the sacred animal

* Quart. Review xxxii., 213.

† Lett. Prov. v.

§ Jesuits' Lec. iv.

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cleanses from sin ! His sandals were a bitter penance—for leather is an abomination to Brahmins—and the wooden pegs on which his feet rested, galled them grievously. The adept then forged a scroll to prove his descent from a noble caste. When all things were ready he publicly announced himself as a Brahmin, divinely commissioned to show the *fourth* way of truth which had been lost. The most jealous scrutiny of all his rivals could not detect a single flaw in the deception. He planted schools and soon reported a goodly number of converts to his new sect, which was dignified at Rome by the name of Christian.

Andrew Schall pursued a similar career in China. He crept into the favour of the Emperor by skilfully mending an old harpsichord ; and entirely won his heart by writing a history of the instrument in Chinese, and setting a psalm to music. Upon an incursion of Tartars this versatile priest constructed a foundry, whence he supplied the welcome aid of twenty great guns, chiefly 40 pounders. Schall rose through nine orders of mandarins till he reached the highest, and became prime minister to the celestial empire. Then he built a splendid Church, which might be easily mistaken for a pagan temple ; and the order boasted of 100,000 converts, such as they were, in China.*

Jesuit historians are never weary of describing the miracles by which their missionaries converted the heathen. Charity would lead us to hope that even the actors in those “lying wonders” are victims to their own superstitious fancies : for Lord Bacon profoundly observes, “credulity and imposture are nearly allied, and a readiness to believe and to deceive are constantly united in the same person.”† So those miracle-workers may have really felt in the poet’s words,

“Like Katterfelto with his hair on end

Wondering at his own wonders.”

* Steinmetz iii. 376.

† De Augment Scient.

It is very suspicious, however, to find the famous Jesuit Kircher, who discovered the magic lanthorn, describing many optical illusions and machines by which false miracles might be performed; and complacently detailing the remarkable deliverances thus obtained. One specimen is enough. Some Indian missionaries had become so odious that they were assailed by an infuriated multitude, shamefully treated and cast into prison. After vainly menacing the barbarians with the Divine judgments, the captives framed a flying dragon of gauze and silk, inscribed upon it in the native language "*The Wrath of God*;" then attached a long tail to the monstrous effigy, and as soon as the short twilight faded into night, then sent it aloft with a tremendous explosion. The terrified Indians no longer "laughed at their beards," but most reverently conveyed them from prison, and were superstitiously submissive ever after.* Immediately after recording this event, Kircher describes a "contrivance by which flying angels may be easily exhibited on the day of our Lord's ascension; and adds, that the wonder of the spectacle would be increased by placing small pipes round about the machine, which, by the motion of the air and the sound of small bells attached internally, would cause a certain strange and sweet music."

It is also very suspicious to find Jesuit missionaries unblushingly mingling details of their artful impostures with accounts of their pretended miracles. Gonsalvez, while sailing from Mozambique to Quiloa, encountered an awful storm, which he is said to have calmed in the moment of greatest peril. This miracle so amazed the king of Quiloa, that he offered the superhuman visitant "as many women, as much gold, land and cows, as he wished for." The Jesuit replied he only wanted "the king himself." On the

* Kircher Physiol. 118.

following day Gonsalvez celebrated mass, after having placed on the altar a full length picture of the Virgin, which he surrounded with magnificent drapery of cloth of gold, and so artistically was it disposed that the natives believed it to be a real woman ! The cunning emissary of Rome instantly took advantage of the illusion, and told the king that he was beholding the shadow of " God's mother, in whose power and dominion were all the kings of the world." All the rude barbarians worshipped the wondrous shadow, and the king's mother was baptized by its name, Mary ; and the king, with three hundred of his chiefs, were also baptized on the same day.*

The gainful traffic by which these missionaries enriched their order, and the jealousy with which they kept foreigners from their settlements, are matters of history. Their missions were always placed in profitable places, for

" No Jesuit ever took in hand

To plant a Church in barren land."

It is now ascertained that they discovered the gold mines in far distant California, and absolutely kept their existence a profound secret for upwards of a century. However, we have much reason to bless Him " who out of evil still educes good" for having over-ruled their mischievous industry in foreign climes to the discovery of several valuable medicines, and to the awakening a true and noble missionary spirit in Protestant countries.

To pursue the progress of Jesuitism in Europe we need only cast our eyes on the chart of its history for the last three hundred years, and we may easily perceive its slimy and serpentine traces, infecting Protestant homes and states with the noxious influence of the spurious Christianity of its adoption. So early as 1545, the Jesuit fathers Le Jay, Le

* Steinmetz ii. 62.

Fevre and Bobadilla, made a descent upon Germany, and founded a College at Ingoldstadt. Luther, Melancthon, and their noble band of brother-Reformers, had apparently so firmly established Protestantism in their "Father-Land" that this papal aggression passed unheeded. Yet Ingoldstadt College soon, to use the emphatic language of a celebrated Romish writer in reference to our own Maynooth, "*began to be felt.*" Jesuit swarms from it pitched in Laybach, and many other towns of Bohemia, Hungary and Austria. In Vienna especially their educational talents gained for their mission remarkable success. The children in their schools were so "well sweetened with words," and attracted by their royal roads to learning, that they "took in the Christian doctrine" eagerly, and by their patient observance of Romish fasts, won their parents over to the papacy.* Thus they wormed themselves into power, and embroiled the Calvinists and Lutherans in deadly strife, while they steadily urged the Romish princes to encroach upon Protestant rights, in spite of the most solemn compacts. Melancthon, on his death bed, greatly bewailed their amazing influence and numbers. "Good Lord," were his sorrowful words, "how the world is filled with Jesuits!"† Their preaching in Germany was most artfully suited to the people's love of independence. Luther and Calvin had denied free will. The disciples of Loyola, who were bound to act as passively as a staff in an old man's hand, declaimed against fatalism, and invited Protestants to assert their spiritual freedom.§ Confess that it was a master stroke to enslave the human mind in the name of liberty! Mosheim incessantly deplores their baneful activity and success in Germany. Persecution and civil war marked the ascendancy of their star. In Carinthia, and Upper Austria the amiable

* Steinmetz ii. 214.

† Ibid ii. 235.

§ Quinet Lec. vi.

Empress Maria Theresa was coerced into a relentless crusade against her unoffending Protestant subjects. They were imprisoned, scourged, robbed of their children, debarred from worshipping God according to His Word even in private, and interdicted from emigrating into Protestant countries.* Michelet, speaking of the awful desolation of a thirty years war says, "The Jesuits launched them into it, and then carefully watched over them. Whenever Marshal Tilly, on his charger, was seen dashing over the smoking ruins of cities, or the battle-field of the slain, the Jesuit, trotting on his mule, was not far off."†

Poland was one of the earliest countries in welcoming the Reformation. The celebrated Bernardin Ochino made a great impression upon the nation which then exulted in being the freest in the world. The Jesuit Commendone by crafty intrigue caused his banishment. A college was planted in a quiet little town named Braunsburgh. Thence the Jesuits stealthily sallied out, and, while men slept, scattered the seeds of division, broad cast over the land. They obtained the repeal of the law which gave toleration to all religious denominations; and raised Romish bishops silently, like the beast in Revelation, from the waves of conflicting parties. After a time it was enacted that every bishop should be a Romanist; and finally, that the king should be of the same creed. The children of Protestants were then forcibly educated as Romanists.§ The rest of her sad story is soon told. Nations who once courted her alliance, haughtily partitioned her noble provinces, and all her struggles have failed in shaking off her chains. While it pities us to see her in the dust, and we feel uneasy forebodings as to our own destiny, exposed as we are to the

* Overbury's Jesuits 168. † Priests, women and families, c. 3.

§ Steinmetz, ii. 233. Hospinian, 300. Usborne's Jesuits, 23.

machinations of multitudes of Jesuits in our own land, and obnoxious to all the Romish kingdoms of the earth, our hearts can mournfully echo the poet's plaint—

“Freedom shrieked when Kosciuszko fell!”

Leger's tragical history of the Waldenses gives us an edict, 1596, forbidding “any inhabitant of the vallies, on pain of death and confiscation of property, from having the audacity to prevent any one from attending the preaching of the Jesuits.”* However the oratory of these *powerful* preachers had as little effect upon the faithful mountaineers, as the winds which whistled through their pine forests: because, “nothing could satisfy them, but the words of everlasting life, and they steadfastly refused to receive any other doctrine than that of the Holy Scriptures.” Finding their congregations reduced to their own clerks, the cunning Jesuits obtained admission to every house, by getting themselves appointed as collectors of taxes, and tried grinding oppression, or profuse offers of bribery. Foiled in this, they spent their time in kidnapping little children for their colleges. There they trained them in bitter hostility against their own faith and family, and sent them back in arms against their own kindred and friends! From time to time terror was resorted to, and blood flowed in torrents. Many were placed on their knees and required to pray to Jesus and Mary. Life was freely offered, if they would invoke the great goddess of the society. When the martyrs looked to heaven and cried,—“There is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved, but the name of Jesus. At His name every knee should bow.” “The Alpine rocks,” says Leger, “more feeling than those murderers, mournfully re-echoed their dying groans, or rejoiced in returning their triumphant shouts of “*piu prest*

* Hist. Vaud. part ii. 61.

la mort che la messa—sooner death than the mass.” What foul spirit raised the hurricane of persecution in 1655, which well nigh swept away for ever the poor Waldenses from the wild fastnesses, which they shared with the eagle and the chamois? It was the learned and polished Jesuit Possevino. The most cruel tormentors were women, the penitents of the Jesuits in Turin; and the chief victors were children and women!

And yet the Papal champion, who could thus show the visage of a wild beast to poor flying Waldenses on the Italian side of the Alps, presented at the Swiss side “the face of an angel.” Michelet describes the insinuating gentleness of his dealings in Geneva, and the crafty use he made of the silver tongued, but intolerant, Francis de Sales, in trying to bribe over the poor ministers in Geneva, and especially in offering—so delicately as an act of homage to his merits!—to poor old Theodore Beza, a pension of 4000 crowns from the Pope.* The aged man of God seemed, like our own glorious Wickliffe, on his death bed, when this last assault was made upon his faith. The Jesuits industriously reported that he was dead, after having been “reconciled to the true Church.” Great was the anguish of the Protestants: but it was soon turned into joy, when some animated verses, denouncing the Jesuit calumny, appeared from Beza’s trembling hand, and his flickering lamp of life shot up once more into a grand jet of heavenly light to reveal again to view the dark deeds of Papal Rome.†

Holland expelled the intruding Jesuits, but she lost one of her bravest chiefs, William, Prince of Orange; whose assassin was assured by the Jesuits, that he would be elevated to the rank of a martyr.§

* Priests, &c., c. 1.

† Hospinian 392.

§ Thorp’s address 89. Steinmetz iii. 336.

Denmark was in imminent danger of losing the gospel. In the reign of Christian IV. a most insidious Jesuitical plot was discovered. Several ministers, outwardly Protestant, but Romanizing in their hearts, for they had been privately trained in Popery at Braunsburgh Jesuit College, were detected in spreading Popery through their parishes, and entrapping unwary Protestant clergymen. They were banished, and a law was enacted forbidding any Jesuit under pain of death from inhabiting the Danish territories.*

Sweden was more than once brought by the Jesuits to the very verge of the apostacy. After the heroic Gustavus Adolphus fell at Lutzen, the Jesuits succeeded in perverting the faith of his daughter, Queen Christina. In 1654 she abdicated in favour of her cousin, Charles Gustavus, and departed to Rome, where she was received by the pope as a signal trophy of Jesuit artifice. After her cousin's death, she exerted her brilliant talents to regain her crown; but the Swedes remained nobly constant to their faith, and rejected all the overtures of Christina, who would have brought a host of Jesuits in her train.

Sweden was again visited in 1677 by the Jesuit Nicolai. He entered the Queen's service, and by learning and seeming piety, so won the confidence of the Lutheran ministers that they elected him *professor of theology*, in which office he "adroitly sapped the foundations of Lutheranism, and drew up a new liturgy; and his device succeeded admirably" says the Jesuit Maimbourgh. Happily the Protestant spirit of Sweden awoke before it was too late. "Once Lutheran, and Lutheran for ever," was their war cry against Rome. The country proved as barren as her own rocks, and as hard as her own iron, to her Jesuit influences. Nicolai and his partisans were banished, and Sweden was free.†

* M'Ghee's *Laws of the Papacy*, 286. † Steinmetz ii. 343. Düller, 112.

France mournfully points out many a page in her annals recording Jesuit triumphs. Alas they are written in letters of blood, and blotted with her tears! It was Jesuit confessors that allured or goaded her sovereigns into fiery persecution of their Protestant subjects, or cut them off by the poisoned dagger, if they flinched from the frightful task. It was Jesuit hands that tolled the funeral knell of 30,000 Protestants on St. Bartholomew's eve; for their great antiquarian Bonanni shows "how salutary to the sick body of the kingdom the Jesuits considered so copious an emission of bad blood," and the Pope who commemorated that massacre as "a great victory" conferred on the society shortly afterwards "all the privileges which the Pope had or ever would grant."* Henry III. weary of slaughtering his Protestant subjects, relieved them by dissolving "The Catholic League" which was made for their extermination. A few short days elapsed and he was numbered with the dead. Hear how the famous Jesuit historian Mariana, boasted of the murderous deed of the assassin Clement. "Lately, in France, a noble example was given. Henry III. lies low, felled with a poisoned knife, by the hand of a monk. It shows that the power of kings is weak indeed, if they once cease to respect the minds of their subjects."† Henry IV. granted civil and religious liberty to Protestants by the merciful edict of Nantes. Several attempts upon his life was the consequence. When the Jesuit Chatel narrowly missed his throat, and pierced his lip and the tooth behind it, Henry exclaimed, "Many have told me that I am not loved by the Jesuits, but I am now convinced of the fact from my own mouth!" Nothing daunted at this discovery of their iniquity, Commolet, one of their order, gloried in the guilty deed, and in one of his sermons audaciously said, "We want an Ehud"—

* Ibid ii. 308. Michelet Jes. Lec. i.

† Steinmetz ii. 449.

the first regicide mentioned in Scripture—"be he monk, soldier, or shepherd, we want an Ehud." After Ravailac's foul hand had plunged a double edged poisoned dagger into Henry's heart, he accused D'Aubigné of being privy to the crime, which he had revealed in confession. The Jesuit could not deny that he might have heard the guilty secret, but added, "God has given to some the gift of tongues, to others the gift of prophecy; to me He has granted the gift of forgetting confessions."*

Louis XIV. tarnished his glorious reign by the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and the consequent exile of multitudes of his Protestant subjects, who "took joyfully the spoiling of their goods, esteeming the reproach of Christ as greater riches than the treasures in Egypt." It was his Jesuit confessor La Chaise, called by the witty Parisians, "The Easy Chair" from his "Easy Devotion" who beguiled him into an act so cruel and suicidal to France. Le Tellier, his second Jesuit confessor, obtained by Louis's influence with the Pope, the abominable and anti-Christian bull—"Unigenitus," which choked up the cells and passages of Bastille, with poor Jansenists, who held the doctrines of grace, imprisoned the Jansenist nuns of St. Cyr, pulled down their tranquil retreats, demolished their Churches, and even polluted their graves.†

Such atrocities at length ruined the society, although they saved the papacy. From 1555 to 1773, they were expelled from various states no less than *thirty-seven times*; and even from countries where their mission had been most eminently successful in the destruction of Protestantism. To specify the chief. They were expelled for their crimes from England in 1579, 1581, 1586, 1601, and 1604; from France in 1594; from Portugal in 1578, and 1759; from

* Hospin. 261. Thorp's Address 89.

† Tregelles's Jansenists.

Spain in 1767; from Venice in 1606, and 1612; from Naples in 1622; from the Two Sicilies in 1767; from Bohemia in 1618; from Moravia in 1619; from Saxony in 1729; from Hungary in 1588; from Russia in 1723; from Japan in 1587, and 1613; from China and India in 1622.* From Spain they were expelled in 1767 with circumstances of peculiar cruelty. Count St. Priest details the event with real pathos. On the same day and hour all the Jesuits in Spain were seized by the Alcaldes, and embarked, to the number of 6000, in wretchedly appointed vessels, in which they were stowed away, as in slave ships, with orders to be discharged into the territories of the Pope. Arrived at Civita Vecchia, they were received with cannon shot, and warned off because their General Ricci, had resolved to sacrifice the individuals to the welfare of the society. Their martyrdom would reflect glory on it, and excite the sympathy of Europe: so they were abandoned! The deceived and forsaken wretches in the bitterness of their hearts and the intensity of their suffering, loaded the air with cries of rage against their merciless master. After wandering over the ocean for six months without succour or hope, worn out with fatigue, and decimated by sickness, the unfortunate men found a miserable asylum amongst the barren rocks of Corsica.†

The suppression of the order was now openly and vehemently agitated. But they had powerful support in the papal court; where the immense value of their services was thoroughly understood, and where they

“ Full fifty times were feared

For once, they were respected.”

In fact, notwithstanding their vow of obedience, they had more than once appeared in such a dangerous position of

* Usborne's Jesuits 142.

† Fall of the Jesuits 38.

pre-eminence, that several popes had determined upon their degradation; but those genuine sons of Loyola always contrived to come off victorious, though apparently vanquished. The tyrannical Sixtus V. was chafed at their immeasurable ambition and influence. As a first step to their humiliation, he dictatorially commanded them to change their title.—“Company, of Jesus!” he cried, stroking his bushy white beard in a fury, “Company of Jesus! what sort of men are those fathers that we must not name them without uncovering our heads? It is an injury to the other orders.” He charged Aquaviva their general to frame the decree, and present a petition for the immediate abolition of the society’s long cherished but most inappropriate title. Aquaviva meekly kissed the enraged pontiff’s foot and humbly assented; but he repaired to the seminary at St. Andrew, and ordered the novices to begin a nine day’s prayer for protection against this beginning of sorrows. On the ninth day, as the bell tolled for Litanies the pope expired so suddenly that his death was attributed to poison.

To this day when the pope is dangerously ill, and a funeral knell floats mournfully over some Jesuit Church, the Romans say, “O, the Holy Father is going to die, the bell of the Jesuits is sounding the Litanies!”* As an awful tempest burst over the Quirinal palace while Sixtus V. was breathing his last, a rumour was easily set afloat that he had made a compact with the evil one, by whose aid he had risen from feeding swine to ruling kings and that, the stipulated period having now elapsed, Satan had snatched away his soul in the storm. The excitable mob rose with savage cries, denounced him as a demon, and tore down his statues. The Jesuits triumphed.†

Clement XIII. was fully aware of the danger and deli-

* Steinmetz iii. 28.

† Ranke’s Hist. Popes ii. 32.

cacy of meddling with the Jesuits, and supported them firmly; but when Rome was threatened with blockade by a large combined army of French, Spanish, and Neapolitan soldiers, and when on the 10th December, 1768, the ambassador of France presented to him a memoir containing a demand for the expulsion of the Jesuits in the name of the three monarchs, the pope vacillated. On the eve of the consistory, convened for their dissolution, he suddenly expired in strong convulsions.* The Cardinals hastily performed the obsequies, and formed themselves into a conclave for the election of his successor. The anxiety of the Jesuits was now, as may be imagined, extreme. Father Delci started for Leghorn, carrying off the treasures of the order, with the intention of transporting them to England; but was recalled by his general, who began to hope for better days, when it was known that Cardinal Ganganelli, who seemed the probable successor to the triple crown, had expressed himself thus strongly against the enemies of the society—to which he owed his own advancement to the purple—"Destroy the company of Jesuits! You might as well think of overturning the dome of St. Peters!" And yet when Ganganelli saw that without the favour of the sovereigns he would forfeit "the ring of the Fisherman" he did not hesitate to abandon the defence of the Jesuits, and to extol the power of the sovereign. "Their arms are very long" he often said, "they reach beyond the Alps and Pyrenees." This crooked line of policy secured to him the papal throne which he ascended as Clement XIV.† During the next four years Clement wavered between the European courts and the society, on pretence of inquiry, but in reality engaged in vain efforts for the reformation of this dangerous order. However, the tremendous engine was so artistically constructed that it

* St. Priest 46.

† Ibid 61.

would not work if a single wheel or spring of its machinery were removed or altered. "Let them be as they are, or let them be no longer" was the constant reply of their inflexible general Ricci.*

The suppression of the order was inevitable, but Clement removed the cup of bitterness for the time, and the temporary relief satisfied him. "He wished," he said, "to familiarize himself with the cannon's roar, before the battle should commence."† The pressure from without became daily more irresistible. All the kings who had hitherto confided in Jesuit confessors, "not only as an act of moral propriety, but as a guarantee of *personal safety*," now trembled for their lives, and besieged the pope with earnest demands, for the abolition of the dread society. Their late attack upon the life of the king of Portugal; their conspiracies in Spain; and the regicide doctrines of Sa, "That the rebellion of an ecclesiastic against a king is not high treason, because he is not subject to the king, but to the pope," and that "every man can kill a tyrant;"—of Tanner, "it is honourable to exterminate a tyrant;"—of Salmeron, investing the pope with the right of putting to death any king who favours heresy, for "has he not received the right of destroying wolves, in the right of pasturing the sheep?"—left no choice to Clement. The famous brief, "*Dominus et Redemptor*," was at length issued in 1773. It dissolved the order, and declared the act "NECESSARY, IN ORDER TO PREVENT CHRISTIANS FROM RISING ONE AGAINST ANOTHER, AND MASSACRING EACH OTHER IN THE VERY BOSOM OF OUR COMMON MOTHER, THE HOLY CHURCH," also on account of "CERTAIN IDOLATROUS CEREMONIES" and "CERTAIN MAXIMS, SCANDALOUS AND MANIFESTLY CONTRARY TO GOOD MORALS; RESULTING IN REVOLTS AND INTESTINE TROUBLES."§

* Ranke ii. 447.

† St. Priest 74.

§ Aphorism Verb. Cleric. Quinet Lec. v. Seymour's Morning with the Jes. 36.

When the pope signed the document he laid aside the pen with a deep sigh, and said, "I did not resolve upon the measure, till I had well weighed it. I would do it again, but this act will be my death blow." This presentiment of death was no vain alarm. He perished miserably in the following year. Before his death, which was attributed by his physicians to poison, his former cheerfulness quite forsook him. He became excessively wayward and irritable. Daggers and poisoned phials continually floated before his imagination. To avoid poison he dressed every article of food with his own hands. Visions of horror haunted his pillow incessantly. The miserable man had no source of consolation, for instead of seeking peace in the Prince of Peace, he incessantly prostrated himself before a little image of the Virgin, which he had unfastened from his breviary, and before which, for forty years, two wax tapers had been kept burning night and day. Prostrated thus in the horrible conviction of having committed deadly sin by endangering the very existence of the papacy in destroying the order which had for centuries proved its sole security; he exclaimed with strong crying and tears, "Mercy! mercy! I have been compelled!" Several days previous to his death, his bones exfoliated and withered like a tree, which, struck at its root, dies away, and sheds its bark. The scientific men who were called in to embalm the body, found the features livid, the lips black, the limbs emaciated and covered with violet spots. The skin and nails peeled off at the slightest friction, and all their perfumes could not dispel the horrible exhalations from the body. The hair of the head remained entire upon the velvet pillow which supported it.* Little wonder, that reforming popes have so rarely appeared, when such was the frightful doom of the gifted Ganganelli.

* St. Priest, 92.

Loyola, Bellarmine, and all their great authorities, had so distinctly declared a papal decree to be the very voice of OMNIPOTENCE, that the Jesuits instantly struck their colours, though 20,000 in number.* Ricci was imprisoned in Castel St. Angelo, where blighted ambition soon shortened his days.

Some ex-Jesuits lurked in Rome under new titles, such as "Fathers of the Cross, of the Faith," &c., and encompassed the new pope Pius VI. with a perfect net of stratagems, prayers, and threats, for the revocation of the fatal decree; but he said that he knew them of old, and that he also knew too well the value of life to throw away its emotions; so he quietly frustrated all their intrigues by perpetual adjournment; and all their arts had no power to disturb his serenity, so far as to cost him a day's health or an hour of his life. One of their efforts had such an amazing effect at the time that it is well worth recording.

Pius VI. was urgently importuned by the Spanish court to canonize Palafox, a Spanish bishop, whose chief claim to that honour was his inveterate hostility to the Jesuits. The latter, not to be outdone, found out a *veritable* saint of their own, in a French beggar, named Labre. It was solemnly affirmed that his dead body was found leaning against the curb-stone, preserving all the freshness of life. "A miracle!" was the shout. The whole population of the town rushed to the Church, where the corpse was laid in state for three days. All in turn threw themselves at the feet of the new embryo-saint. The sick returned whole from that wonder working bier. Guards lined the Church and its avenues, in order to control the wild enthusiasm. A French painter, who pretended to have known Labre, made his fortune by painting and engraving his portrait, of which he sold 40,000 copies in one day. The ex-Jesuit Zaccaria set to work, as eagerly

* Düller's Jesuits, 151.

as the Romish editor of the "Lives of Modern Saints" in our own day, upon a grand biography, detailing Labre's miracles and prophecies. Every body offered Cardinal de Bernis earnest congratulations on this accession of glory to France. The zeal for Labre was at its fever height when it suddenly ceased, as if by magic. What then had happened? The Jansenists claimed the saint of the Jesuits, and declared that he used to read their books. From that moment Labre ceased to effect miracles, and prophesied no more.* The main body of the ex-Jesuits found their way to Prussia, Russia, and England. At Vienna they call themselves Redemptorists.†

Frederick the Great had just broken his hollow friendship with Voltaire and the infidel philosophers, of whom he at length saw the utter worthlessness and said, "If I had a province which I wished to punish, I would give it over to the philosophers." To annoy them, and to encourage literature—the very plea so often used in our own Parliament—he fostered the Jesuits. D'Alembert warned him that the Jesuit order was a naked sword, whose blade was every where whilst its hilt was still at Rome; and entreated him to beware lest "the European powers, who had weeded the poisonous hemlock out of their gardens, should one day borrow seed from him to scatter their ground anew.‡ The remonstrance was unheeded, and, as might be expected, to this day popery is a thorn in the side of Protestant Prussia.

Catherine II. welcomed the Jesuits because she expected to find in them able political auxiliaries. They were of immense service to her in the dismemberment of Poland, but they went rather beyond her instructions by establishing a papal Church in Russia, with a primate at Mohilow; to whom they gave as coadjutor the Jesuit Benislowski. Up-

* St. Priest, 109.

† Düller's Jesuits, 181.

‡ St. Priest, 142.

held by the authority of the Empress, that indefatigable son of Loyola set out for Rome, went straight to the vatican, and accosting the pope in a commanding tone, required him to grant to the new archbishop the *pallium*, an ornamental vesture by which popes confirm that dignity.

Pius VI. was ashamed to favour the growth of the society in Russia, while he suppressed it elsewhere; and he evaded the demand for a considerable time, but yielded when the unwelcome visitor declared with true Jesuit pertinacity that "if he had to spend his life in the ante-chamber of the pope he would never quit it without perfect satisfaction on every point.* The history of Russia gives sad details of the mischief and misery which resulted from this fatal gift.†

England has ever been the favourite haunt of the Jesuits. As often as they were expelled they merely shifted the scene of action and retired to Ireland. In that beautiful, but hitherto unhappy land, it was but too easy for them to obey the "mystic whisperings of the *Secreta Monita*," and raise divisions and seditions interminable. Ever since 1782, the English cabinet—mistaking the outcries of the Romish party in Ireland as the groans of the oppressed, when, in point of fact, they were the wild hurrahs of their rapidly advancing Jesuit assailants—has feebly yielded concession after concession to Romanism in Ireland, and thus secured to those staunch champions of the papacy an easy and triumphant progress into the very heart of England, the country which abhorred them. For example, in 1793, Dr. Troy, and the other Roman bishops in Ireland, complained of the sad grievance of the penal laws which prohibited their establishing a Romish College, and humbly begged permission to erect one. The celebrated Edmund Burke, whose wife and mother were Romanists, warmly and eloquently advocated

* Ibid, 158.

† Düller's Jesuits, 179.

their cause, and "allayed the heat of the heretic Parliament." The Royal College of Maynooth was established in 1795, and in the very *same year* "certain ancient men, gentlemen of the English academy at Leige," established a College at Stonyhurst, near Blackburn, in Lancashire, in the fine old mansion of Mr. Weld. According to the golden rules in "Secreta Monita," they professed poverty at their arrival, and obtained the house with 1100 acres of ground around it for a moderate rent. Poor Mr. Weld was afterwards induced to enter the order, to which he bequeathed the whole property away from his own "very large family."* The government which established Maynooth College, and endowed it in a fit of unwise liberality, could not consistently uproot Stonyhurst! So the Jesuits have kept their ground, and grown and multiplied in England.

It was now indeed that the crafty policy of Loyola and his companions proved to be the security of their order. Xavier their "prince of missionaries," had given them the astute advice "Frame all your words and actions with your friends, as if they were, some day, to become your enemies,"† they had acted always upon this principle. So the terrible tempest of scorn and obloquy which now assailed them from every quarter, made no more impression upon them than lightning does upon ice. Before their suppression a papal coin had been struck in their honour, as "domini canes—the noble hounds of heretics." The device was a dog traversing a globe, with a lighted torch in his mouth, containing the emphatic words, "What will I, if it be already kindled."‡ Now epigrams and epitaphs of the most caustic bitterness were poured upon them by their former learned allies with

* Overbury's Jesuits 207.

† Quinet, Jesuits, Lec. iv.

‡ Düller's Jesuits, Introduc.

provoking wit and malice.* But Loyola had taught them that "no arrow strikes the sun," and they were comforted. One great characteristic of Loyola's genius was that he began by closing against his disciples the avenues of ecclesiastical dignities. By that single rule he established an independent Church within the Church of Rome. By interdicting to his followers all hopes beyond the company, he filled them with unbounded ambition for its greater glory, or, as he was pleased to term it for the "greater glory of God." All being walled up in the society, it became necessary that each should labour with extraordinary energy to exalt, adorn, and glorify it. Now the wisdom of the regulation appeared, for, separated from the vessel which it had hitherto impelled, the monstrous engine worked as perfectly as ever.

The disastrous consequences of the separation were soon experienced by the popedom. The Church of Rome was still to all appearance as stately and splendid as ever, but her foundation was undermined, and her supporting buttresses withdrawn. The revolution came, and down went the old Church of France with all its pomp and wealth. Many of its priests flung away their vestments, proclaimed their long concealed infidelity, and worshipped the goddess of reason ! The Churches were all closed ; the bells were silent ; the shrines were plundered ; and the silver crucifixes were melted down. The whole continent of Europe was quickly inundated by revolutionary and infidel principles and armies.

* The two following are from Foulis's Rom. Treas. pref. :—

JESUITA.

*I, non es vita, at vitia es, et mortis imago,
Et Sævitia dans vim tibi nomen erit.*

Seducator succo ; Gallo sicarius ; Anglo
Proditor : Imperio explorator ; Davus Ibero ;
Italo Adulator ; dixi teres ore—Suitam.

The Protestant Church of England, founded on eternal truth, and protected by the arm of Omnipotence, lived through the tempest ; but the Church of Rome, deprived of her staunch support in the Jesuits, fell ; and great was the fall of it. The shrine of Loretto was stripped of the treasures, piled up by the devotion of six hundred years. The convents of Rome were pillaged. The tri-coloured flag floated proudly on the top of St. Angelo. The pope was carried away captive by infidels, and died a prisoner. Even the honours of burial were long withheld from his mouldering remains.*

Anarchy was at length succeeded by order, and Pius VII. was permitted to ascend the papal throne. His very first act of power was to restore the Jesuit order, by a bull dated August 7, 1814, which strikingly shows how entirely dependent upon this *condemned* society the Church of Rome has ever been since the glorious reformation. "We should deem ourselves," says the pope, "guilty of a great crime against God if, amidst these dangers of the Christian republic"—rather the papal despotism—"we neglected the aids which the special Providence of God has placed at our disposal, and if placed in the bark of Peter, tossed and assailed with continual storms, we refused to employ the *vigorous and experienced rowers who volunteer their services, in order to break the waves of the sea which threaten every moment shipwreck and death.*" The restoration of the society caused many forebodings amongst men who knew and dreaded its terrible and mysterious machinations. Napoleon thus expressed to Montholon his opinion of the dangerous deed. "The general of the Jesuits insists upon being a sovereign over sovereigns. Wherever they are admitted they will be masters, cost what it may. Their society is by nature dic-

* Macaulay's Historical Essays, 554.

tatorial, and therefore it is the irreconcilable enemy of constituted authority. Every act, every crime, however atrocious, is a *meritorious* work, if it be committed for the interest of the Jesuits, or by the order of their general."*

"O but," it may be objected, "the Jesuits are changed with the times; surely in our enlightened age their old rules and principles must be altered by more rational and liberal views." Changed! "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" Why the founders of the society came forth in the very blaze of the revival of learning, in the very midst of an excitement of innovation, which dazzled every mind; at a time that an overflowing spirit of investigation and of discovery was sweeping and hurrying along the whole world into vast improvements of science, poetry, and philosophy; in the very days when Luther's words issued like flaming thunder-bolts against the papacy—*quot verba, tot fulmina*—and whole libraries of unanswerable controversial divinity annually issued from the pens of the mighty reformers—then they arose with the express object of falling in with the onward movement of mind, in order to turn it into a sort of treadmill, which might show great apparent progress, while in reality with consummate art they contrived to make progress impossible. Never was there so much reason brought to bear in conspiracy against reason! Again, the Jesuit of our day is as devoted to scholastic argumentation as ever Loyola was. To his "well-deserving friends" he is as liberal as ever in easy devotion; but, with his opponents, he will "cavil on the ninth part of a hair."

Lord Bacon sagaciously says of their mode of reasoning that it ends in nothing but disputation, that it is neither a vineyard nor an olive-ground, but an intricate wood of briers and thistles, from which those who lose themselves in it,

* Recit. Captiv. ii. 269—294.

bring back many scratches and no food.* Do the Jesuits themselves say that their wonderfully framed system is changed? Do the reformed priests, who but lately shook off their heavy yoke, tell us that the iron enters less into the soul now than in the days of Loyola himself? Do the philosophic historians, who have studied their past history with amazement, and observe their present movements with intense alarm, comfort us with the assurance of the amelioration or decay of the order? Quite the contrary. The Rev. H. Seymour shows us, from their own mouths, that admission to the order is secured only through the vow of the most implicit and unquestionable *obedience*; that in their annual retreat the perfection of this obedience is one of the main objects in view. To him they absolutely gloried in this *blind obedience*, the very worst and most dangerous feature of Loyola's rule; and illustrated its theory and practice by saying that if the most eminent Jesuit is directed by the general to preside over an university, or to become a private tutor, a monarch's confessor, or a village schoolmaster, a missionary to China, or a messenger to some establishment, he can only bow and withdraw to pay immediate obedience. He shows that their sayings and doings are so perfectly framed in obedience to the authority of their superiors—no matter how revolting to their feelings or opposed to their judgments the words and acts may be—that the whole praise or censure belonging to them, rests not upon the individual Jesuit, but upon his general. Mr. Seymour justly concludes that, according to this principle, there is no treason against the state, and no villany against individuals that might not be perpetrated by a Jesuit, he imagining at the moment that the more hateful and revolting to his own feelings and convictions the act might

* *Novum Organum* Lib. i. Aph. 73.

be, the more really meritorious it was in the sight of God !*

As for their old gross idolatry of the Virgin, they were so far from denying its existence now, that they ingeniously maintained that as Eve was the first sinner, so Mary was the first Saviour (!) and they admitted that the religion of Italy was latterly becoming *less and less the religion of Christ*: and that the "devotion of the most holy Virgin" was on the increase ! Still more distinctly anti-Christian than ever is held their blasphemous tenet *that God hears our prayers more quickly when they are offered through the blessed Virgin, than when offered through any one else*. This Jesuit doctrine fully accounts for the melancholy idolatry which every Christian visitor to Rome must describe and deplore as forcibly as Mr. Seymour, who says, "The whole devotion of the Roman Church is directed to the Virgin. Prayers are unceasingly offered to the Virgin. The innumerable pictures of the Virgin ; the countless images of the Virgin ; the many Churches dedicated to the Virgin ; the manner in which all the services and prayers of the Church and people are impregnated with thoughts of the Virgin ; the extent to which all classes in conversation went in speaking of the Virgin ; all impressed me with the feeling that the religion of Italy ought to be called the religion of the Virgin Mary, and not the religion of Jesus Christ."† As missionaries their character is equally unaltered. Allusion was made by Mr. S. to the recent act of a Romish missionary, who marched a whole Indian tribe down to a river, and without one word of instruction, sprinkled water on them in the usual form, hung a little metal cross round the neck of each—to possess which fine *fetish* they perhaps submitted

* Mornings amongst the Jesuits at Rome, 4th ed. 17—25.

† Ibid 83, 137, 142.

to baptism—pronounced them good Christians, and sent them back to their native wilds, as naked and as savage as they issued from them. The fact was admitted, and the *conversions* attempted to be proved real by—a miracle ! A Jesuit gravely asserted that the wafer flew into the mouth of one of those Indians, who, in his humility, knelt so far off that the priest could not reach him ! He added that those conversions were also proved real from the fact that during the two following years there was not one among those Indians who had committed a single sin.* O for the shade of Pascal to show that according to Jesuit morals their *ignorance* of the Divine will had freed them from any responsibility of obedience to it, and consequently preserved them in primitive innocence !

We have seen how Loyola substituted the “Spiritual Exercises” for the Holy Scriptures. In a discussion upon this point a Jesuit laughed at an appeal to the Bible, and pronounced it to be absurd and impossible.† After such admissions, and many more, of which my limits prevent notice, no wonder that Mr. Seymour, compassionately as he speaks of the men, concludes “that there is no purpose to be achieved, whether in politics or in religion, whether of subtle intrigue, or of darker crime, for which a ready and fitting agent may not be found among either the ordained or unordained ; the priestly or lay members of the Order ;” and that the Order is a “grand conspiracy, conducted by the greatest talent, managed with the profoundest secrecy, carried out by the ablest agency—that the dome of St. Peter’s is to their imagining as the vault of heaven, and the empire of the papacy is to their yearnings as the sceptre of the Godhead—that they aspire to realise the Millennial vision of the Messiah, in the person of the (so-called) vicar

* Ibid 275—278.

† Ibid 255.

of Christ, enthroned in the seat of empire in a renovated Rome, receiving the homage and reverence of all the nations of the earth—and that to accomplish this vision of heaven, they employ the agency of hell.”*

Dr. Achilli shows that the Jesuits of our day are fully equal to their subtle predecessors in the difficult art of discovering secret information ; that the order is now the right eye and the right hand of the mysterious inquisition ; that the tranquil priests, who each morning occupy the numerous confessionals of the society in Rome, are the real sources of its information ; and that they also guide the police and the pope, for their easy devotion attracts everybody. Dr. Achilli expressed some disbelief in this detective skill to a Jesuit in that lovely town Tivoli. He was answered in all the quiet consciousness of superior knowledge, “ Look you, in this town, no one stirs a foot but we are aware of it, and we have no occasion to go out of our houses for information.” Two ladies approached, and the Jesuit declared that though personally unacquainted with them, he could tell the minutest particulars of their private history, and even their age. Little thinking that an officer of the Inquisition would ever become a Protestant, a Jesuit once revealed to Dr. A. the designs of the society upon England, which though described so long ago as 1833, are an exact outline of one branch of their operations. Amongst the English clergy they were preparing to raise dislike to the *dryness* (!) of the Church service, which might be effectually taken away by introducing Romish additions to the dress of the clergy—who were represented such empty coxcombs as to be easily caught by such trifling baits, as copes, albs, and stoles, plain or embroidered—as well as by Church adornment, alterations in the celebration of divine service, such as the Gregorian

* Ibid 22—34.

chaunt, priestly intoning, genuflections, &c., whilst their way was to be made smooth amongst dissenters by virulent attacks against the Anglican Church, which should divert dissenters from making common cause against popery with the Episcopalians, and make the latter prefer peaceable (!!) popery to rampant dissent. "You know," added the Jesuit, "our great maxim is, 'divide and conquer.' So long as the reformation is divided, it will not be strong enough for us... England is our sure ground in consequence of its political and religious toleration. In England we shall always be safe and multiply; we have plenty of establishments and schools there. Our Churches are so tastefully decked, our music so sweet, and our pulpits so ably filled, that English Protestants are attracted to them, and the simple good people absolutely leave large sums behind them."*

How signally those enterprising emissaries of Rome succeeded in effecting this projected schism in our Church is mournfully self-evident. Exactly nine years afterwards the excellent Bishop of Calcutta sagaciously spoke of the Tractarians in Oxford as "like the Jesuits—possessed of fine talents, learned, masters of style, practised in debate—they constantly resort to distinctions when in danger of being confuted, explain every particular expression, appeal to the sound part of their tenets, elude, omit, escape, multiply imperfect quotations, and at last complain, as the Jesuits have done for three centuries, that they are not *understood* by their opponents."† More on this painful subject hereafter. Colleges were formerly the entrenched camps from which they successfully assailed the very citadels of Protestantism, and the education of youth was the innocent plea for their admission into foreign states, and the real instrument by which they seized on the rising generation.

* Dealings with the Inquisition, 117, 123, 147, 177. † Charge 1842.

It is strange that a society whose casuistry, like the chameleon, for ever displays to our eyes in varying colours the simplest precept of the Bible, and whose priestly teachers are as flexible in their principles as the waving willow branch, should have presumed to advance high claims to the education of youth; but so it is still, and the self-same ancient discipline which inculcated the utter prostration of the will and perfect passive obedience remains unaltered. From the first moment of awakening to the first of repose, when, with arms crossed on his breast he sinks into slumber, the unfortunate pupil in their seminaries never exercises his own powers freely. He is utterly dependent in will and thought upon his superiors. His mind, like the unruffled surface of a lake, takes every image reflected from above it without a murmur or a question. Temples and towers, churches and cottages, the pictured heavens and the passing clouds, may sometimes be beautifully shadowed forth from the still water. But what of that? Does it not equally reflect images of horror, prisons, and prowling wolves, incendiary fires and midnight assassins? When we come to examine Stonyhurst College, this will abundantly appear to be the case in our own country. As for their foreign colleges Dr. Camillo Mapei has just informed me of the following facts which occurred during his residence in the Collegio Romano, and, as they illustrate this position, I am permitted to repeat them.

The trials to which the obedience of novices is subjected there, are incessantly varied and very searching. One young novice on the night of his admission, was given a cell on the ground floor of the vast mansion. Just as he was sound asleep, a knock at the door startled him: a Jesuit made his appearance with a dark lantern in his hand, and commanded him to carry his pallet and folding couch to another

cell. This was repeated many times, as soon as ever the poor fellow sunk into a heavy slumber, till he had carried his bed to one of the attics. There he merely stretched himself upon the floor, and reposed his head upon the unopened mattress. Just as tired nature's sweet restorer again sealed his senses in forgetfulness, the unwelcome visitor returned, and quietly asked why he had not arranged his bed. Upon being informed that the expectation of another summons was his reason, no further disturbance was given; but when the *one* dish, to which the frugal fathers are limited, appeared next day at dinner, with its many compartments containing every variety of food, the portion reserved for him was a neatly folded note of dismissal, because "he had a reason too much." Another and more amusing test is a mock torch placed in the hand of the novice, with which he is directed to light a mock taper near the altar. If he attempts to perform this Jesuit-miracle he is dismissed as a blockhead. If he declines the attempt he is rejected as disobedient. How is the dilemma to be met? Simply by extending the torch to the taper, but with averted eyes, as if obeying the order, but not expecting success. As for the "custody of the eyes" they observe it as carefully as ever, but they keep "a bright look out a head," as is evident when they meet their general, before whom they march hat in hand as long as he is in view. The month of May is called by the Roman Church the month of Mary, and special worship must then be paid to her. In the Collegio Romano every novice is required to write to her a letter, unfolding the inmost recesses of his heart. These letters are then reverently left upon her altar, where they are inspected by the rector, who thus obtains a more perfect knowledge of young hearts under his control, their secret bias and incli-

nations. The letter of Mapei was couched in the following laconic terms :—

“ Adorable Queen of angels and men !

“ Thou needest no manifestation of my heart, for thou knowest all things, and I have only to subscribe myself as thy devoted slave.”

The rector smiled complacently upon the writer when they next met, and evidently regarded him as an astute and promising youth. Dr. Mapei admits that some amiable and devout Jesuits may be found, but warns us, that not one of them can be trusted with life or property, for they are mere tools in the hands of superiors, who move them at will, according to Loyola's rule “ like a staff in the hand of an old man, who does what he likes with it, and like an unresisting corpse.”

How dreadfully dangerous it must be to have any dealings with men of such talent and energy, who are bound to pronounce, and—still more difficult—to *believe* a deed which seems *black* or sinful, to be *white* or sinless, when it is pronounced expedient by superior authority !

Dr. Leone, while describing his residence in a Jesuit College, shows that the microscopic vigilance exercised over novices is unchanged. He one day enters the rector's study. It is empty ; and to pass away the time he examines the books most convenient to the easy chair. He takes one down, another appears behind it, that also being removed, he discovers a third row of books, entitled, “ Confessions of Novices.” Taking the book into his hand, he finds the front edge indented alphabetically. Turning to his own name, he, to his amazement, reads thus —“ The amount of enthusiasm and imagination with which he is endowed might be very useful in *varnishing* our work. His want of taste for the *grotesque* in religion will do no harm if his talents be

employed, not on the clumsier part of the edifice, but on the more delicate. Let him be kept therefore in the upper regions of thought, and let him not even be aware of the springs which set in movement the vulgar part of the religious world. It is important that he should always have near him, in his moments of depression, some one to cheer him with brilliant anticipations. But should his ardour lead him too far, some discouragement or disappointment must be prepared for him, in order to mortify him and keep him in subjection.* As he ponders over this dissection of his character, he suddenly remembers that his "guardian angel" the confessor, had lately knocked at the door of his cell, and in reproof for some delay in opening, told him of the heavenly reward given to a novice who was forming the letter O in a word, when a summons was heard at the door, but so perfect was his obedience that he started from his seat without finishing the letter, and on his return to it found the letter O completed in gold! An incredulous smile drew from the alarmed confessor the exclamation, "Do you not believe in miracles?" "Yes, but this one is only fit for old women!" Leone now understands the allusion to this trifling incident, which was regarded by his "guardian angel" as the straw tossed in air showing how the wind blows. He proceeds in examining other great registers, and finds one containing confessions of strangers, which possessed such a well digested body of information upon persons of every age and class for many miles round, that a newly arrived Jesuit could, in a few hours, profit by the experience of many predecessors, so as to know the fortune, family, and propensities of all with whom he might possibly have to do. The next book he opened was a register of their revenues, acquisitions and expenses. In feverish impatience he quits it for a huge

* Are Oxford perverts thus managed?

folio inscribed, "Enemies of the Society." While turning over its leaves, which seemed to condense volumes in paragraphs, describing the characters, abilities, and failings of their antagonists, Leone hears a distant footfall, and his very pulse seems to stand still with horror, as he discovers that a secret meeting is taking place in an adjoining apartment, and overhears through the half open door several leading Jesuits devising the surest methods of advancing their cause.*

After a few more proofs of the unchanged nature of the order, we shall consider the valuable information which Leone's ready skill in stenography extracted from that dark debate. Michelet, one of the ablest French historians, points out the following important particulars in which this formidable order is unaltered. Formerly Father La Chaise was the real king of the French clergy, who, from his quiet study at Versailles, gave priests to every parish, and made them his spies and police. In our days also, he says, Jesuitism is the common principle which educates and rules the clergy of France, and they openly confess it. While some of their most powerful agents are to be found amongst religious bodies, apparently uninfluenced by their doctrine,—amongst the Sculpicians who educate the clergy—amongst the Ignorantins who educate the people—amongst the Lazarists who direct six thousand Sisters of Charity. "Its venom pervades our hospitals, our schools, and all our benevolent institutions." He affirms that their power in *calumny* is more vigorous than ever; that continued repetition gives it weight, and that at last its effects are deadly. He indignantly asks, "What reputation, however pure, can resist the united efforts of thirty thousand artful men, scattered over the whole Christian world, repeating day by day the

* Secret Plan, 16. English Translation, 1848.

same vile falsehoods?" So we see that they are still the *accomplished liars* Pascal described them. Michelet's spirited sketch of the Jesuit shows that no change has taken place in the imperturbable audacity with which they formerly astonished the world. "Would you see a man? Look at that Jesuit! A man do I say? Many men in one! His voice is low, but his step firm. He stands in awe of no one. All his order asks from him is the advancement of his order. His very gait says, without putting it in words, 'I am legion.' Courage is easy for him who feels a whole army at his back; who knows that he can turn for support to the great body of Jesuits, and to a whole world of titled folk, and of beauteous ladies, who, if needs be, will move heaven and earth for him. He has taken a vow of obedience—to reign—to be pope with the pope—to have his share in the grand kingdom of his order, diffused over all kingdoms, and whose interests he follows up by a close and active correspondence, from Belgium into Italy, and from Bavaria into Savoy. The Jesuit's home is Europe. Yesterday at Fribourg; he will be tomorrow at Paris. See him in the confessional! Though it be dimly lighted fear not; go in and you will be soon reassured. O! your case of conscience is a very simple matter, for he is a clear headed man, who assures you of pardon—the kind Virgin is so kind."

When their restoration was first mooted at the Congress of Vienna, an eminent Romish diplomatist started, grew deadly pale, and solemnly said to the august assembly, "I give you full assurance that if due measures of precaution are not taken respecting the Jesuits, they will convulse Europe within twenty years."* Since that unheeded warning, Europe has been twice convulsed from shore to shore by a revolutionary earthquake, which overthrew and shattered

* Quart. Rev. lxiii., 88.

many thrones, with a shock so tremendous, that our colossal empire was only preserved as if by miracle, through the blessing of God upon our Protestantism.

How undeniably those spiritual incendiaries were engaged in feeding the hidden fires of rebellion is evident from the facts that France was always the first country to feel the shock, and that in France they put forth their energies with such vigour that they were repeatedly expelled, and as often returned to resume their malignant toil. France is now the great champion of the papacy, and towards it the sovereigns of Europe cast troubled looks, for the little cloud which presages the hurricane, already rises over that part of the horizon. Why this awful foreboding? Michelet supplies the answer, when he sadly informs us that the sons of Loyola are now lords paramount in France. They are, he says, absorbing all the people in their political and warlike schemes so as to keep them from the cradle to the grave. They take possession of them by education, before awakened reason can stand in its defence. They obtain the mastery over them by preaching "according to their humour;" and they guide them in the most trivial things by the confessional.* Here, again, we have the identical society which was suppressed by an infallible pope "in order to prevent the Christians from massacring each other in the very bosom of our common mother, the Holy Church."

Formerly those astute emissaries of Rome played kings like puppets, and never hesitated at "cutting away" any that proved rebellious. The grand fresco paintings in the church of St. Ignatius at Rome, show that they absolutely rejoiced in using such terrible means for the greater glory of their order. In the stately dome of that magnificent building were delineated in gigantic outlines and brilliant colours,

* Priests, &c., pref. ch. iv. Jesuits Introduc. Lect. iii.

Jael driving the nail into Sisera's temple ; Judith cutting off the head of Holofernes ; Samson destroying the Philistines ; David slaying Goliath ; at the top of the cupola Ignatius Loyola in a glory, darting out flames on the four quarters of the world with the words, " I came to send fire on the earth ! " *

Professor Quinet shows that even in our days, behind every king, a member of that society treads, who night and day fills his mind and disarms his conscience with a number of hatreds and interested rivalries, and rules his soul so perfectly that, without killing the man, the king is annihilated. He remarks that nothing is more surprising than to see, in the midst of the teeming life which springs up in modern society, so many sovereigns mechanically moved by that will which they borrow every day from those who profess to destroy the will. Listen while he speaks of the baneful effects of their influence :—" Whenever a dystany falls to decay, I perceive rising from the earth, and taking its stand like an evil genius from behind, the figure of one of those solemn Jesuit confessors, who softly and paternally leads it towards death. Father Nithard behind the last inheritor of the Austrian dynasty in Spain ; Father Auger behind the last of the Valois ; Father Peters behind the last of the Stuarts ; not to mention the times which you have witnessed, and which border on our own. Call to mind, however, the figure of Father Le Tellier, in the memoirs of St. Simon. He is the only one whom that fearless writer has portrayed with a shudder. What a lugubrious air, what a presentiment of death, that face casts over all that Society ! I know in fact, nothing more terrible than the exchange made between these two men, Louis XIV., and Father Le Tellier ; the king, who every day gives up a portion of his moral

* Steinmetz iii. 336.

life, and Father Le Tellier who every day infuses a portion of his heaven ; that imposing wreck of a noble mind which no longer attempts a defence, that sustained intriguing ardour, which grasps every concession made by conscience ; that rivalry between greatness and littleness, that triumph of littleness, until the soul of Father Le Tellier seems to take the place of Louis XIV., and to rule the conscience of the nation, no longer able to recognize its own king, whose death at last relieves it from the double load of absolute power and political religion. What a warning ! Notwithstanding the distance of time it ought never to be forgotten.”*

Listen also to our own historian Mr. Macaulay, who describes those champions of the papacy exactly as I have done. “ In spite of oceans and deserts, of hunger and pestilence, of spies and penal laws, of dungeons and racks, of gibbets and quartering blocks, Jesuits were to be found under every disguise, and in every country ; scholars, physicians, merchants, serving men ; in the hostile court of Sweden, in the old manor houses of Cheshire, among the hovels of Connaught ; arguing, instructing, consoling, stealing away the hearts of the young, animating the courage of the timid, holding up the crucifix before the eyes of the dying. Nor was it less their office to plot against the thrones and lives of apostate kings, to spread evil rumours, (calumnies) to raise tumults, to spread civil wars, to arm the hand of the assassin. Inflexible in nothing but in their fidelity to the Church, they were equally ready to appeal in her cause to the spirit of loyalty and the spirit of freedom. Extreme doctrines of obedience, and extreme doctrines of liberty, the right of rulers to misgovern the people, the right of every one of the people to plunge his knife in the heart of a bad ruler, were inculcated by the same man, according as he addressed him-

* Fifth Lecture on Jesuitism.

self to the subject of Philip, or the subject of Elizabeth. Some describe those divines as the most rigid, others as the most indulgent of spiritual directors. And both descriptions were correct. The truly devout listened with awe to the high and saintly morality of the Jesuit. The gay cavalier, who had run his rival through the body; the frail beauty, who had forgotten her marriage vows, found in the Jesuit an easy, well-bred man of the world, who knew how to make 'allowances for the little irregularities for people of fashion.' The confessor was strict or lax according to the temper of the penitent. His first object was to drive no person out of the pale of the Church. Since there were bad people, it was better that they should be bad Roman Catholics than bad Protestants. If a person was so unfortunate as to be a bravo, a libertine, or a gambler, that was no reason for making him a heretic too."*

M. Victor Considerant, a member of the national assembly of France, and of the municipal council of Seine, in his preface to Leone's extraordinary revelations of "The Secret Plan of the Jesuits," speaks thus highly of its authenticity. "I believe Leone to be perfectly faithful and sincere, and in this affair I have examined the elements of the cause like a juror." This strong testimony, the internal evidence of the book, and its deeply interesting subject, induce me, limited as my space is, to give an outline of that dark conference, preserving as much as possible, the words of the speakers.

THE PRESIDENT.

It is not by straight forward opposition, but by appearing to make large concessions, so as to give a new varnish to our religion, that we can give to these moderns half-children, half-men, the *gigantic surprise* which we prepare for them.

* Historical Essays, 544.

As for the populace let us work on their discontent, and persuade them that their misery dates from the execrable day on which a renegade monk dared—O horror!—to unite himself to a nun, whom he snatched from her convent. Let us picture to them the golden age of the Church, in which a simple old saint, but the vicar of Christ, saved the poor and needy, by humbling their tyrants before his footstool. Let us persuade them that Protestantism is anti-Christ, for it “sits in the temple of God,” by oppressing His vicar, and robbing our clergy; that it “forbids to marry,” by exposing (Roman) Catholics to a thousand vexations in marriage; and “commands them to abstain from meats,” by seizing on the wealth of the land, and leaving (Roman) Catholics miserably poor. Let us describe in glowing colours the glorious victories of the crusaders, and call on our hearers to follow that bright example, and take vengeance upon heretics, who are worse than Turks in their cruel tyranny over the saints, *i.e.*, all good Catholics. Such words will send away the populace burning with rage. The great will see it to be their own interest to increase our wealth and influence when they are persuaded that amidst this period of revolutionary storms, their safety can alone be secured by our confessionals, little books, chaplets, medals, and miracles, which lead the people from the pestilent journals, whose idol is liberty, back to the legends of the middle ages, till in mental imbecility they shrink with terror from the very shadow of liberty. It must be impressed upon them constantly, that inquiry in religious matters creates inquiry in temporal matters, so that Protestantism must be rooted out before we can destroy anarchy. They will be more disposed to give us up the souls of the people when reminded that, through the wonderful progress of diplomacy, governments are secured from all attempts at spiritual usurpation.

ENGLISH JESUIT.

To make our Church attractive we must enlist in her cause the foremost statesmen, and historians, by advantageous offers of praise or profit. The romantic are likely to be captivated when they gaze upon our past history decked out in golden hues. It is also possible for us by casuistry, pretences of unity, and marvellous stories of miracles, to throw a glittering veil over the Virgin, the Pope, purgatory, and the mass. If we can gain over a few of the aristocracy many will follow for fashion's sake, and to be distinguished. Some of them have already become our zealous supporters because, they say, we know how with our images, our paintings, our wax tapers, our gold, and our enchanting music, to make a highly picturesque effect in our churches. Others join us because we boast of a pool which agreeably cleanses those who are soiled with sin. The people ! the people are the vast domain we have to gain, and when we can cultivate it in our own way, we will make it profitable to the impoverished granary of the holy city. We never can succeed unless we make ourselves perfectly familiar, not merely with hostile arguments, but with the nature of the interests, fears, desires, and even the mixture of ideas, serious, extravagant or mystic, arrayed on the other side, so that our answers may astonish, bewilder and confute. As for our enemies, they little think we have in store for them the censorship of the press, gags and flames ; for the day is approaching when we *must* be their masters. Then their vaunting songs shall appear to have been swan music ! O then the Bible, that serpent, which with head erect, and eyes flashing fire, threatens us with its venom, whilst it trails itself along England's soil ! It shall be changed again into a rod, as soon as we are able to seize it ; and what wounds will we not inflict with it upon those hardened Pharaohs, and their cunning magicians ! O

then, mysterious rod, we will not again suffer thee to escape our hands and fall to the earth ! For you know too well that for these three centuries the cruel asp has left us no repose. You well know with what folds it entwines us, and with what fangs it gnaws us.

FRENCH JESUIT.

It is difficult to quiet the scruples of intelligent minds ; but they may be reconciled to the grosser parts of our religion, by pointing out that in the kingdom of grace, as well as of nature, there may be found different lights, from the pale light of the remotest star, to the brilliant glory of the sun ; and also that the common people cannot comprehend abstractions, and require sensible things to serve as steps, by which they may rise to the ideal in religion. For example, we may show how the Church, perceiving that the Lord's supper in its primitive simplicity was ill adapted to excite the devotion of the vulgar, concentrated upon the host, by the mass, all the splendour that could be given to it, and by the frequent exhibition of this august spectacle, and by the pomp of her ceremonies, she has carried away the multitude from admiration to adoration, so that under the roofs of our temples, children and men may worship together. Thus we will bring the enlightened to agree that they ought not to impose their spiritual views on beings whose destiny it is to remain material and gross. So they will admire our Church for the ingenious resources by which she awakens piety in the stupid and ignorant mass. Still fresh organization must be given to the papacy, for its pillars are neither massive nor solid, and at the slightest shock they may crumble ; and to consolidate it we must make alliance between it and all the ambitious talent of the age. Our agents must not be men of the narrow and pedantic morality which always comes in collision with our great projects. Young and ardent blood

will be thus transfused into the veins of the sacred body, and its life preserved. Through our training in the confessional, our people must be made to wear a sociable exterior to heretics, but to inwardly cherish unconquerable antipathy to them. Above all let us seek for *power*. Power will be ours when the political and religious lever shall be wielded by our strong hand.

IRISH JESUIT.

With our devoted bishops, and a clergy whose tactics have been perfected a (Roman) Catholic may be brought, through the confessional, to abhor from his very childhood, even the breath of a heretic, and firmly to resist all their insinuations, books, and discourses; whilst carefully preserving a polite and gracious manner. Every bishop and priest must act upon this principle, gently but inflexibly; with the mildness of a lamb, in the perfume of sanctity, so as to win all hearts; but with the fierceness of a raging lion when the right time comes. This is the more needful, for Protestant governments have assumed the art of affecting to give us civil and religious liberty, but their true design is to break down the *isolation*, which we have established with such trouble to prevent our intellectual communion with heretics, and thus to ruin our cause by effacing the limits of separation, and awakening mutual sympathy and explanations. Let us defeat these manœuvres, by impressing upon our people that even the *silence* towards our peculiar doctrines, which Protestants consider kind and charitable, is really a *crime* originating in their infidelity. Let us insist upon it that fear, not good-will, actuates our heretic tyrants, and that their caresses are meant to kill our faith, and craftily destroy our religion. Let us stir them up to clamour for all the rights enjoyed by Protestants, and when we shall have gained equality, since not to go forward is to go backward, let us

force our people higher and higher, over the heads and shoulders of those heretic dogs. till we shall gain a perfect ascendancy, and place in our great mother's crown, that brightest and richest gem, *theocracy*, (*i.e.*, papal despotism.) The independence of Catholics is the rock upon which we must strike. There is a burning thirst for this independence. Strike, strike this rock, and you will see what splendid fountains will spring from it ! But we must have machinery for our work, associations powerfully combined, which shall have their chiefs, peculiar language, active agents well organised, and all sorts of writings, with plenty of gold. Let us thus speak to them of the Protestant landlords :—O poor people how they have degraded you ! They esteem you as less than brutes. Look at these great landlords ! They revel in wealth, they devour the land ; they laugh at you, and in return for the wealth they draw from your vitals, they load you with contempt, and yet if you knew how to reckon your strength, you are stronger than they. Measure yourselves with them, man to man, and you will soon see how little there is in them. It is nothing but your own stupidity which makes them so powerful : go on your ways, be not down hearted ; you are white doves in comparison of those black and filthy crows. Take them out of their luxurious dwellings, strip them of their fine clothes, and you will find their flesh is not so good as your own. As for your religion, it is 1800 years old ; but who is their father ? One Luther or Calvin, or a brutal English blue-beard—Harry the Eighth ! As to the Bible I consider it to be a happy idea to maintain it to be an unfinished and primitive sketch. Great are the hopes I build upon the energies of Ireland. I regard her as our champion. Let us only anoint her effectually with *our* oil, so that in wrestling with her tyrant she may always slip from his grasp. O in how many folds may she not entangle

the British she-wolf, if she but listen to our counsels!—What may we not make of an idiot, savage, and famishing nation? With its irresistible jaw-bone, our society, like Samson, will grind to dust those heretic Philistines who now insult us. The invention of signs and pass words, which shall have a peculiar meaning for the initiated, may enable us, under the very nose of government, safely to circulate our ideas, and serve as a bond of union.

GERMAN JESUIT.

Alas for the prejudices which bar the progress of our Church in Father-land! But Bavaria is our strong hold in Germany, as Ireland is our citadel in the British empire. Our wisest course here is to describe our religion as a system of mortification, and an imitation of Christ on the cross; and always to represent Protestantism as a religion of licentiousness and of fatalism. Here we must dazzle heretics with the lives of saints now resplendent in glory, who lived like us in holiness. We must induce men of learning to wreath a few flowers round the bust of one or two of our popes. Poetic enthusiasts or literary men, willing to gain notoriety by their liberal principles, will follow.

ROMAN JESUIT.

Our most grievous impediment is the College of Cardinals, from which nothing issues worthy of the purple it wears. What would become of them but for our unconquerable energy and intrepidity? We must leaven the cardinals and their chief with our own grand idea, and again the pope may launch forth his anathemas and interdicts to shake thrones, and humble for ever the pride and insolence of monarchs. Let us be as much as possible, not men, but *ideas*; it is those sooner or later that gain the possession of crowns.

FATHER ROTHAN.

There is great need of caution in the instruction of our followers; for a ray of light too much, instead of enlightening, serves only to dazzle and lead astray. Let all courts, especially those of heretic princes, be provided with some of our vigilant sentinels, who must be wholly ours, although in appearance belonging to some heretic sect. When a secret is wanting, let no cost nor hesitation interfere. Amongst *common* (Roman) Catholics, *isolation* is nearly impossible, because they cannot be subjected from birth to inflexible discipline.* To render this isolation perfect three things are required, viz., constantly increasing hatred to heretics; dissimulation to prevent its appearance till the proper time; and lastly, this secret hatred must be so managed as to detach the faithful from every hostile government, and employ them as a detached body, to strike deadly blows against heresy. Meanwhile we must persuade timorous Protestants that deism and incredulity are corrupting their sects. Let us carefully avoid entering into an open and serious strife with Protestants; we could not but loose by it. Let us always prefer a secret war, which, though less brilliant, is more advantageous. Let us shun too much light. Let us content ourselves with pulling down the stones of the Protestant citadel, stone by stone, instead of venturing to take it by storm. Let us quietly pour contempt upon that inglorious, naked, cadaverous religion, and let us exalt the antiquity, the harmonies, and the wonderful perfectibility of our own Church. As for the vices and crimes of our Popes and ancient clergy, with which unfortunately our best writers furnish our adversaries, we must invent a theory. Vivid eloquence may do much to palliate their crimes. O Rome! how many anxious toils, how many pangs of mortification

* Good news for the Irish Church Missions.

dost thou cost us ! What an overwhelming task it is to suspend a veil of glittering embroidery between thy chaos and the nations !

THE PRESIDENT.

We cannot deny the existence of popes madder than Caligula, and more monstrous than Nero, and I fear it is impossible to give a favourable colour to their history. What was wanting in the ninth century was a pope who should have eclipsed the glory of Charlemagne. Gregory VIII. with his gigantic but too vague ideas ; Innocent III. with his marvellous institutions, confession, inquisition and monks, came too late. Five centuries earlier some genius, equal to them, and ourselves to aid them with the vast idea that now engrosses us, would have rendered our Church the sovereign arbiter of the world. But the infamous abuses of nepotism, and its frightful consequences, became too scandalous to be tolerated. How pale the Roman Court grew at the demand for a general council ! Surely the council of Trent would have been the grave of the popedom, but for the ability of our company. How resolute and unswerving we were in baffling the multitude of heretics who were eager to attack the very foundations of Catholicism. They were audaciously prepared to question history, the Bible, the fathers, and the councils, and by their aid to trace out the origin of each institution, dogma and practice. What secrets would then have come to light ! The creeds of the ancient faith ; the primitive mode of solving questions ; the progress of the papal power ; the precise date of every innovation and change ; the immense chaos of past ages, so well covered until then ; would all have been exposed to the eye of day. Sifted after this fashion nothing would have been preserved but what is expressly provable from the Bible. The very title of patriarch would have been refused to the pope because



of its modern invention, and the see of Rome would have been reduced to its ancient humility. There are two principles of inexhaustible power and attractiveness, viz., that (R.) Catholic states should engage to destroy heretics as political Criminals, and that the Church should on her side engage to cut off State offenders from the rites of the Church, so as to doom them to eternal damnation. O holy alliance! Make it, and kings will find our arsenals as rich as theirs, and perhaps more efficient. Our chaplets, our medals, our miracles, our saints, our holy days, in fine, all that immense battery which we have this day passed in review, will be worth as much, I imagine, as their powder, their soldiers, their cannon, and their moving forests of bayonets. Only let kings give us up the souls of their people, and all will be ours.

IRISH JESUIT.

We must, however, prepare for reverses, as the conflict is mighty. Suppose another short-sighted pope should really attempt our destruction. Poison would soon deliver us from the danger, and the next conclave would accede to our views. Then the world would see a grand spectacle. After slowly exhausting the strength of kings, we would take sudden and terrible vengeance on our enemies. Rome would become the volcanic focus of multitudes of fiery spirits. A papal decree, in which the pontiff should announce to all (Roman) Catholics that, deceived in his hopes of seeing good gradually prevail over evil, his patience is exhausted, would draw more forces into the crusade against heresy than will be marshalled in the *battle of Armageddon*. Meanwhile let us beware of traitors. Let every Jesuit sign a correspondence either tremendously rebellious or monstrously obscene, which, in case of treason to us, may invalidate his testimony and blacken his memory as well as cost him his life. If we

perish in this last grand struggle, what matters it? Let our last cry of despair—let our death be worthy of our fame!*

These, then, are the formidable sons of Loyola, whose dark exploits shall but too often appear in the following pages, and whose vast numbers, unscrupulous machinations, unconquerable energy, and world-wide influence, render our present “grand struggle” with the papacy, one of tremendous peril. Every line of their history, and every view of their vile system of delusion, heightens our horror of the men and of their arts. Even one of their own generals, unconsciously, described their insidious and remorseless character when he triumphantly exclaimed, “We come in like lambs; we govern like wolves; we are driven out like dogs; but—we renew our strength like eagles!”†

To be forewarned is to be forearmed. Let us never forget that a conflict with a Jesuit is no common strife with flesh and blood: for he is of “the old serpent which deceiveth the whole world;” “the spirit which now worketh in the children of disobedience;”—and that to obtain the victory we must be “strong in the Lord and in the power of His might;” being arrayed in His “whole armour, and praying always with all prayer and supplication in the spirit.” Yes, with “the sword of the spirit, the helmet of salvation, and the shield of faith, we shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked one!”‡

“From thee their countenance,
The sons of light all turn.
To reach to thee their hand
Makes the pure shudder.”

Anster's translation of Gæthe's Faustus.

* Leone's Secret Plan, 24, 78—180.

† Quar. Review. lxxiii. 108. ‡ Rev. xii. 9. Eph. ii. 2. vi. 10—18.



CHAPTER III.

ROMANISM IN ENGLAND.

Gregory and the Saxon Slaves—The ancient British Church—Crafty Instructions to Augustine, and his Success—Old English Test of a Godly Bishop—Massacre of the British Clergy—Tragical Story of Queen Elgiva—St. Dunstan, the Blessed Blacksmith, and his Exploits, Infernal and Terrestrial—A Struggle to shake off the Papal yoke—Hildebrande the Papal Napoleon—He aids the French Invasion—Its horrors—Character of its Missionaries—The Conqueror conquered—Another Struggle for Liberty—St. Thomas of Canterbury—Canon Law—A new Effort to obtain Deliverance ignominiously defeated—The Four Plagues of England—Preparation for Papal Persecution—Its Deadly Devices, and its Martyrs.

THE last beams of a glorious Italian sunset are gorgeously gilding the stately towers and temples of the Eternal City, as a noble Christian priest, of lofty bearing and heavenly aspect, winds his way through admiring throngs, till he reaches the slave market, whither he is benevolently bearing the glad news of salvation. Amongst the crowd of captives his quick eye singles out a group of Saxon youths. Struck by the rare beauty of their flowing flaxen hair, their blue eyes, and bright complexion, he inquires about their native land, and when informed that they are *Angles*, he replies, "They should rather be called *angels*; alas! that the prince of

darkness should enjoy so fair a prey!" He turns again to the lads and asks from what province they have come; and when he learns that it is Deiri, in Northumbria, he cries, "Deiri, that is a good omen, they are called to the mercy of God, from his anger, De Irâ!" Finally when he hears that the name of their king is Alla, in a prophetic transport he exclaims, "Allelulia! We must endeavour that the praises of God be sung in their country!" Moved by this clear call to evangelize Britain, St. Gregory the Great instantly resolved to proceed to that country, then partly pagan, partly heretical, and wholly barbarous, in order to preach there the true Christian faith: but although this noble enterprise was sanctioned by the pope, the citizens of Rome so "hung upon the lips" of this splendid orator, and so adored his inimitable sanctity, that they rose tumultuously, and forcibly detained him amongst them. Still the conversion of England remained the darling desire of his heart, and the sweet vision of the suppliant Saxon youths never ceased to accompany him in his waking and sleeping hours until enthroned in "the chair of Peter," he sent to their country the eminent monk Augustine, with a long train of holy men, who, in less than two years after his arrival, A.D. 597, baptised the king of Kent and 10,000 Saxons, after which auspicious event the whole island was speedily added to the royalties of Peter.* This romantic tale is "the glittering veil" artfully thrown over the first papal aggression on England. Defective as our ancient annals are, still we have abundant evidence from Gildas and Stillingfleet, Ussher and Fuller, to satisfy any candid mind that pure Christianity blessed Britain long before Augustine's mission. Fuller writes, "Augustine found here a *plain religion*, simplicity is the badge of antiquity, practised by the Britons, living some of them in the contempt,

* Bede, lib. ii. c. 23: Hume's History of England, ch. i.

and many more of them in the ignorance of worldly vanities. He brought in a religion spun with a coarser thread, though guarded with a finer trimming; and made luscious to the senses with pleasing ceremonies, so that many that could not judge of the goodness, were courted with the gaudiness thereof. Let us bless God's exceeding great favour that the doctrine which Augustine planted here but impure, and his successors made worse with watering, is since, by the happy Reformation, cleared and refined to the purity of the Scriptures!"*

Ambition appears to have been the real cause of Gregory's interest in England. The temporal power of the bishops of Rome was then rapidly and insensibly arising from the calamities of the times and the absence of the sovereign; for the chief pastor of the city was incessantly involved in the business of peace and war, in order to supply the Emperor's place; and Gregory, Gibbon remarks, always pursued the path which would have been chosen by a crafty and ambitious statesman. His grandfather Felix had been bishop of Rome, and his parents had been the noblest of the senate. His birth and talents raised him while yet in early life to the office of præfect of the city; and when merely a deacon he was sent to the Emperor's court as nuncio or ambassador of the bishop of Rome; and there he boldly assumed in the name of St. Peter!† a tone of independent dignity which would have been criminal and dangerous in any layman. Romish writers laud the wondrous humility which made him beseech the Emperor to reject the unanimous voice of the clergy, senate and people, which summoned him from a cloister to the papal throne; but this very semblance of humility only served to exalt him in the eyes of Maurice and the people. They boast that when the fatal mandate was

* Church History, i.—10.

† Compare 1 Peter v. 3.

announced, Gregory solicited the aid of some friendly merchants to convey him in a basket beyond the gates of Rome to a forest, where he modestly concealed himself for some days, but then the discovery of his retreat was a fresh triumph; for a *marvellous* light, it was said, attracted his pursuers to the cave where he reposed. Perhaps a more singular character than Gregory never wore the "Fisherman's ring." His writings and actions prove him to have been a strange compound of simplicity and cunning, of arrogance and servility, of sense and superstition.* The Romish historian, Thierry, shows that even in the affair of the Saxon slaves, this "apostle of the west" acted with consummate craft and aspiring ambition "for the aggrandisement of the new Roman empire, which was *then being established* in the supremacy of the see of St. Peter." It was to the Saxon conquerors, and by the agency of Saxon slaves, whom he purchased and compelled to become monks, that they might propagate Romanism in their native country, and not to the poor harassed Britons, that Gregory first directed his missionary zeal. His directions to Augustine displayed the same profound and crooked policy. Idol temples were to be preserved, and *relics* placed upon the altars in place of the idols, because "so long as these ancient places of devotion exist, the people through the force of habit will repair to them." The old idol feasts were to be changed into feasts of those saints whose relics were deposited in them, and care was taken that the uproarious jollity which formerly prevailed on those festal days, should suffer no abatement in the huts of boughs, which as of old were still erected round the temples; for "by reserving something for men's outward joys, you will more easily induce men to relish internal joys."†

The vocal and instrumental music of the theatre, had

* Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, ch. xlv.

† Thierry's *Norman Conquest*, b. i.

recently been adapted to the mass, under the title of the Gregorian chaunt, and, the voices of the monks were attuned to the melody of the ancient Roman school. This with silver crosses and pictures of the Saviour and saints, even then gave a strange unearthly pomp to the papal procession, which filed to the place of meeting with King Ethelbert in the Isle of Thanet. But the cunning emissary of Rome had taken good care to interest the bride of the pagan King, who happened to be a French Romanist, on the side of the Church, and he had been previously furnished with a skilful plan of ecclesiastical government, for portioning out England amongst twelve Bishops, with a metropolitan see in London, and with a supply of miraculous legends for consolidating the papal power in England. So little has the papacy been altered during the last twelve centuries, that the system pursued by the astute Gregory, in the first papal aggression, has very nearly been followed out in the last papal aggression of 1850, by Pius IX!

As soon as Augustine was firmly in power he showed the ambitious and persecuting spirit which has ever since signalized prosperous Romanism in England. He coveted supremacy over the bishops of Gaul (France) as well as, over the bishops of Britain, and inquired of Gregory how he should act towards them. "I have not given," was the reply, "nor do I give thee any authority over the prelates of Gaul, who have been subjected by me to the prelate of Arles, but the bishops of the British I confide to thee wholly; teach the ignorant, strengthen the weak, and *chastise the bad at thy pleasure.*"*

An express mandate was now communicated by Augustine to the clergy of the vanquished Britons, calling upon them to acknowledge him as Archbishop of the whole island, on pain of incurring the anger of the Romish Church, as well as of

* Ibid.

the Anglo-Saxon kings. Under an old oak tree, on the banks of the Severn, a conference took place between him and the native clergy. Augustine put forth all his powers of persuasion—he even summoned into their presence a Saxon, whom he declared to be blind, and whom he pretended to restore to sight. Still the British Christians stood around him irresolutely.

Submission to the Italian yoke was revolting to their love of liberty—the new ceremonies were very different from their own, and ancient usages are painfully broken. However, resistance to the new prelate and his zealous Saxon converts was highly dangerous. In sore perplexity they retired from the interview, and sought the advice of a very wise and godly man. He recommended them, under their perilous circumstances, to obey Augustine if he were a true servant of God. “But how shall we know that?” cried the anxious Britons. “If he be meek and humble of heart, by that know that he is the servant of God.” “And how shall we know him to be meek and humble of heart?” “Seeing that you are the greater number, if he, at your coming into the synod, rise up and courtously receive you, you shall perceive him to be an humble and a meek man; but if he shall despise you—despise you him again.” Tried by such a test few Romish prelates would have ever won their way to British hearts.

Augustine sat immoveable in his chair, after the Roman manner, at the second synod, and “his lordship was so high, or rather so heavy, or rather so proud, that he could not find in his heart a little moving of his body to declare a brotherly and humble heart.” We may easily conceive how readily this conduct made the native clergy reject the proud Italian’s yoke, but as they were joyfully retiring, Augustine hurled after them the dark menace that “If they would not take peace with their brethren, they should receive war with their



enemies; and that if they disdained to preach with them the way of life to the English nation, they should suffer by their hands the revenge of death." "The wish was father of the thought" and obtained a bloody fulfilment shortly afterwards in the Saxon massacre of twelve hundred British clergy at Chester.* The native Christians were not subjugated to the see of Rome without many a fierce struggle for liberty; but the Danish invasion broke down their energies and the Roman primate Odo perfected the lamentable conquest by the aid of the stern monastic rule of the Benedictine monks, who were now A. D. 955, invited into England, and waged fierce and successful war against its married clergy.

The young King Edwy wofully experienced their iron depotism. His story is one of the most tragic in British history. He was married to a beautiful lady named Elgiva; and his young wife was related to him in what the Church of Rome, with a view to obtaining money and influence for granting dispensations, thinks proper to call a prohibited degree, so she was marked out for persecution by the savage priests. On the coronation day, the young King after dinner rose from the table, escaped from the noisy revellers, and went to an inner apartment, where the Queen and her mother impatiently expected him. Odo, already hostile to the King on account of his opposition to the monks, determined to humble him publicly, and sent the monk Dustan and a bishop to recall him to the banquet. Finding him determined to remain with his lovely bride, the wretches loaded her with scurrilous abuse, and absolutely dragged him by force from the apartment! Edwy banished the insolent priests, but Odo took fiendish revenge. He solemnly pronounced against the hapless Elgiva the sentence of divorce from her fond hus-

* Thierry's Norman Conquest, book i. Foxes' Acts and Monuments, i. 328. Cattley's Ed. 1841.

band ; in Edwy's absence he sent a band of ruffians into the palace, who branded her in the face, at once to destroy her beauty and to mark her for infamy, and then conveyed her to Ireland. The unfortunate queen, as soon as she recovered this barbarous usage, fled privately from Ireland, and hastened to rejoin her afflicted husband, but was arrested and hamstrung by the remorseless Romish primate, and she expired in cruel agonies. Almost at that time Edwy died a violent death in a rebellion raised against him by those diabolical priests.*

Passing to the reign of Edward the martyr, 957, we find the secular or parochial clergy making violent struggles to regain their independence. They were led by a Scottish bishop named Beornelm, who pleaded their cause with great ability, alleging scripture, morality, and common sense, against the celibacy to which they were compelled. It is hard to say whether a smile or a sigh should be our emotion when we perceive the manner in which all reform was frustrated by the notorious Romish juggler St. Dunstan, who then held the primacy of England. This is the monk who is so highly lauded for his conquests over Satan by all his panygerists. Who has not heard their glowing descriptions of his grand nocturnal conflict with Satan, who appeared to him, they aver, in the various forms of a bear, a dog, a viper and a fox ; and how the saint struck at him once with a stick, and missing his blow, the sound of the stick against the wall was heard through the whole vast Church ! How Satan appeared in his own foul shape, and threw a stone at the saint, which knocked off his cap ; and the saint saw him *dancing* for joy, and surrounded with a multitude of black dogs, whom he put to flight with his stout blackthorn stick and an angel carried him tenderly through the

* Hume ch. ii. Southey's *Vindiciæ*, 242.

roof of the Church ! How he worked in his little forge by the walls of Glastonbury Church, and Satan, putting on a human form, thrust his head into the window, and asked him to make something for him ; and as the saint heeded him not, how he betrayed his nature by swearing, but soon broke into a lamentable howl, which awakened and terrified the people for many miles round, when the holy blacksmith suddenly seized his nose with red hot tongs, and put him to the torture !*

Who could resist St. Dunstan ? At one synod, finding the majority of the votes against him, he suddenly rose, and in solemn accents informed the awe-stricken audience that he had just received a revelation from heaven in behalf of the monks ! At another synod while the debate raged furiously and turned into a most provokingly adverse channel, Dunstan sat with his head hanging down like one deep in thought. Ventriloquism was amongst his other accomplishments, says Southey, and lo ! a deep toned voice issued from the crucifix, and informed the electrified assembly that the establishment of the monks was founded on the will of God, and could not be opposed without impiety ! At the third synod he gave his enemies the "coup de grace" by a still more alarming miracle. He had prevented the young king from attending, and just as he found the sense of the assembly decidedly against him, arising from his throne, he used the significant words, "I will not try to convince you, but I commit the cause of his Church to Christ as judge." No sooner were the words out of his mouth than the part of the floor on which his adversaries were placed, suddenly gave way with a tremendous crash, and many of them were cruelly bruised or killed by the fall, while Dunstan and his party

* Southey's *Vindiciæ*, 266. Book of the Church, i. 93. *Encyclop. Britt.* Dunstan.

were unharmed, for the beam beneath them did its duty. Fuller remarks, that the holy blacksmith had, perhaps, something of the carpenter about him, and had used some device about propping up the room, and that he was happier in this feat than Samson, who could not so sever himself from his foes, but both must die together.*

The national degradation reached its climax when that monster of iniquity, Hildebrand, gained ascendancy in the papal counsels. He was a monk of Cluny, who had been appointed archdeacon of the Church of Rome by Pope Nicholas II. Baronius says that this extraordinary man was of miserably mean birth and revolting appearance, but that he was a man of vast ability and towering ambition. He likens him to iron, which though the vilest of all metals, subdues them all by its innate vigour. Such men are sure to find full scope for their genius in the Church of Rome, which requires and uses all available talents in working out her vast and complicated schemes. For some years he contrived to govern the papacy during the life of his patron; after whose death he found himself able to dictate the election of Alexander II. and to maintain him on the papal throne against the express disapproval of the emperor. The burning ambition of Hildebrand was to elevate the temporal power of the papacy, by super-adding to the spiritual supremacy which it had already grasped, absolute sovereignty over all kingdoms, so that Rome should again become the mistress of the world.

England had already shown strong symptoms of disgust at the incessant interference of a foreign power, however sanctimoniously veiled; and the Romish tax had become so unpopular that the collection was considerably in arrear. At this critical period William of Normandy made applica-

* Church History, i. 133.

tion to the pope to sustain his invalid claim to the British crown. Hildebrand's eagle eye discovered a golden opportunity. By his influence and intrigues England was absolutely sold to William ; and the price of all the innocent blood to be shed during the French invasion was fixed on the easy terms of confirming for ever the tax of Peter's pence, and re-establishing the papal supremacy in that devoted land !

King Harold and all his loyal adherents were solemnly smitten with a papal curse by a bull which was transmitted to William along with a blessed banner, emblazoned with—O wofully perverted emblem!—the cross, and a ring, said to contain *one of St. Peter's hairs*, encased under a diamond of some value. When these papal favours were displayed in William's camp, the enthusiasm for invading England became inexpressibly great throughout France, Germany, and Piedmont. Multitudes flocked to the sacred standard from far and near, north and south, east and west. All the outcasts of western Europe came by forced marches to join in the crusade. Every one brought what he could, and even mothers sent their only sons to enlist for the salvation of their souls ! At day break of the 27th of September, 1066, the French fleet left St. Valery. William's vessel led the van, bearing the blessed flag, and four hundred ships, with more than one thousand boats, crowded with troops, set sail in the pope's name for England, amidst the fierce blast of clarions and the wild shout raised by sixty thousand men. On the 13th October, the eve of the great decisive battle of Hastings, the multitude of priests and monks who followed William's camp, excited the invading troops to perfect frenzy. While the soldiers were preparing their arms, the papal emissaries were loudly chaunting litanies, and as soon as all the preparations were made for battle, they confessed and

absolved each soldier, and assured him of paradise if he
 in the holy war! The deplorable scenes of rapine and
 sacre which followed William's victory may be concea-
 from the fact that even the Englishman who had taken
 oaths of peace and delivered hostages to the papal conquest
 kept his house barred and fortified like a town in a stat-
 siege. It was filled with arms of every kind, with bows,
 arrows, axes, maces, heavy iron forks and daggers; and when
 the hour of rest arrived, the head of the family, after putting
 out the fires at the curfew bell's dismal toll, then repeated
 aloud the prayers in that age used at sea on the approach
 a storm, and said, "The Lord bless us and keep us!"
 which all present answered, Amen! Even on such terrible
 of galling bondage and peril, the English who were permitted
 to remain in possession of their own inheritance were few.
 Confiscations swept away the property of all who had died
 in battle, or who had survived their defeats, or who had been
 detained, contrary to their desire, from joining the standard
 of their country. Enormous war tributes were imposed on
 the whole land. The shops were plundered of everything
 valuable. The English women were of all the sufferers the
 most pitiable. William paid many of his knights by the
 hands of noble ladies, whose husbands had been slain in
 battle. Foreign soldiers, "ignoble squires, impure vagabonds,"
 say the old annalists, "disposed at their pleasure of the
 young women of the best families; they shed blood in wanton-
 ness; they snatched the last morsel of bread from the mouths
 of the unfortunate; they seized everything—money, goods, and
 land." Famine, like a blighting shadow, followed the papal
 banner in its course through England. From the year 1067,
 it had been desolating those provinces which had up to that
 period been conquered, but when the whole country was
 subdued in 1070, it suddenly overspread all the land.

The inhabitants of Yorkshire and the north, after having fed on the flesh of the dead horses, which the Norman army had abandoned on the road, devoured human flesh ! More than one hundred thousand of all sex and ages died of hunger in the northern shires. "It was a frightful spectacle," says the old historian, Hoveden, "to see on the roads, in the public places, and at the doors of the houses, human bodies a prey to the worms ; for there was no one left to throw a little earth over them."*

While we shed an involuntary tear over those melancholy consequences of a French invasion, we cannot but feel deep indignation at the fiendish delight which an Irish Romish priest has just exhibited at the mere idea of the recurrence of such an event. In his letter to the Earl of Derby, that "thorough-bred Roman," Dr. Cahill, says, "There is not one Frenchman or Frenchwoman, or one French child, who would not dance with frantic joy at the glorious idea of having the opportunity before they die, of burying their eager swords, and plunging their crimsoned French steel into the inmost heart of every man, bearing the hated name of Englishman !"† Perhaps the cause of his ecstasy was the remembrance of the lion's share of the spoil given by the conqueror to his attendant priests, and their foreign master at Rome. Even the "field of blood" which the brave Englishmen and their gallant king had covered with their bodies, was bestowed upon a troop of French monks from Tours. It was called Battle Abbey. When the architects had laid the foundations of the building, they discovered that there would certainly be a want of water, and carried their complaint to William. "Work away, work away," replied the Conqueror, "if God grant me life, there shall be

* Hoveden, 451. Thierry's Norman Conquest, books iii., iv., v.

† Morning Advertiser, September 2, 1852.

more wine for the monks of Battle to drink than there is now clear water in the best convent in Christendom."

A cloud of French priests settled down upon the benefices, deaneries, and see houses of England. Remi, of Fescamp, as compensation for one ship and fifty boats, received the bishopric of Lincoln. Robert de Limoges, the new bishop of Lichfield, plundered the monastery of Coventry, erected his episcopal palace out of its ruins, and forbade the monks the use of nourishing food, and instructive books, "for fear abundant rations and liberal reading, would make their bodies too strong, and their minds too daring against their bishop." Torauld, a Norman abbot, used to cry out, "A moi, mes hommers d'armes!—come hither my men at arms!—whenever the monks resisted him. So many complaints were raised against his atrocities, that William was obliged to punish him, but it was in a very characteristic manner by sending "so good a soldier" to rule a convent on the enemy's frontiers. The abbot who succeeded him "took the last crown from the purses of the people, that he might make himself respected amongst those who had lately seen him poor." He entertained such a contemptuous opinion of his Saxon predecessors, that he opened all their graves, and cast their bones into a heap outside the gates. Such were Hildebrand's Norman missionaries! Are the French Jesuit missionaries whom Pius IX. would gladly impose upon us on similar terms, one whit better Christians? As for the pope's share of the spoil, William sent to him a part of all the riches he had gathered, along with the English royal standard, in return for the holy banner which had triumphed. Every foreign Church, in which psalms had been sung and tapers burned for the success of the crusade, received in recompense splendid gold crosses, chalices, and vestments.*

* Thierry's Norman Conquest, b. iv. v.

Amidst these horrible scenes, to which he had so largely contributed, Hildebrand ascended the papal throne as Gregory VII., and instantly required William to do homage for the crown of England, and to pay up the arrears of the papal tax. The imperious demand roused the Norman's pride; he promised the money, but refused the submission as derogatory to the crown of England. He even forbade the clergy to go out of the kingdom, or to acknowledge a pope, or to excommunicate a noble, or to publish any letters from Rome, till he should have approved of them.* This was a mortifying check to the haughty pontiff, but, knowing that the wily monk Lanfranc, who had lately been appointed to the primacy of England, was in high favour with the Conqueror, he entrusted to his management the delicate task of securing the possession of substantial power without offending William. His sagacity was soon apparent. Lanfranc's first care was to perpetuate blind obedience to the pope, by seizing all the copies of the Scriptures which were in England, on pretence of correcting with his own hand any errors with which the Saxons in their ignorance had corrupted the sacred text! His signal activity in subduing the insurgent Saxons with his curse and his sword, enabled him to write to William, who was then in France, that he had "purged the kingdom from the filth of those Britons." Such distinguished loyalty obtained as its reward an exorbitant increase of the authority of the Norman bishops and clergy, in their absolute independence of the civil power and enjoyment of their own ecclesiastical laws which recognised the pope as their sole legislator.†

It should never be forgotten that from the hour in which the intruding Romish bishops set foot on England's soil they formed a foreign body, in the most intimate con-

* Southey's Book of the Church, i. 126.

† Thierry, book vi.

nection with a foreign sovereign ; and that they always sprung into open rebellion whenever the papal interests might be safely exalted by the humiliation of their native prince. The history of Becket is a memorable case in point. It possesses special interest, now that after 300 years cessation, the Romish canon (ecclesiastical) law has been revived in England.

Henry II. was a very able prince. When he ascended the throne, 1154, he saw that the canon laws which exempted the clergy from the ordinary tribunals, and placed them under the pope's immediate authority, permitted them to commit the most frightful crimes with impunity. He heard the judges complaining that more than one hundred murders had been committed which could not be punished, because the canon laws sheltered the criminals. He resolved to put an end to the abomination, by selecting for the primacy his special favourite Thomas à Becket, by whose aid he hoped to reduce the papal power to its proper limits. Several popular romances have been written on the history of Becket's parents. The scenes described in them are highly affecting. In the first years of the twelfth century his father Gilbert had followed his Norman master as esquire or servant, to the crusade, and went to seek his fortune in Jerusalem. He was taken captive by a Saracen chief, whose only daughter first pitied, then loved him, and procured his escape. Unable to endure his absence, the fair lady absolutely made her way to his arms by the aid of the only two English words she possessed, *London* and *Gilbert*. By the help of the former word she embarked for England in a vessel carrying pilgrims, and by running from street to street repeating Gilbert! Gilbert! to the astonished multitude who followed her, she at length discovered her lover! Gilbert consulted several bishops on this miracle of true love,

and by their advice he had her baptized by the name of Matilda and married her. From this strange union sprang the man who well nigh ruined his king and country, by faithful adhesion to his allegiance to the pope. Before his nomination to the see of Canterbury, Thomas à Becket was a gay and gallant knight, and had so endeared himself to the king by his wit and ability, that he was elevated to the rank of Lord Chancellor. In that high office he had repeatedly opposed the papal claims, and proved his loyalty to the uttermost. When Henry was bestowing the primacy upon Becket, the latter said with a smile, which made the King suppose him to be in jest, "I feel that if I become Archbishop we shall soon cease to be friends." He also said to his friends, "I must either forfeit the King's favour, or sacrifice to it the interests of the Church." He early displayed the papal tendency of his administration, by waiting on Pope Alexander III., and seeking the canonization of the former primate Anselm, whose chief merit lay in the firmness by which he had supported the papal against the kingly power. This was a direct defiance to the king. On his return Becket boldly asserted one of the most obnoxious maxims of the canon law, that no grant and no length of possession, can hold against the claims of the *Church*, and then proceeded to recover castles, towns and manors from the barons, and even from the crown itself, which had for ages been in their undisturbed possession. This was not all. A priest had seduced the daughter of a respectable man and murdered her father, who opposed the guilty intercourse; the king demanded that this atrocious criminal should be given up to justice, but Becket sheltered him, and all that the king's remonstrance could effect, was a promise that the ruffian priest should be degraded, and become amendable to common law, for any offence committed *after* degradation. Henry was dreadfully provoked,

and urged Becket and the other prelates to fall back upon the ancient laws and customs of the realm ; they all, but one, replied "*saving the privileges of our order.*" The king remarked—"There is venom in that reservation!" and he left the hall in anger. Becket was implored to make some concession. His answer was "If an angel were to descend from heaven, and advise me to make the acknowledgement required by the king, without that saving clause, I would anathematize that angel!" Henry who, like his Norman predecessors, was of a temper to make men tremble, held on his own resolute course, determining to subdue his haughty prelate. When the Parliament next met 1164, he extorted from the spiritual lords the celebrated "Constitutions of Clarendon," by which canon law was virtually repealed. By the deceitful casuistry of the Roman Church they were evaded, and Becket, though he aided in drawing them up, acted as if they did not exist. An open breach with the king was the consequence. Henry was supported by his nobles : Becket appealed to the pope, and effected his escape to Flanders, and thence to France, where Louis VII. received him cordially, and gave him a liberal allowance. At an interview with the pope he surrendered his episcopal ring. But Alexander maintained that, if Becket should fall a sacrifice, all the bishops would fall with him, and he pronounced the constitutions of Clarendon as materially contrary to the honour of the Church, and therefore accursed. He then restored to the archbishop the ring of investiture, promised that he would never desert him, and concluded with the words, "Now go and learn in poverty to be a consoler of the poor." During the next seven years Becket removed from one monastery to another, and his impatience appeared in his bitter complaints—the more bitter from their truth—of the heartless policy of the papal court which always pro-

tracts national disputes in order to enhance its own greatness. He wrote thus to a cardinal, "I know not how it happens that in your court of Rome it is always the cause of God which is sacrificed, so that Barabbas is saved, and Christ is put to death." In another letter he used the very words of his unfortunate predecessor Anselm, who had been treated with similar neglect. "Rome loves money better than justice; there is no redress to be obtained from Rome by such as have not wherewith to pay for it." Henry publicly showed letters from Alexander promising to silence Becket, and joyfully boasted that he "had the pope and all the cardinals in his purse!"*

Meanwhile pope Alexander's position was not very enviable. He used to say that between Louis and Henry he was like an anvil between two hammers, and alternately smitten by each. Becket's importunities, and his own jealousy of Henry, at length caused Louis to address the pope thus with alarming brevity and spirit. "I expect that you will at length relinquish your deceitful and dilatory proceedings." Such a blow did its work thoroughly. Becket was at once appointed the pope's legate to England, and armed with a quiver full of curses and suspensions. He was once more in his stormy element, and addressed most violent epistles to the king. To the clergy he said, that in his own person Christ had been judged again. "Arise!" said he, "why sleep ye? Unsheath the sword of Peter! Avenge the injuries of the Church! Cry aloud! Spare not!" There was a shrine of Soissons, where it was believed that any person about to engage in battle, would become invincible if he passed one whole night in prayer. Thither Becket repaired, and, after this act of devotion, proceeded on the following Whit-Sunday, to curse all those who supported the

* Thierry's Norman Conquest, Book ix. 184, 190.

king in this quarrel. At this impious ceremony the bells were tolled, the crosses were inverted, and the torches were dashed to the ground and extinguished, while this true servant of Anti-Christ in the usual form of his apostate church, prayed that the souls of those, whom he had delivered to perdition, might in like manner be quenched in hell ! He then read the constitutions, and condemned them ; excommunicated all who should enforce them ; absolved the clergy from the oath which they had taken to obey them, and called publicly on the king to repent of the wrongs he had done to Mother Church, or that a similar curse would be pronounced upon his own head. Becket then afterwards addressed the pope in blasphemous phrases, which fill us with horror, " Rise Lord, and delay no longer. Let the light of thy countenance shine upon me and do unto me and my wretched friends according to thy mercy ! Save us for we perish !" Louis aided Becket with arms and influence, being delighted at a contest so harrasing to his rival the English king. Nearly every one of Henry's household was excommunicated, and we may easily conceive the proud monarch's torture ; but he was so far humbled as to make many concessions to the overbearing prelate. They were met with apparent cordiality by Becket, but on neither side were they sincere, Becket returned to England with the determination of enforcing canon law, and crushing royal authority. He sent before him a nun named Idonea, whom he engaged in the dangerous mission of conveying the sentence of excommunication, to all the opponents whom he resolved to " smite with a curse." As soon as he landed, he commenced to visit his whole province with the purpose of " plucking up and rooting out, what had grown in disorder during his seven years absence." He told the clergy that " the quarrel could not now end without blood, but that he was ready to die for

the Church," and then he thundered out fresh curses upon his enemies.

The unhappy man was shortly afterwards savagely murdered by four of Henry's knights, who had heard the king complain of maintaining so many cowardly and thankless men, none of whom would revenge him of the injuries he had sustained from one turbulent priest. The rest is easily told. Becket had been exceeding popular amongst the Saxons, for he was their countryman, as well as the enemy of their Norman king. The cunning monks of Canterbury had not forgotten the devices of St. Dunstan, and they now took advantage of them in performing miracles at Becket's tomb, with equal audacity, and equal success. The martyr on the morning after he was killed, had lifted up his hand after the service and given the monks his blessing. His shattered eyes *miraculously* disappeared, and were replaced by others, smaller in size and of different colours. He had appeared on the third day in his pontificals, and given directions to the monks; and at his requiem angels bright and fair had mingled their celestial melody with the voices of the choir. Multitudes rushed to his tomb, where the monks proclaimed miracle after miracle in dazzling succession. There the paralytics recovered strength, the lame walked, the blind obtained sight, the deaf heard, and the dumb spake! So effectually were those gainful and impious impostures effected, and so villanously were they encouraged by the papal court, that all England was in a dangerous ferment. Alexander saw his advantage. Within two years the martyr was canonized with astonishing pomp; and from that hour, on each 29th of December, every Romish priest throughout the world commemorates St. Thomas of Canterbury as a *saint-protector* and seeks his aid! in the following blasphemous prayer.

“O God for whose Church the glorious prelate Thomas fell by the swords of wicked men; grant we beseech thee that all who implore his *assistance*, may obtain the healthful effect of their petition, through &c.!!!”*

Henry had publicly scoffed at excommunications and said to the pope's legate at Bayeux, “I care no more for them than I do for an egg;” but now danger was abroad in England, and his affairs in Ireland had become too weighty for his management without the pontifical alliance; so he sent Norman clerks to Rome to sue for pardon at the next conclave. The cardinals rose and exclaimed violently against hearing one word in extenuation of his conduct, but when each had privately seen the king's gold glitter, they beheld matters in another light; and sold a pardon to Henry, who submitted to do public penance at the new martyr's tomb, where he was severely scourged by prelates and monks. He also made that acknowledgement of vassalage which the Conqueror had so haughtily refused, and he re-established all the abominable canon laws which ruled England with a rod of iron for the following two hundred years.† Such is the true history of the St. Thomas of Canterbury, whose exertions for the exaltation of the ecclesiastic—temporal—over the civil power, now form the theme of grateful eulogy amongst the disloyal Tractarians of England!

The papal yoke was again severely shaken by king John, but the struggle only exhausted the national strength, and made its servitude more galling for his antagonist. Innocent III. infinitely outdid him in craft, cruelty, and cold-heartedness. In the exercise of his assumed control over the kingdoms of Christendom, he placed John upon the English

* Roman Missal, i. 56.

† Southey's Book of the Church, i. 148, 262. Thierry's Norman Conquest Books, ix. x.



throne to the exclusion of his nephew Arthur, its rightful heir. Hubert, the primate, died shortly afterwards. The monks of Canterbury elected their sub prior to the vacant see. John nominated the bishop of Norwich. Both parties appealed to Innocent, who coolly set aside the rival candidates, consecrated Cardinal Langton for the primacy of England, and tried to appease the king by the gift of four superb rings, which he recommended him to consider attentively, because they were emblematical of many instructive mysteries. "My son!" wrote the wily pontiff. "mark their *form*; it is round, and shadows out to you the grand eternity to which I invite you to raise your mind from earthly trifles; and their *number* four, which is a solid square, denoting steadiness of purpose, not to be overthrown by adversity or prosperity; and their *matter*, which is gold, the most precious of metals, representing the wisdom which Solomon, the most glorious of kings, preferred to long life, riches, and conquest. See also what divine lessons you may learn from the gems themselves! The pure blue of the sapphire signifies celestial faith; the verdure of the emerald, unfading hope; the redness of the ruby, flaming love; and the splendour of the topaz, the good works which shine to God's glory!" He then briefly directed the king to receive the consecrated primate. This strange lecture was utterly lost upon John. He cast the deceitful baubles from him, and swore with a tremendous oath, that neither pope nor pope's man should presume to intrude upon his prerogative. Then each of the belligerents resorted sternly to his peculiar weapons. John sent two rude knights of his retinue to Canterbury, to expel with drawn swords the refractory monks, and to seize their treasures. He next proclaimed that if any Romans were caught in his dominions, their eyes should be put out, and their

noses cut off. Concubines had been permitted to many of the clergy, by special dispensation from Rome, though the children were pronounced *illegitimate*! How cruel are the tender mercies of the wicked! John cast many of those unfortunate women into prison, with directions to make a heavy fine the condition of their liberation.*

Innocent took revenge after his own fashion, by laying England under an interdict. The great body of the clergy made common cause with their foreign master against their native prince. The superstitious people were struck with panic when warned by their clergy that this terrible season of rebellion against the pope should be observed, under pain of mortal sin, as a time of universal mourning, for the vials of divine wrath were soon to be poured out upon them. All public amusements were at an end; the people were debarred from the use of meat, from saluting one another, or even from shaving their beards. The images and relics of saints were removed from their places, laid on the ground and covered, as if the very air of England was now profane. The bells were taken down from the steeples, the churches were shut, the elements mouldered on the altars, the priests fled the churches, from the bridegroom dropped the hand of the bride; the mourner left the body unwept; the mother viewed with horror her new born babe, never to be received at the font, and the child shrunk from its parent, placed beyond the pale of salvation, and excluded from the rites of the Church.

During ten long years this frightful state of things continued. Then the court of Rome—according to its artful custom of a gradual increase of the horror of its sentences, by which it keeps offenders in awe, still affording them an opportunity of preventing the next anathema by submission, and in case of their obstinacy enabling itself to

* Hume, ch. xi.

refresh and increase the intensity of the horror of the people against them by new anathemas of more terrible import—fulminated the *greater* excommunication against John. All persons were forbidden to eat, drink, or converse with that rebellious vassal of the Church, or to do him service at bed, board, church, hall or stable; and—his subjects were absolved from their oath of allegiance. Two more years passed and the king was still contumacious; then Innocent fulminated his last and most terrible thunderbolt, by inviting Philip Augustus, king of France, to expel and slay the accursed and schismatic king of England—receiving as his reward remission of all his sins, and free possession of the fair realms of England. To aid his most Christian majesty in this holy war, all true Catholics were invited as to a crusade. John, in an agony of fear, actually sent an embassy to a powerful Arab tribe, offering to turn Musselman, and pay tribute, if the Moors would assist him against the pope!*

Philip, who had already seized almost all the continental possessions of John, rapidly gathered his forces at the mouth of the Seine, where a flotilla of 1700 ships were ready for this villanous crusade against England. When the news reached Innocent, he exclaimed in ecstasy, "Sword leap from the scabbard! Sword whet thyself to *exterminate*!"† The alarm was sounded in England, and to repel the French invasion, an army of sixty thousand knights, the most gallant array that ever assembled round the royal banner, passed in review before the king. It was an army, which here, on its own ground, might have defied the world, if free from the enslaving superstitions of Rome, and filled with true faith in the God of Battles; but John trembled whilst he remembered how the papal curse had shortly before unnerved an

* Southey's Book of the Church, i. 273.

† Shoberl's Spirit of Popery, i. 32.

English host, and enabled the invaders to obtain an easy triumph. His well grounded apprehension was turned into panic when that bold fanatic, Peter, the hermit prophesied that before Ascension day, the crown of England should be given to another.

The church of Rome often employs the painter's hand to convey false impressions of her character. O! that the awakening Protestant spirit of our country might stimulate the great historic painters Martin and Maclise, to delineate some of the scenes in which the papacy might be displayed in its true colours and loathly form! What could be a better subject for such a study than John's humiliating submission to the papal legate Pandolf? See how all the tyranny, pride, ambition, and hypocrisy of Romanism are displayed in the countenance and attitude of Pandolf, as he ostentatiously tramples under his feet the extorted tribute-money, retains in his bosom the deed which surrenders England and Ireland for ever to the pope, and condescendingly places on the brow of the suppliant king the glittering diadem, which to mortify the high spirited English Barons, he had retained in his possession during five entire days, and now restores, amidst their stifled exclamations, and tears of shame and of sorrow!*

How clearly the immense importance attached by this crafty pontiff to the right of nominating bishops in England, reproves the folly of the short-sighted legislators who consider the late aggression of Pius IX.—in portioning out England amongst bishops of his choice—as a mere point of ecclesiastical discipline unworthy of notice!

It has often been unblushingly asserted by Romanists, even in our Parliament, that we are indebted to their religion for Magna Charta. They should be always reminded

* Hume's History of England, c. xi.



that Innocent III. pronounced all its clauses null and void ; forbade John to observe it, and inhibited the old English Barons from requiring its execution. He even declared that they were instigated by the devil in extorting these concessions in degradation of the Crown.*

Innocent III. won other triumphs for the papacy, which have ever since left upon it the impress of his crafty and intolerant spirit. He it was that first triumphed over the common sense of mankind by establishing Transubstantiation as an article of faith necessary to salvation. Romish writers always designate it a "mystery ;" and indeed it is no mean part of their "mystery of iniquity." This astonishing doctrine arose in times of mediæval darkness, when silly legends, and spurious writings of monks gaping after miracles, superseded the pure word of God. It also partly originated in sheer ignorance of the Romish clergy taking figurative words in a literal sense ; and partly from the exaggerated terms in which some early Oriental writers of fervid imagination eulogised the Lord's supper, in order to prevent its profanation by ungodly communicants.† The Romish priests, keenly alive to their own aggrandisement, early advocated this corruption of Christianity, as the foundation of their loftiest pretensions. For if there were in that sacrament the same actual body of flesh and blood with the "bones and sinews,"‡ in which our Lord and Saviour suffered upon the cross, though remaining bread to the sight, touch, and taste, it followed that this sacrament was a stupendous sacrifice, and that the priest who had, by a single sentence of creative energy, wrought this mighty miracle, had before his eyes, and held in his hands the Maker of heaven and earth. The inference which they deduced from

* Southey's *Vindiciæ*, 369.

† Burnet on xxviii. Article.

‡ "Ossa et nervos" Catech. Rom. pars. ii. cap. iv. q. xxvii: Wylie's *Papacy*, 310.

this blasphemous assumption was, that the clergy were not to be subject to earthly sovereigns, seeing that they could create God their Creator! So one of their writers impiously boasts "*He that created me without me, is created by my means!*"* Hence Biel writing on the mass congratulates the Romish priests in excelling the Virgin Mary, for, by speaking *four* words, they can at any moment call the Son of God bodily into their presence, while it required *eight* words from her to conceive His adorable person!!† 'Then he cries out "Consider O Priests in what high degree and dignity you are placed." That there is not the slightest exaggeration in this statement of their doctrine, is evident from the very latest authorised definition of it, authenticated by a terrible curse upon any opponent. "Whosoever shall affirm that the *sacrifice* of the mass is nothing more than an act of praise and thanksgiving, or that it is simply commemorative of the sacrifice offered on the cross, and not also *propitiatory*, or that it benefits only the person receiving it, nor ought to be offered for the living and the dead, for sins, punishments, satisfactions, and whatever besides may be requisite—let him be *accursed!*"‡

O how derogatory to the sacrifice offered once for all! Surely the glory of the cross lies in its efficacy, and the Romish anti-Christian mass makes void that efficacy, by instituting unbloody sacrifices to *perfect* Christ's finished work!§ Truth compels us to state that of all the Romish corruptions of Christianity, there was none which the popes so long hesitated to sanction as this. When the ambitious priests pressed this question upon Hildebrand, he not only inclined to the opinion of Berenger, who manfully opposed it,

* "Qui creavit me sine me, creatur mediante me." Stella Clericorum.

† Gibson's Preservative from Popery, vol. ii. Tit. vii. c. iv.

‡ Concil. Trident. Sess. xxii. can. iii.

§ Heb. ix. x.



but pretended to consult the Virgin Mary, and then declared that she had pronounced against it.* Innocent, however, was less scrupulous. He saw that if such wonder working power were given to the meanest priests, their earthly head would enjoy infinite and incomprehensible power over princes; and he joyfully perceived that the very extravagance of the doctrine had made it amazingly popular amongst the ignorant laity, who always delight in the marvellous. He remembered that many Councils had been surreptitiously convoked, that by gross frauds on the part of the leading prelates—in the persons set up to personate the absent, and in the spurious writings relied upon as authorities—and also by the violent clamour of numbers of furious and factious monks, that many doctrines and practices most opposed to the spirit of the gospel had been established throughout the length and breadth of Christendom :† so he determined upon a similar course in this case. There had been a splendid palace on Monte Celio at Rome, belonging to an ancient and noble family, by name Lateran. The Emperor Constantine had bestowed it on the bishop of Rome ; and from its ruins sprang the magnificent church of San Giovanni in Laterano—a superb edifice, only rivalled by the Basilica of St. Peter. It was here on his own ground, and surrounded by his sycophants, that this audacious pope held the Fourth Council of Lateran which, in the eventful year 1215, slavishly sanctioned the monstrous doctrine of Transubstantiation, and decreed it to be an article of faith necessary to salvation. Following up this melancholy victory, Innocent proceeded at the same Council to establish an organised system of frightful persecution against heretics. To this pope belongs the immortal infamy of being the first who triumphed over the humanity of mankind by making *death* the penalty of

* Sonthey's Book of the Church, i. 325.

† Burnet, Article xxi

dissent from the corruptions, now dignified by the name of Catholicism. Before his day excommunication was the only discipline known in Christendom.* His exquisite craft is apparent in the means used in accomplishing this barbarous and bloody achievement.

The whole odium of the persecution was thrown upon the laity, who were virtually made the executioners of the papacy, by the celebrated THIRD CANON of that Council. As I must elsewhere revert to it again, it is enough to remark here that princes and people are alike bound by it to "EXTERMINATE HERETICS," under penalty of being excommunicated, deprived of their possessions, and pronounced infamous; and that their ready obedience is amply rewarded by all the indulgences and privileges granted to those who go to the succour of the holy land!! In order to stimulate the reluctant laity to this dreadful enterprise, a new and formidable class of fierce and crazy fanatics, were enrolled in the "militia of Christ." Preaching friars rushed forth with the fiery energy of the old monkish leaders of the crusades, and put forth all their powers in stirring up the misguided people to "EXTERMINATE" the faithful followers of the Redeemer whom He had forewarned, "The time cometh that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service."†

The Franciscans were earliest in the field. Their founder was son of a rich merchant, who lived at Assisi, in the charming province of Umbria. His entire devotion to the pope, his ardent adoration of the Virgin Mary, as the great Goddess of the Roman faith, his fiery zeal against heretics, and the singularity of the rule of life pursued by himself and his followers, who bound themselves to go barefooted into the streets and highways, exhorting the people, and trusting

* Bishop Jeremy Taylor's Liberty of Propheying. Epist. Dedic.

† John xvi. 2.

to charity for their daily bread, obtained for Francis high favour at the papal court, and permission to institute a new order in the Church, called "Friars Minorite," or, "The humbler brethren." They afterwards called themselves "The Seraphic Order," having blasphemously installed Francis above the Seraphim, upon the throne from which Lucifer fell! The stern austerities and vehement oratory of Francis were a wonder when contrasted with the lives of the lazy and luxurious monks. His followers, nuns and friars, multiplied by ten thousands. Their adulation of Francis was unbounded. Miracles in profusion were ascribed to him. It was believed and known, far more widely and perfectly than gospel truth, that one evening, when the saint was in a cell, in the garden behind the church of Portiuncula, a strong temptation came upon him, and in order to subdue it, he threw off his clothes, forced his way through the hedge into a wood, and there rolled himself, naked as he was, amongst the brambles. Behold! a great light shone around, the brambles were changed into rose trees, covered with fragrant flowers and without thorns; a multitude of angels flashed into view, they invited him into the church; gathering twelve white roses and twelve red, he joyfully followed the celestial company to the porch, where our Saviour appeared with the Virgin, and directed him to go to His vicar, the pope, for an indulgence, which should bestow entire forgiveness of the sins they had confessed and repented, upon all persons who should enter that church from sunset on the first of August, to sunset on the second! Tourists are amazed at finding in a remote town and poverty-stricken district, such a rich and enormous church, or rather churches, for a subterranean and attic are superadded to the regular edifice. "The murder is out," however, when they hear that more than 60,000 per-

sons have flocked there on one day, of whom many have been cruelly crushed to death in crowding to the church for so cheap a pardon.

Another miracle is of a more atrocious cast. The Franciscans affirm that two years before the death of their patriarch, the Lord Jesus appeared to him in the form of a seraph, extended upon the cross, and imprinted five wounds in his hands, and feet, and side, that as Francis, in all other things, had been his living image, the resemblance might be perfect! The Romish Church has in most cases, with its usual profound policy, left its religious orders to lie at their own discretion, and defend their fables as they could; thus profiting by the fraud while it lasted, and always ready to disclaim any participation if it should be discovered and exposed; but in this case it departed from its usual caution, and set apart the 17th September as an annual holiday, to commemorate this most blasphemous imposture, when every Romish priest uses the following impious prayer:—

“ Lord Jesus ! who, for the inflaming of our cold souls with the fire of Thy love, wast pleased to renew the sacred *marks* of Thy passion in the flesh of blessed Francis, mercifully grant that we by *his merits and prayers*, may always bear thy cross, and bring forth fruits worthy of *penance* !* ”

The rival order of St. Dominic was installed nearly at the same time, for the same persecuting purpose, and upon the same principle. Frightful and revolting to all decency, as were the filthy and cruel austerities of Francis, they were outstripped by Dominic. Pure water never refreshed or cleansed his body. Next his skin he wore an iron cuirass, which was never removed until replaced by a new one. A superstition still lingers in some of our schools, that a dunce may be whipped into a scholar. Happily for the feelings of

* Roman Missal, iv. 156.

the rising generation, this doctrine is nearly exploded ; but Rome knows no amelioration of its harsh system, and still maintains that a sinner may be flogged into a saint ! Dominic's was a mighty hand at self-castigation. Day and night he used to flog himself with a scourge in each hand, using a running accompaniment of one hundred stripes to each psalm which he recited, and this at the astounding rate of ten psalters and thirty thousand lashes a day ! His biographer Yepes innocently remarks, " I neither know how his head should have been capable of repeating so many psalms, nor how his arms could have had strength to give him so many blows—nor how his flesh could have endured so inhuman a battery !" Part of the enigma might be answered if Dominic was in his coat of mail all the while, for if he were he might have laid on as lustily as Sancho upon the trees, and kept a whole skin. But we are assured that he always stript for the work. Still Protestants will ask,—“ While he counted the stripes, how did he contrive to chaunt the psalms ? ” However, we are answered at once by the assertion that Dominic was no mere mortal, as the Virgin Mary had adopted him for her son and fed him at her breast ; that his countenance perfectly resembled that of the Redeemer, and that the *five wounds* had been impressed upon him, but that in his superior humility he had obtained as a boon that the scars should not be visible during his life !! It was also bravely affirmed in the *prayer book* of the order that in one of his visits to heaven he beheld an innumerable company of Dominicans, friars and nuns, nestled under the robe of the Virgin Mary !*

These two powerful Orders hated each other most cordially,

* Breviarium S. Ordinis Predicatorum: Officium S. Dominic p. 68. Parisiis 1647. Southey's Book of the Church i. 333. Vindiciæ 516. Quarterly Review vi. 320. xxii. 85.

and their rivalry has never ceased,—for it has always been the policy of the popes to balance the one with the other, to secure the easy management of both. These were the itinerant preachers whom the pope let loose upon the poor Albigenses whose Christian faith and peaceful lives had restored to the fair plains of Provence and Languedoc the happy scenes of Apostolic times. The massacres and tortures, the havoc and flames, by which ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND of those “heretics” were EXTERMINATED from the face of the earth, are attributed by a Romish writer to the zealous preaching of Dominic.* He made his sermons tell upon the martyrs with tremendous effect by—the *Inquisition*. How our blood runs cold at that horrible name! Even at its first formation, that execrable institution consumed to ashes one hundred and eighty Albigenses, who preferred death to idolatry, and stedfastly refused even in the depths of their dungeons to abjure the gospel! †

Those followers of Dominic at first laboured to reclaim the Albigenses by preaching, but finding their oratory of little avail against men who had too much knowledge of the Divine Word to submit their consciences to “vain traditions” they turned all their energies upon *inquiring* into the number and quality of the “heretics,” their open friends and their suspected followers; and into a close scrutiny of the conduct of the papal adherents engaged in searching out and punishing the reformers. This was a master stroke of papal policy for Peter Valdo and his disciples, the “Poor men of Lyons” had circulated the New Testament in the sweet language of the Troubadours throughout all the south of France. ‡ The common people heard them gladly as they proclaimed the gospel tidings and pointed to the sacred page

* Bp. Taylor's Liberty of Prophesying Epist. Dedic.

† Ibid.

‡ Encycl Brit. Valdo.

for every doctrine which they preached. The very priests and bishops themselves found it difficult to avoid being gained over by the example of an entire people.*

Then it was that the secret reports of Dominic's dreaded police were of inestimable value to the court of Rome. The busy friars were enrolled in a special society, and intrusted with ample powers for effectually goading on the reluctant, and craftily guiding the zealous in their persecution of the saints of God. Provided with withering curses and with plenary indulgences, those friars for seven years laboured in destroying all human sympathy in the breasts of the Crusaders and in making themselves, as a poet of the day expressed it, "the whetstone of the destroying sword." How successful they were in lighting the flame of bigotry is clear from the report of the abbot of Vaux Cernay, the eye witness and panegyrist of those frightful barbarities who always describes them as perpetrated "*with infinite joy*," and gladly praises their indefatigable guidance of the ministry used "in exciting a good war instead of a bad peace."

The hands of these friars were yet reeking with innocent blood, and their garments yet savoured of the martyrs' flames, when the framers of the third canon of the Council of Lateran joyfully welcomed them at the close of the crusade, and established them by a decree of that infamous Council as a *permanent* institution. In order to perpetuate the crafty spy system which they had so successfully used, they were named "Inquisitors of the faith"—and as Dominic's reward, the guidance of this truly "infernal machine" was assigned to his order for ever!†

Let us return to England. One of the effects of the first persecution of Christians was that they who "were scattered

* Thierry's Norman Conquest, Conclusion.

† Shoberl's Spirit of Popery 87-105.

abroad went every where preaching the word." Some of those persecuted reformers made their way to England. Alas! they soon felt the *exterminating* power of Romish canon laws; they were summoned before a synod of bishops at Oxford. To sophisms they answered, that their duty was to *believe* without "questions and strifes of words." To threats they replied "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake." The Romish historian Lingard says very coolly, "the judges wearied out with their obstinacy consigned them to the *secular* arm, by which,"—at their own instigation, it should be remembered—"the fugitives were branded on the forehead, stripped to their waist and whipped through the city." Another party of reformers succeeded them and they were burned alive!*

Such were "the middle ages" which Tractarians desire to restore! Then indeed England was literally ruled by
 "Eremites and friars

White, black, and grey with all their trumpery." The Benedictine monks had fallen into the back ground though they could boast that their patron, Saint Benedict, had been accompanied in all his wanderings by—two angels and three tame crows—though Satan had appeared to him in the gentle form of a blackbird, and—though he used to sing psalms before he was born!!†

The Mendicant Orders now carried all before them. The Carmelites, so called from Mount Carmel in Syria, where they pretend Elijah had founded their order in honour of the Virgin Mary—900 years before she was born! or White Friars, the Dominicans or Black Friars, the Franciscans or Grey Friars, and the Augustinians, were the four orders of begging friars, who "boasted themselves," says Fuller, "to be like the

* Shoberls Spirit of Popery i. 137.

† Southey, Quarterly Review xxii. 67.

four Evangelists, but were more like God's four judgments on a sinful nation ; for, the number alone excepted, there was no conformity between them, and they increased so fast that there would soon be more mouths to beg than hands to feed them As for the she Benedictines, they were called ' Black Nuns,' but I assure you they were *penny white*, being most richly endowed.* Tractarian and Romish writers tell us very complacently of all the relief given to the poor in alms at the convent gates, but they do not add that those worthies, while doling out crumbs to the famishing, actually extorted from England, in the time of Henry III. more than *three times* the amount of the king's revenue ; and that in the reign of Edward III. the Commons complained that the taxes paid to the pope, amounted annually to *five times* the amount paid to the king.†

"O monstrous ! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack !"

Amidst this spiritual "darkness that might be felt" at length, God in great mercy raised up John Wickliffe, "the Morning Star of the English Reformation." Tractarians and Romanists are never weary of calumniating his memory, but whilst there is any virtue, and any praise in the Protestant world, he will ever be held in honour. He was born in a sweet little village of Yorkshire, near the place where the Tees, in the most beautiful part of its course joins the Greta, and having been a commoner at Queen's College, he was appointed master of Balliol. Then, as now, Romish priests and friars infested Oxford in order to recruit their numbers from the most hopeful youths. Their artifices succeeded so perfectly that, exactly as in our own times, parents became afraid to trust their sons at Oxford ; the number of students

* Church History, iii., 284.

† Southey's *Book of the Church*, i. 342. Hume, chap. vi.

fell from thirty thousand to six, and the intruding friars were regarded with an evil eye by the members of the University. Wickliffe was the foremost in disputing with those unwelcome visitors, first on their corruptions of discipline, then on their false doctrines. His success was so remarkable that he was appointed Professor of Divinity, and the living of Lutterworth was conferred upon him. Wickliffe early gained at Oxford the honourable title of the "Gospel Doctor" from his constant reference to the Scriptures, and his zealous assaults upon papal corruptions. Of the latter he had been an eye witness during a two years sojourn at Bruges, in vain efforts to reform papal abuses. He pronounced the pope to be Anti-Christ, and attacked Transubstantiation—"that did distate" says Fuller, "but his assaults against purgatory and pilgrimages did bemaad his adversaries, so woundable is the dragon under the left wing, when pinched in point of profit!" It was his favourite maxim that the Holy Scriptures ought to rule every Christian man, and that all other rules add no more perfection to the Gospel than doth the white colour add strength to the wall—so he laboured fervently upon a translation of the Bible into the English language until he had the glory of accomplishing it. The forty years schism in the papacy had begun between Urban VI. at Rome, and Clement VII. at Avignon, and says Fuller, in his quaint manner, "Peter's chair was like to be broken down betwixt two sitting down at once." Our Reformer took advantage of the general consternation caused by the curses and wars launched against each other by the rivals, to show the folly of ascribing infallibility to a divided Church, and that "this monstrous apparition of two anti-popes made up one Anti-Christ!" Many were the bitter persecutions raised against Wickliffe by the papal party, but the protection of the Duke of Lancaster, and his own vast popularity at Oxford,

were the means used by Providence in perserving his life. Incessant labour at length broke down his strength and no hopes were entertained of his recovery. Many a triumph has been *claimed* by Romish priests, over speechless and senseless Protestants in death agony. Some friars, long watching for this ignoble victory, stole gently to his bed side, and with much false sweetness invited him to recant. He listened patiently, then beckoned to his servant to raise him on the pillow, and, gazing at them sternly, replied "I shall not die, but live, still further to declare the evil deeds of the friars!"

Wickliffe was the Elijah of our Reformation. His teaching in the schools, and preaching in the pulpit, possessed a "spirit and power" unknown in England before his day. He was valiant for the truth because he was "strong in the Lord." A national collection had been raised for pope Urban, to carry on war against his rival. For a time it was vastly popular, because unlimited indulgences for the living and the dead were promised to all who should fight or supply funds for the "Holy War." Even ladies presented their ornaments, and brides their attire, and poor labourers their hard earnings, to purchase absolution for all their sins! Wickliffe lifted his voice—O! it was a mighty voice!—he denounced the crusade as "bringing the banner of Christ upon the cross—the token of peace, mercy and charity—for to slay all Christian men, for the love of two false priests, that are open Anti-Christ, in order to maintain their worldly state, so as to oppress Christendom, worse than Jews." He then boldly recommended the government to seize the ill-gotten treasure, and apply it in defence of England against the threatened invasion of France. He was instantly cited to Rome by the enraged pontiff, but made the brave reply, "That Christ needed him at his post, and taught him to obey God rather than man; that he supposes the pope will

not be Anti-Christ in thus working against Christ's will, and if he pursues this unskilful summoning he is open Anti-Christ." Further persecution was mercifully spared to him by his peaceful removal at Lutterworth, on 31st December, 1384, to the better land "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

"Admirable," says Fuller, "that a hare so often hunted by so many packs of dogs, should die at last quietly sitting in his form!" and yet the quiet tomb of him, whom the senate of Oxford had pronounced, to its immortal honor, "a stout and valiant champion of the faith," was opened forty years afterwards by a decree of the council of Constance, his bones were burned, and the ashes cast into a neighbouring brook called the Swift! "This brook," says Fuller, "conveyed his ashes to the Avon, the Avon to the Severn, the Severn to the narrow seas, they into the main ocean, and thus the ashes of Wickliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which is now dispersed all the world over." This assertion was borne out by facts, for the wife of Richard II. was a Bohemian princess—the good queen Anne so long remembered in England. She delighted in Wickliffe's writings, and sent many of them into her native land. From them John Huss discovered the gospel truths, for which he afterwards suffered so heroically at the stake; and Huss prepared the way for Luther.* In England, his followers were very many, and called Lollards. So much for the first English reformer. Now for the first English martyr. The system of papal persecution had been long perfected with diabolical ingenuity. Transubstantiation was made the test of heresy. "This neck question," says Fuller, "the dullest commissioners were able to ask, and, thanks be to God! the simplest

* Southey's Book of the Church, i. 344. Lewis's Life of Wickliffe, 101. Foxe, iii. 58. Shoberl, i. 173.

Protestant soul brought before them could answer, first by denying it, and then by dying in defence of his denial. Thus their cruelty made God's table a snare to his servants ; when their other nets brake, this held. What they pretended a sacrifice for the living and the dead, proved indeed the cause of the sacrificing of many innocents.*"

William Sautre, the parish priest of St. Oisith's, in London, had the glory of being the first English martyr. And yet he had abjured his faith before the bishop of Norwich. "Let those," says Fuller, "who severely censure him for *once* denying the truth, and do know who it was that denied his master *thrice*, take heed that they do not as bad a deed more than *four* times themselves. May Sautre's final constancy be as surely practised by man, as his former cowardliness, no doubt is pardoned by God!" However Sautre obtained grace to profess the truth again. He was arrested, and on the memorable 24th May, 1400, arraigned before a synod assembled at the chapter house of St. Paul's, on the following charges of heresy ;—that he would not worship the cross, but only Christ, who suffered on it; that it would be more acceptable to God to bestow the expenses of a pilgrimage upon the poor, than to perform it; that it was more the duty of the clergy to preach the word of God, than to chaunt their tedious Latin prayers, called offices ; and finally, that the sacramental bread continued to be bread after it was consecrated. Sautre confessed that every one of these charges was well founded ; and refused to flinch *one inch* from the exact bounds of truth. This being the first condemnation of the kind in England, it was most punctiliously conducted in all its forms, as an exact precedent for the future. These forms were probably borrowed from the accursed Inquisition, and were most cunningly devised for prolonging and deep-

* Church History, iv. 195.

ening the horror of the awed and expectant spectators.— Archbishop Arundel and six other bishops met in St. Paul's Cathedral, sparkling and gorgeous in their magnificent robes. Poor Sautre was brought before them dressed in priestly attire, with the cup and paten in his hands. Amidst the deep and interrupted tolling of the great funeral bell, Arundel stood up, and in the name of the Holy Trinity (thus blasphemously profaned) degraded Sautre, first from his priestly office, and in token of the infamy incurred by heresy, he took from the undaunted servant of God the cup and paten, and plucked the priestly robe from his back. The new testament was then placed in his hands, and taken from them again, and the rest of his robes torn off slowly and successively, till being degraded from all his offices, he remained as a sexton, with the key of the Church door in his hand; that was then taken from him, and the priest's cap torn from his head. The crown of his head was then roughly clipped to deface the tonsure. The cap of a layman was then forced on his head, and he was delivered as a layman to the high constable, with the hypocritical injunction that he should be "treated gently." It was this recommendation to mercy which always ensured the burning alive of heretics! It was the concerted signal at which "the secular arm" or magistrates and princes, fulfilled the horrible office imposed upon them by the fourth Lateran council. How admirably the great Scottish poet describes this crafty treatment of the victims of papal persecution, in his delineation of the cruelty of "the vassal slaves of bloody Rome" towards the unfortunate nun and the companion of her flight! Constance by her wondrous beauty and inspired eloquence, has thrilled the hearts of all present so profoundly that

"No hand was moved, no word was said."

But the aged abbot, "whose look is hard and stern," pro-

nounces the signal which ensures the captives doom, by the gracious benediction

“ Sister let thy sorrows cease
Sinful brother part in peace!”

and then—

“ From that dire dungeon, place of doom
Of execution too and tomb,
Paced forth the judges three;
Sorrow it were, and shame to tell
The *butcher-work* that there befell
When they had glided from the cell.....
But, ere they breathed the fresher air,
They heard the shriekings of despair
And many a stifled groan.”*

Sautre was burned alive in Smithfield, and the heavenly joy which irradiated his upturned countenance with a visible glory, showed the inward peace and strength supplied to him by the supporting arm, and approving smile of his present Redeemer.

It should be remembered that the persecuting canon of the Council of Lateran had now become part of the common law of England, and that Henry IV., “ on the prayer of the prelates,” had engaged his Parliament to enact a statute by which it was provided that every obstinate heretic handed over by the bishop to “the secular arm” should be committed to the flames before the whole people “to the great horror of his offence and the manifest example of other Christians!” Again the writ—“*De heretico combuendo*” under which Sautre was burned—after stating his degradation by the primate, bishops and clergy, and their having left him to the secular power “according to the *canonical sanctions*”—adds “and our Holy Mother the Church hath no further to do in the premises.†

* Marmion Canto, ii.

† Rymer's *Fœdera*, London, 1709, viii. 178.

See how the whole odium of that frightful deed was craftily thrown upon the king, the lord mayor, and sheriffs of London! Surely the guilt lay upon the priests of Rome in the first instance, for inciting the secular arm to inflict the blow.

The second martyr who died at the stake was a tailor, of Gloucester, named John Badby. Prince Henry, afterwards Henry V., was present at his martyrdom, and urged him to recant by promises, not only of pardon, but of an ample provision for the rest of his days; yet the humble servant of God remained firm and immoveable as the stake to which he was bound. The prior of St. Bartholomew's then approached in solemn procession, bearing the wafer-God of the papacy in his hands, preceded and followed by chanting friars, bearing huge lighted tapers. The cruel priests then required their victim to declare how he believed in it. Badby faithfully replied that it was "only *hallowed bread*, and not God's body." The pile of faggots around the tub, in which he stood, was instantly set on fire, and the tortured sufferer's piteous cries for mercy, whether addressed to God or man, were so heart-rending, that the prince commanded the fire to be quenched, and the writhing man to be taken down; in that condition Badby was again offered by the prince, not only his life, but a daily pension, if he would recant. It was a moment of fierce temptation, but the Lord Jesus stood by him and strengthened his faith; he had rightly judged that to gain even the whole world and lose his own soul by idolatry, would be infinitely worse than being burnt alive; so he was again committed to the flames, and expired a glorious martyr, calling upon Christ to receive his soul. Badby was the first tradesman in England who won the martyr's crown. May his glorious example never lose its power amongst our humbler brethren!

Twelve Inquisitors of heresy—for this dread tribunal had



been introduced into England—were now dispatched to Oxford, where Wickliffe's writings were greatly cherished, and his translation of the Bible was eagerly read. The arrival of the Inquisitors was the signal for awful persecution. Several persons were burnt to death for having and reading four epistles of St. Paul; the persons who heard them read the word of God were condemned to bear faggots, and their own children were compelled to set fire to the faggots which consumed them, whilst Longland, the bishop of Lincoln, preached at the stake that whosoever did but move his lips in reading those chapters was damned for ever!* The Inquisitors reported to the king, as the result of their scrutiny at Oxford, that Christ's vesture without seam, could not be made whole again unless certain great men who protected Wickliffe's disciples, were removed; and they particularly named Sir John Oldcastle, in right of his wife, Lord Cobham, as a most pestilent heretic. Henry V. was in many respects a very fine character, but he unhappily gave up his conscience so entirely to the guidance of his confessor, that he was called—"The Prince of the Priesthood;" however, Sir John was a soldier of such remarkable talent and bravery, that the king made an earnest effort to save his life, and urged him to submit to the pope. The brave Christian noble made the following admirable reply:—

"You, most worthy prince, I am always prompt and willing to obey; unto you (next to my eternal God) I owe my whole obedience, and submit thereunto, as I have ever done; all that I have, either of fortune or nature, is ready at all times to fulfil whatsoever you shall, in the Lord, command me. But as touching the pope and his spirituality, I owe them neither suit nor service; for so much as I know him by the SCRIPTURES to be the great *Anti-Christ*, the son of

* Foxe iii., 399.

perdition, the open enemy of God, and the abomination standing in the holy place."

The king turned angrily away and left him to his fate. Sir John was then excommunicated and committed to the tower. Soon after he was brought to the Dominican convent, where he was encountered by the archbishop and other prelates, with a vast concourse of priests, monks, and friars. They insulted him repeatedly as he approached, pointing him out as accursed of God and man ; but the taunts of the brutal audience moved him not. When Arundel offered him absolution and mercy, if he confessed his sins and recanted his errors, " Nay, forsooth, will I not," said the undaunted prisoner, " for I never yet trespassed against you, and therefore I will not do it." Then kneeling down upon the pavement, and holding up his hands towards heaven, he cried in a deep and solemn voice, " I confess myself here unto Thee my eternal God, that in my youth I offended Thee, O Lord, most grievously in pride, wrath, and gluttony ; in covetousness and vice ; many men have I hurt in mine anger, and done many other horrible sins ; Good Lord, I ask Thee mercy !" He wept aloud while he uttered this passionate prayer ; then standing up he exclaimed aloud ;—" Lo ! good people lo ! for the breaking of God's laws and commandments they never yet cursed me ! But for their own laws and traditions most cruelly do they handle me and other men ; and, therefore, both they and their laws, by the promise of God, shall be utterly destroyed !" When the priests recovered from the surprise which this awful appeal to God and man had produced, they examined him concerning his faith. He boldly replied, " I believe that all is true which is contained in the Holy Bible. I believe all that my Lord God would I should believe." When pressed with the murderous question concerning the pretended change of the bread into the

body of Christ, he answered, "I believe it to be Christ's body, and bread." With one voice the priests exclaimed against this; and one of the bishops standing up said, "It is clear heresy to say that it is bread after the sacramental words have been spoken." The constant martyr replied, "St. Paul was, I am sure, as wise as you, and more godly learned, and he called it *bread*; 'the bread that we break,' saith he, 'is it not the communion of the body of Christ?'"* The prior of the Carmelites, in order to cover the confusion into which this admirable retort had thrown them, then in a scoffing tone taunted him with being a disciple of Wickliffe. "Your ways are not God's ways, nor God's ways your ways," replied Lord Cobham, "but as for that virtuous man Wickliffe, I shall say here, both before God and man, that before I knew that despised doctrine of his, I never abstained from sin; but since I learned to fear and love my Lord God, it hath otherwise, I trust, been with me. So much grace could I never find in all your glorious instructions." Turning away from his unjust judges, and stretching forth his hands to the people, this zealous witness of the Lord Jesus cried aloud, "Let all men consider well this, that one pope hath put down another pope, one hath poisoned another, one hath cursed another, and one hath slain another, and done more mischief as all the chronicles tell. He that hath ears to ear let him hear this: Christ was meek and merciful; the pope is proud and a tyrant: Christ was poor and forgave; the pope is rich and a malicious manslayer, as his daily acts do prove him. Rome is the very nest of Anti-Christ, and out of that nest come all the disciples of him of whom prelates, priests, and monks are the body; the pope is the head, and these shorn friars are the tail!" "Alas, sir," said the

* 1 Cor. x. 16.

prior of the Augustines, "why do you say so?" The godly martyr instantly replied by referring to Isaiah, "the prophet which speaketh lies is the tail."* When a friar angrily asked him whether he would worship the true cross? "Where is it?" said the prisoner; "Suppose it present" said the friar. "This is a great wise man" replied Lord Cobham, "he put me an earnest question of a thing, and yet he himself knows not where the thing is." Then spreading forth his arms in the form of a cross, he cried aloud "This is a very cross, yea and so much the better than your cross of wood, in that it was created of God, yet will I not seek to have it worshipped!" The bishop of London remarked, "Sir, you know well that he died on a wooden cross!" "Yea," answered Lord Cobham, "and I know also that our salvation came not in by that wooden cross, but by Him who died upon it!" Archbishop Arundel then excommunicated him. The noble martyr looked at him with a cheerful and courageous countenance and said, "Though ye judge my body, which is a wretched thing, yet am I certain and sure that ye can do no harm to my soul, no more than could Satan to the soul of Job, and I will stand to my faith even to the very death, by the grace of my Eternal God!" Turning to the people he again warned them, "Good Christians, for God's love be well aware of these men; for they will else beguile you and lead you blindling into hell with themselves; for Christ saith plainly unto you, 'If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch.'"[†] Then kneeling down before his enemies he prayed for them thus fervently,—"Lord God Eternal! I beseech Thee of Thy great mercy's sake to forgive my pursuers, if it be Thy blessed will in Christ Jesus." To the eternal infamy of the papacy this good and great nobleman was hung by iron chains from

* Isaiah ix. 15.

† Matt. x. 14.

a gallows, and burned alive by a slow fire; but his faith triumphed, and his last accents were those of prayer for his cruel murderers, and of praise for the boundless love of God, who made, redeemed, and sanctified him.

O that the bright example of Lord Cobham may prove a beacon light to our English nobility, who are now in such peril of suffering a shipwreck of their faith upon the sunken rocks of Jesuitism and Tractarianism!

For many years the Wars of the Roses so engaged all parties, that a season of repose was given to the people of God. Fuller beautifully observes, "Now the sound of all bells in the steeples was drowned with the noise of drums and trumpets, and yet this good was done by the civil wars; it diverted the prelates from troubling the Lollards: so that this very storm was a shelter to those poor souls, and the heat of those intestine enmities cooled the persecution against them." But as soon as Henry VII. was firmly seated upon the throne, the Lollards were again persecuted by the priests of Rome with increased malignity. Their first victim of note was a much respected lady, by name Joan Boughton. She was the first female martyr in England, above 80 years of age, and so admired for her exalted piety and abounding charity, that on the night after her martyrdom her ashes were collected as the sacred relics of a saint. Her daughter, Lady Young, suffered the same cruel death soon after, with similar constancy. When William Tylsworth was burnt alive at Amersham, his only daughter, being suspected of heresy, was compelled to kindle the fire which consumed him!*

So entirely did the Romish bishops now lose all natural horror of those atrocious deeds, that they even jested upon them; and the infamous bishop Nix, of Norwich, used to

* Foxe, iv. 123.

call those whom he suspected of heresy, "persons savouring of the frying pan." In fact, so numerous were the burnings for heresy, that a friend of Erasmus wrote to say, that the price of firewood was absolutely raised in London on account of the "quantity required to burn heretics;" but he adds, "they are continually on the increase: the cry is still they come!"* Shocking to relate, every one who contributed a faggot to burn a heretic, was rewarded with forty days indulgence from the pope!† Children were compelled to accuse their parents, and parents their children; wives their husbands, and husbands their wives; on penalty of excommunication. Little mercy was shown to those who recanted their opinions. They were branded in the cheek with a hot iron, after which they were to wear for life a faggot worked on the left sleeve; and if, on finding themselves shunned by all who saw this badge of infamy, they presumed to lay it aside, they were committed to the flames without mercy. So that the common remark in reference to this token of priestly absolution was as true as it was sarcastic:—"Leave the love token on and be starved; take it off and be burned."‡

When Henry VIII. ascended the throne many circumstances conspired in making the Lollards hope to find mercy in their new Sovereign. The discovery of America had awakened the spirit of enterprise, and the printing press was already shedding light from pole to pole. The kingdom was at peace, the treasury rich beyond all former example, the country prosperous, the royal authority firmly established. Trade was flourishing, the arts rapidly advancing, and learning rising as it were from the dead. The young prince was gifted with the noble presence and splendid munificence, which take the popular heart a willing captive.

* Epistolæ, b. viii. Ep. 89, p. 410.

† Foxe, iv. 581.

‡ Fuller, iii., 14.

He was also a scholar of the first order, whose highly intellectual mind attracted so many men of genius around him, that Erasmus declared the English court excelled any college, in the number of its learned scholars. Alas ! popery was the evil genius that cast the broad dark shadows over the rising luminary of England, which turned its light into blood ! Early, indeed, did that malign influence shade the young days of Henry.

The law of God had most solemnly prohibited marriage with a brother's widow, and warned the guilty parties that they should be childless.* But pope Alexander VI. bearing out the prophetic character given of the papacy as "changing laws,"† permitted Henry VIII. to be married to his brother's widow, at the tender age of twelve years, and in despite of all the opposition he could make to the ill-omened espousals. The marriage was never happy, and even foreign courts considered its only surviving issue to be illegitimate. It is a maxim of Rome's crooked policy that if the pope be surprised into any concessions, or grant any indulgences upon false suggestions, the bull may be annulled at any time.‡ As the most trifling flaw is discovered by the "pair of patent double million magnifying gas microscopes of extra power" used by Roman pontiffs for the purpose, this artful pretence has always been employed wherever one pope desires to recall any deed executed by himself or his predecessors. This was the chain by which Henry was long secured to the papacy, and surrounded by its evil councillors, such as Cardinal Wolsey, a minister notorious for arrogance, and Bishops Gardiner and Bonner, of odious memory, whose ill advice but too often neutralized the gentle admonitions of Cranmer, and faithful reproofs of Latimer. On the accession of Clement VII., Henry applied at length to the court of Rome for a divorce. The pontiff's

* Leviticus xx., 21.

† Dan. vii. 25.

‡ Hume, c. xxvi. xxx.

interest was to prolong the suit, for he feared Catherine's nephew, the Emperor, as much as he did Henry, and "whilst it depended, he was sure of two great friends, but when it should be decided of one great foe."

Henry's strange compromise of a dispensation for *two* wives, if Catherine would not release him from his marriage vows by retiring into a convent, was absolutely agreed to by the pope, and the question would probably have been thus accommodated, but for the scandal which such an arrangement would have caused at a time when the Reformation movement was agitating all Europe.* Such studied procrastination at length galled Henry to the utmost hostility against the pope, whose yoke,

"Like a dew-drop from the lion's mane he shook to air." That political movement—signally as it was then and has since been blessed to England—appeared to make little vital change in the king's character. During life he perpetrated very many cruelties upon the true people of God, and when death approached the unhappy prince, in his last will he prayed to the Virgin and all the saints, commanded daily masses to be celebrated for the repose of his soul, while the world should endure, and directed a thousand marks to be distributed on the day of his burial, in order to move the poor to pray for the health of his soul.† This fact is of vital importance, for it shows that all the odium which Romish writers endeavour to attach to the Reformation from Henry's vices, in reality belongs to their own system, in which he was born, bred, and died. He was the Jehu of the Reformation, who was furiously zealous against the priests of Baal, but never, it is to be feared, became one of the true Israel of God. One of the most important events of this most eventful period was the publication of Tindal's English

* Southey's *Book of the Church*, ii. 8.

† *Ibid*, ii. 98.



Testament. There was a wonderful spirit of inquiry abroad. "The fervent zeal of those Christian days," says Foxe, "seemed much superior to our days and times, as clearly appears by their sitting up all night in reading and hearing ; also by their expenses upon books, of whom some gave nearly twenty pounds for a book ; some gave a load of hay for a few chapters of St. James or St. Paul, in English." The Rev. H. H. Horne, in his inestimable "Introduction to the critical study and knowledge of the Holy Scriptures," tells us that no less than forty pounds of our currency was then given for an English New Testament.* Tindal was born on the confines of Wales, and educated at Oxford. He delighted in the study of Wickliffe's Bible, but it had become excessively rare from the anathemas hurled against it, and besides its language had now become obsolete and unintelligible. In a dispute with a bigotted priest, who reviled the Bible and exulted in the scarcity of copies, Tindal had vehemently engaged that, with God's help, he would make the sacred volume so abundant in England, that every ploughboy might read it ; and he was enabled to keep his word. Humphrey Monmouth and other London merchants, favourable to the Reformation, assisted him largely in this glorious enterprize. By their aid he travelled through Germany, where he visited Luther and other great Reformers, and finally settled in Antwerp, where, by the help of the learned John Frith and William Roye, he had the happiness of translating the New Testament from the original Greek, and seeing it printed—for the first time—in English, A.D. 1526. Awful was the uproar which arose at the arrival of the blessed volume in England. The Romish priests understood well how little the doctrine and practices of their Church were supported by Scripture ; and that if the Ark of the Covenant was

* Vol. ii. 236.

admitted, Dagon must fall. At first a merchant was employed to purchase up secretly all accessible copies. When it was discovered that with the purchase money improved editions were printed off, tremendous fines and degrading penances were inflicted upon those who circulated the Testament: others who preached and held its doctrines were committed to the flames! A brother of Tindal, and two of his assistants, in disseminating Testaments, were sentenced to pay the enormous fine of £18,840, and they were made to ride with their faces to the horse tail, papers on their heads, and as many of the condemned books as they could carry fastened to their clothes around them, to the standard in Cheapside, and there with their own hands, to cast them into the bonfire prepared to receive them!*

That BIBLE BURNING is a distinctive mark of the fallen church of Rome has been indignantly and vehemently denied by Dr. Wiseman and his brethren in iniquity. Good Doctor, is not your mind enlightened on this awful subject by the fires at Cheapside? See how even its first noble translators illuminate your mortal hostility to the sacred volume by the flames which consumed them! Roye fled to Portugal, where the Inquisition consumed to ashes all of him that was mortal. Frith came to England, that he might "set abroad the mercy of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." At Reading he was set in the stocks, but the schoolmaster hearing him praying in elegant Latin, obtained his liberty and relieved his wants. The following beautiful letter from Tindal to Frith shows the practical piety of these two translators of our first printed English Testament.

"There liveth not," says Tindal to his friend, "in whom I have so good hope as in you; not so much for your learning, as because you creep low by the ground, and walk in those

* Strype's *Cranmer*, 81. Southey, *Book of the Church*, ii. 23—30.

things which the conscience may feel, and not in the imagination of the brain; in fear and not in boldness in open necessary things; in unity and not in sedition. Your part shall be to supply what is wanting in me, remembering that as lowliness of heart shall make you high with God, even so meekness of words shall make you sink into the hearts of men.[†] Nature giveth age authority, but meekness is the glory of youth. Your cause is that of Christ's gospel, a light that must be fed by the blood of faith. The lamp must be dressed daily, and that oil must be poured in morning and evening, that the light go not out. Yield yourself, commit yourself wholly and only to your loving Father, then shall His power be in you, and work for you above all that your heart can imagine. If the pain be above your strength, remember Christ's promise,—‘Whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name He will give it you.’* Pray to your Father in that name, and He shall cease your pain or shorten it.”

Frith was condemned by Stokesley, bishop of London; and Gardiner, bishop of Winchester. Andrew Hewet, a young tailor, having declared that he believed as Frith did, was taken with him to Smithfield, where they were chained to the same stake, back to back. A priest warned the people not to pray for them, no more than they would for a dog! Frith smiled compassionately and prayed for his cruel persecutors; he repeatedly kissed the stake, and declared that he joyfully suffered for Christ's sake; and the last words that were heard from him on earth, were those of thankfulness, that the wind had carried the force of the flame to the other side of the stake, so as to shorten the sufferings of his young companion. Tindal was soon after strangled and burned at

* John xv., 16.

the stake at Vilvorde, near Antwerp: his dying prayer was, "Lord, open the eyes of the king of England!"

Tindal's works are rich in spirituality and illustration, as well as in profound learning. As a pleasing specimen I give his famous allegory:—

THE POPE AND THE IVY TREE.

"And to see how our holy father came up, mark, the ensample of the ivy tree. First it springeth out of the earth, and then awhile creepeth along by the ground till it find a great tree; then it joineth itself beneath a low unto the body of the tree, and creepeth up a little and a little, fair and softly. At the beginning while it is yet thin and small, that the burthen is not perceived, it seemeth glorious to garnish the tree in the winter, and to bear off the tempest of the weather. But in mean season it thrusteth roots into the bark of the tree, to hold fast withal, and ceaseth not to climb up till it be at the top above all; and then it sendeth his branches along the branches of the tree, and overgroweth all, and waxeth great, heavy, and thick, and sucketh the moisture so sore out of the tree and its branches, that it choaketh and stiflith them; and becometh a nest for all unclean birds, and for blind owls, which hawk in the dark, and dare not come at the light. Even so the bishop of Rome, now called pope, in the beginning crept along the earth, and every man trod upon him in this world, but as soon as there came a Christian emperor, he joined himself unto his feet, and crept up a little with begging, now this privilege, now that. Thus with flattering, and feigning, and vain superstitions, under the name of St. Peter, he crept up and fastened his roots in the heart of the emperor, and with his sword climbed up above all his fellow bishops, and brought them under his feet, and climbed above the emperor, and subdued him also, and made him stoop under his feet and

kiss them withal. And as the pope played with the emperor, so did his branches, and his members the bishops play in every kingdom : and thus the pope, the father of all hypocrites, hath with falsehood and of guile, perverted the world. This ivy tree, the pope, has under his roots, throughout all Christendom, in every village, holes for foxes, and nests for unclean birds in all his branches, and promiseth to his disciples all promotions in the world. The nearer unto Christ a man cometh, the lower he must descend, and the poorer he must wax ; but the nearer unto the pope ye come, the higher ye must climb, and the more riches ye must gather, whencesoever ye can get them, to pay for your bulls, to get you a glorious name and license to wear a mitre and a cross, and a pall and goodly ornaments."*

His last prayer was heard, unlikely as it was in the case of such a monarch as Henry VIII. who had zealously engaged in controversy with Luther, and for so doing had obtained from the pope the title of " Defender of the Faith." The speech of the court fool made no impression upon his master, " O good Harry ! let thou and I defend one another, and let the faith alone to defend itself." The king now took a step in the right direction, and ordered a visitation of monasteries. Fuller tells " a pleasant and true story to refresh his wearied self and readers." It shows that Henry knew the monks of old, and that little was required to cause him to lay a heavy hand upon them. " Henry VIII. as he was hunting in Windsor forest, either casually lost, or more probably wilfully losing himself, struck down about dinner time to the abbey of Reading, where disguising himself (much for delight, more for discovery, to see unseen) he was invited to the abbot's table, and passed for one of the king's guard, a place to which the proportions of his person might

* Tindal's Works, vol. i. 416.

properly entitle him. A sirloin of beef was set before him (so knighted, saith tradition, by this king Henry) on which the king laid on lustily, not disgracing one of that place for whom he was mistaken. 'Well fare thy heart!' quoth the abbot, 'and here in a cup of sack, I remember the health of his grace, thy master. I would give a hundred pounds I could feed so heartily on beef as you do. Alas! my weak and squeazy stomach will hardly digest the wing of a small rabbit or chicken.' The king pleasantly pledged him, and heartily thanking him for his good cheer after, departed as undiscovered as he came thither. Some weeks after the abbot was sent for by a pursuivant, brought up to London, clapped in the Tower, kept close prisoner, fed for a time on bread and water; yet not so empty was his body of food, as his mind was filled with fears, creating many suspicions to himself, when and how he had incurred the king's displeasure. At last a sirloin of beef was set before him, on which the abbot fed, as the farmer of his grange, and verified the proverb that 'two hungry meals makes the third a glutton.' In springs Henry out of a private lobby, where he had placed himself the invisible spectator of the abbot's behaviour. 'My lord,' quoth the king, 'presently deposit your hundred pounds in gold, or else no going hence all the days of your life. I have been your physician, to cure you of your squeazy stomach, and here, as I deserve, I demand my fee for the same!' The abbot down with his dust, and glad he had escaped; so returned to Reading as somewhat lighter in purse, so much more the merrier in heart than when he came thence."* The visitation of the monasteries disclosed frightful scenes of profligacy. Fuller gives us a black list of criminal practises discovered in those dark dens of iniquity; prefaced by the significant admonition, "*read, and blush, and sigh.*"

* Church History, vol. iii. 340—387.

I would recommend the admirers of "British Monachism" to read the reports of the commissioners engaged in this frightful inquiry, recently published by the Camden Society. Here is one extract. Richard Beerley, a monk in the Benedictine monastery of Pershore, Worcestershire, says,—
"monks drink and bowl after collation, till ten or twelve of the clock, and come to matins as drunk as mice—and some at cards, some at dice, some at tables; some come to matins, beginning at the midst, and some when it is almost done, and would not come there, only for bodily punishment . . . and many other foul vices amongst religious men, or rather dissemblers with God."* The inmates of the monasteries, at the time of their dissolution, confessed to vices, from the very name of which our imagination now recoils with horror. Multitudes of false miracles and "pious frauds" were discovered in the monasteries and convents, "because they had more conveniences, and more heads and hands to work them," also heaps of pretended relics. At Reading they pretended to show an angel's wing, which had brought over to England the point of the spear which pierced our Saviour's side! More fragments of the true cross were collected than would build a ship. It was fabled that at certain shrines a tooth of St. Appolonia was to be found, and that it was an amulet against tooth-ache: but so many teeth of this apocryphal saint were discovered as filled a tun! At Hales, in Gloucestershire, a vial was exhibited as containing some drops of our Saviour's blood, which were never visible to any person in a state of unpardoned sin, but which clearly appeared to such worthy penitents as, by large offerings, had obtained absolution. It was now found that one side of the vial was of thick and the

* Camden Letters on the Suppression of Monasteries, 132. Compare Hallam's *Middle Ages*, iii. 353, and Fosbrooke's *British Monachism*, 160.

other of *thin* glass, and that it was artfully turned by leger-demain, so as to encourage the liberal, and intimidate the penurious. This very trick is still annually performed at Naples on the festival of St. Januarius. At Canterbury, Becket's shrine and tomb were examined. Here, indeed, the friars drove a very gainful trade. The rust of the sword that killed him was tendered to be devoutly kissed by such pilgrims as paid handsomely for the indulgence; and contributions were levied from the poorer classes of the faithful, by virtue of the upper leather of his shoe! A jubilee was ordered every fifty years, when plenary and full indulgences were largely poured out of "Mother Church's binns" into the bosoms of all who visited his tomb; and in one year more than £6,000!—an immense sum in those days—were contributed at Becket's altar, while the altar of Christ did not show one single gift! The gold from Becket's shrine filled two chests, which were a load for eight strong men. He was unsainted as well as unshrined by the king; who, taking up the cause of his ancestor, Henry II., ordered his name to be struck out of the calendar, and his bones to be burnt. Another fraud was then brought to light, for the skull was found with the rest of his skeleton in the grave, though another had been produced, to perform miracles with, as his in the church. There was a crucifix at Boxley, in Kent, called the "Rood of Grace," to which multitudes of pilgrims used to flock, because the image, like that now at Rimini, moved its head, hands, and feet, and winked its eyes *miraculously*; but Henry's visitors discovered the machinery by which all this was effected, and it was contemptuously broken to atoms, like the Nehushtan destroyed by the great reforming king Hezekiah.*

However widely this visitation of monasteries opened the

* Fuller, iii. 323—333. Southey, Book of the Church, ii. 71.

king's eyes to the abominations and political dangers of a system, of which even the religious houses were a vile nuisance and a means of draining off the national wealth to enrich a foreign prince—his deadly enemy—still his tyrannical and sensual nature found the peculiar tenets of Romanism too congenial to be forsaken, and his antipathy to the pure and self denying gospel of Christ daily increased. Bishops Gardiner and Bonner had hitherto played a deep game. They were men of considerable talents for business, and thoroughly versed in diplomacy. Henry gladly availed himself of their services, as they affected vast zeal against Clement VII. for his insidious conduct in the matter of the divorce, and they contended for the royal supremacy, even to the length of burning several sincere papists. Their apparent anxiety for the Reformation completely imposed upon Cranmer and its other true friends, who gladly saw them obtaining greater ascendancy over Henry. In secret, however, they were in league with the pope, and craftily countermining every Reformation movement. They flattered and fawned upon the king; studied his temper, and warily watched its fluctuations. The Reformation was advancing rapidly. The translation of the Bible begun by Tindal was completed by Coverdale. It was placed in all parish Churches. Discussions arose to disturb the leaden sway of monks and friars; commotions ensued which were conveyed to the king's ear in a highly exaggerated form by those evil councillors, who delicately hinted that various frightful heresies were abroad, which, if unchecked by timely severity, would certainly destroy, not merely his boasted supremacy, but even his throne. They praised the ability and learning which had gained for him the most glorious of all his titles, that of "Defender of the Faith," and implored him to establish his eternal claim to that title by crushing heresy and upholding orthodoxy. This wily course was but

too successful. A new proclamation was issued, forbidding unlicensed persons to read or teach the Bible, and the atrocious *Six Articles* were enacted in 1539, exactly eight years after Henry had abjured papal supremacy, and assumed the title of "Protector and Head of the Church of England."

They display with terrible distinctness, as in a mirror, the Romish features of the unhappy king, who is so falsely called by Jesuits, the founder of the English Church. There you have wafer-worship—half-communion—clerical celibacy—monastic vows—private masses—and auricular confession. To make the foul likeness complete you have these soul-destroying tenets declared to be necessary to salvation, and all offenders branded as "felons and heretics who shall have and suffer judgment—by way of *burning*!" Bonner now threw off the mask, and burned a poor lad of fifteen, as a violator of the Six Articles. Another of his victims, John Lambert, a schoolmaster of good repute, appealed to the royal mercy. He was brought to Westminster Hall, where Henry, surrounded by bishops and nobles, sat ostensibly as judge, but really acting as hostile disputant. It was supposed that peace would be the order of the day, for the king was apparelled in white satin; the cloth of state was white; and even the guards were clothed in the same livery of peace. Henry dispelled all hope when he commenced the trial by asking in a furious voice, "Ho! good fellow, what is thy name?" when the prisoner meekly replied that he was indifferently called, Lambert or Nicholson. "What!" cried Henry "have you two names? I would not trust you although my brother!" After five mortal hours of bitter controversy, poor Lambert—overborne by violence—cast himself upon the king's mercy. "If you commit yourself to my mercy" replied Henry harshly, "you must die, for I will not be a patron of heretics." Lambert was dragged to the stake. He

had now learned not to "trust in princes" and his whole confidence centered in that king of kings "whose mercy endureth for ever." Above the roaring of the flames, and the shouting of his persecutors, the constant martyr's voice was heard exclaiming in triumph:—"None but Christ! None but Christ!"*

Bishop Gardiner now "bent his bow to shoot at some of the head deer." Queen Catherine Parr, the sixth wife of Henry, has been painted in most attractive colours by the historians of the English Reformation. She loved the Bible, and delighted in the lectures which her godly chaplains delivered in her own apartment, to the ladies in waiting, and the courtiers who could be prevailed upon to attend. The king was so pleased with her gentle and unwearied attention to his failing health, that all Gardiner's insinuations against her long fell upon heedless ears. Fancying herself secure of the royal favour, she one day presumed to urge upon him the benefits which the pure gospel would confer upon the Church in England. Henry started and suddenly broke off the conversation by saying, "Farewell sweetheart!" When she had retired he exclaimed peevishly "A good thing it is when women become such clerks! much it is to my comfort, forsooth, to be taught in my old days by my wife!" Gardiner, and Wriothesley the Lord Chancellor, instantly seized the opportunity, and so poisoned the king's mind against the queen, representing her as "concealing treason under the cloak of heresy" and as "a serpent whom he cherished in his bosom;" that he signed a bill of attainder against her, and told Dr. Wendy, the royal physician, that he would be "no longer troubled with such a doctress." Most providentially the fatal document fell from the bosom of one of the conspirators, and was conveyed to Catherine's hand. She trembled, grew pale, and then swooned away. Dr Wendy

* Southey's *Book of the Church*, ii. 73—84.

was summoned to her aid, touched by her anguish he revealed the whole plot, and advised unconditional submission as the only means of saving her head from the block. Acting upon this advice, when at her next visit, Henry said in bitter irony "You have become a doctor Kate, to teach us!" She strongly controlled her feelings, and using "the soft answer which turneth away wrath" instantly replied, with an air which irresistibly conveyed a conviction of her innocence, "Sire, a woman should never presume to teach her husband, my conversations were intended to soothe your sufferings, and to draw forth your learned discourse." "And is it so, sweet heart," exclaimed the gratified king, "tended your arguments to no worse end? Why then perfect friends now we are again as ever at any time heretofore." As the words left his lips, the Lord Chancellor arrived with a party of guards to convey her to the tower; Catherine with uncommon presence of mind showed neither surprise nor fear; but Henry exclaimed furiously, "Arrant knave! beast! fool! Avaunt my presence!" When the Christian lady pleaded sweetly for her enemy "that ignorance and not will was the cause of his error," "Ah, poor soul!" said the softened prince, "thou little knowest how evil he deserveth this grace at thy hands. Of my word, sweetheart, he hath been toward thee an arrant knave, and so let him go."* Cranmer's escape was still more wonderful, and even more mortifying to the popish party. They had persuaded the king that Cranmer and his learned followers had so infected the realm with unsound doctrine, that England was on the eve of being convulsed like Germany. They at length obtained permission to examine Cranmer before the council, and, if they found cause, to commit him to the tower. That was a restless night to the king. About midnight he sent privately to

* Foze, v. 553.

Lambeth, and summoned Cranmer, who instantly hastened to Whitehall. Henry told him what the privy council required, how he had granted their request, and added, "but whether I have done well or ill, what say you my lord?" When Cranmer cheerfully agreed to be committed to the tower for the trial of his doctrine, the king replied with an oath, "O what fond simplicity have you, so to permit yourself to be imprisoned, that every enemy may have you at advantage? Do not you know that when they have you once in prison, three or four false knaves will soon be procured to witness against you and to condemn you, which else dare not open their lips or appear before your face?" He then gave Cranmer his signet ring, upon producing which the privy council should consider the cause as transferred to the king's own hands. Next day the excellent archbishop was denied admittance to the council chamber; kept long waiting amongst insolent servants, and finally rudely ordered to the Tower. At length he displayed the ring. Frowns were at once replaced by smiles upon every countenance, and warm declarations of respect succeeded overbearing menaces. Thorough Romanist as he was, Henry knew their tactics well, and taught Cranmer how little he should be duped by the hollow professions of Gardiner and Bonner; as he then altered the three cranes on Cranmer's escutcheon to three pelicans, telling him that he should be prepared to shed his blood in support of his young ones in the faith: "For," said he, "you are like to be tasted at length if you stand to your tackling."

Cranmer was a prelate most eminent for his exalted piety, profound learning, transparent simplicity, and melting charity. It is a redeeming trait in Henry's life, that he could always appreciate and steadily uphold a character so noble and so contrary to his own, especially as Cranmer often faithfully

opposed him. Even when enacting a law against the marriage of the clergy, he shaped it so as to spare Cranmer, who was married to the niece of the learned German Reformer, Osiander; and, at Cranmer's entreaties, he gave up the idea of sending his daughter Mary to the Tower, for denying his supremacy, though he sorrowfully forewarned the kind hearted intercessor, that he would one day rue that interference.* Why were the tenderness, truthfulness, and talent which so endeared Cranmer to the wayward king, utterly powerless in softening the merciless hatred of the Romish bishops? Because popery is a spiritual tyranny infinitely more exacting than the most galling bondage imposed by a temporal sovereign, however despotic. Henry only required the Six Articles to be observed, and he could dispense with his own bloody statute in favour of a beloved and faithful subject; while the pope went infinitely farther, and demanded, as the VICAR OF CHRIST—we shudder at the Anti-Christian blasphemy—all the mastery over the conscience, mind, and affections, which are due to the Redeemer alone, and purchased by his precious blood! To the pope the slightest symptom of *free-will* is *heresy*—the unpardonable sin which ensures *extermination*. More of this hereafter. This was the principle which caused Gardiner and Bonner to beard the sick lion in his den, even at the risk of their own heads.

During his last illness Henry was dreadfully irritable, and could not endure the slightest noise, not even a whisper. One day he noticed some of the nobles in attendance whispering one another, with looks of deep concern. He insisted on hearing the subject of their conversation, and was absolutely furious when he learned that Sir George Blague, his favourite attendant, was on his way to the stake for saying in a jocular tone, “What if a mouse eat bread? Then

* Strype's Cranmer, 125. Southey's Book of the Church, ii. 80—91.

by my consent they shall hang up the mouse!" Sir George was rescued with great difficulty, and when he entered the royal chamber, all breathless and panting from his "hair-breadth 'scape," he was joyfully welcomed, under his old familiar name, with "Ho! my pig!" "If your majesty," sighed Sir George, "had not been better to me than your bishops were, your pig had been roasted by this time!" What singular astuteness must have been possessed, even in that rude age, by Romish bishops, and what extraordinary diplomatic powers they must have displayed in their treacherous dealings towards that acute king, whom they professed to consider as head of the orthodox church of England, while they persecuted his favourites, and ruled the realm so manifestly for the advancement of the interests of the pope of Rome! No wonder that Pius IX., in the teeth of all our opposition, has firmly established a band of such trusty and skilful diplomatic bishops in the very heart of the greatest Protestant nation in the world.

The lovely and accomplished Anne Askew, the queen's favourite lady in waiting, also fell into the hands of those bishops, and their treatment of her, accurately recorded by the famous Bale, bishop of Ossory, casts a dread light upon the craft and cruelty of papal persecution, even towards the gentler sex. She was arrested, in the hope that from her important information against the queen and her ladies might be obtained in a charge of heresy. Their object was to convict herself of heresy, and then oblige her to criminate the queen and her party. To throw her off her guard the examination was begun by the magistrates. Their questions upon their wafer-God she parried with uncommon self-possession, and, when urged to explain, quickly retorted that she would not throw pearls among swine, for acorns were good enough; but she confessed that she had rather read

five lines in the Bible, than hear five masses in an unknown tongue. When the Lord Mayor asked her whether the priests could make the body of Christ, she calmly said, "I have read that God made man; but that man can make God I never yet read, nor I suppose ever shall!" When he asked her what the bread was after consecration, she replied that it was *consecrated bread*. When he said, "If a mouse eat that bread, what shall become of that mouse?" she inquired his own opinion, and when his sapient lordship affirmed that the mouse was damned, she could not refrain from smiling, and saying, "Alack, poor mouse!" She was remanded, after several examinations, to solitary confinement, where at length a priest visited her, expecting to find her spirit subdued, and nerves unstrung, by the horrors of her cell. To all his pretended sympathy and ensnaring questions she refused her confidence, saying that he came to tempt her. Bonner then summoned her to his presence, and with many fair words pressed to know her opinions. She firmly answered that she believed as the Scriptures taught her. For a time she was liberated, but Gardiner took her in hand, and tried insult and menace, as argument and persuasion had failed. He called her a parrot, and she answered the taunt by looking to heaven and saying that she was ready to suffer, not only his rebukes, but all that should follow, "yea and gladly." He threatened her with burning. "I have searched all the Scriptures," she meekly replied, "yet could I never find that either Christ or his apostles put any creature to death." A courtier vainly attempted to shake her resolution. She kindly pointed out to him the gospel truth, and he left her in much emotion. The pervert bishop Shaxton next visited her dismal cell, and he retired pale and dismayed at her awful rebuke of his apostacy. At her final examination in the Guildhall, she boldly declared that their



wafer-God was only a piece of bread. "For proof thereof," she said, "make it when ye list, let it but lie in the box three months, and it will be mouldy—so I am persuaded that it cannot be God." She was then privately tortured in the Tower, but all the agony of the rack failed to extort a single accusation against her beloved queen. When the lieutenant of the Tower, who was quite unmanned at the awful sufferings of a lady so young and beautiful, absolutely refused, at the peril of his head, to stretch her on the rack a second time, the popish Lord Chancellor of England (!!) and Rich, a creature of Bonner, threw off their gowns, that they might the more cruelly perform their devilish work, and then racked her again with their own hands! Anne bore it without uttering cry or groan, but when unbound she swooned away. For a considerable time the fair young creature lay extended upon the floor, almost veiled with her long dishevelled tresses, and quivering in every tortured limb: while the too faithful emissaries of Rome sat by her side, vainly striving to gain a confession, her spirit was engaged in silent communion with Christ, and supported by His sweet consolations. Foiled in all their efforts, the Romish priests used their last resource,—they gave out that Anne Askew had recanted.

Listen to the description of her feelings, which she secretly conveyed to her friends; it faithfully represents the noble motives of our martyrs, and the source of their mighty strength in bearing the cross:—

"I am laid in my bed with as weary and painful bones as ever had patient Job. I thank my Lord God thereof. My Lord Chancellor sent me word, if I would leave my opinion, I should want nothing; if I would not I should forth go to Newgate, and so be burnt. I sent him again word that I would rather die than break my faith. Thus the Lord open

the eyes of their blind hearts, that the truth may take place, and forgive them that violence which they do, and have done to me. I have read the process which is reported to be my *recantation*. But as sure as the Lord liveth, I never meant thing less than to recant. They had no grant of my mouth but this, that I believed as the word of God did bind me to believe. O Lord, I have more enemies now than there be hairs on my head! Yet, Lord, let them not overcome me by vain words. But fight thou Lord in my stead; for on Thee I cast my care. With all the spite they can imagine they fall upon me, which am thy poor creature. Yet, sweet Lord, let me not regard them which are against Thee; for in Thee is my whole delight. Farewell, pray, pray, pray. Written by me Anne Askew, that neither wisheth death, nor nor feareth his might, and as merry as one bound towards Heaven."

Soon afterwards she was burnt alive in front of St. Bartholomew's church, together with a converted priest, a tradesman and a gentleman of the king's household, by name Lascelles. The execution, that it might be made more awful, was delayed till night had wrapped the scene in her sable shroud. Poor Anne was brought in her chair and bound by a chain to the stake, for she was still unable to walk or even stand, yet her eyes beamed with joyful hope, and her lips wore a heavenly smile. The king's pardon was presented to her on condition of returning to Romanism; she shuddered, and turned away her head that she might not even look upon the paper, then firmly said, that she came not there to deny her crucified Lord. Her companions, encouraged by her words and example, did the same. The faggots were kindled, the martyrs joined in prayer—a loud peal of thunder was heard, and some drops of rain fell as the flames ascended fiercely to the sky—a solemn silence prevailed, for it was

felt that God's mighty voice of encouragement, and the tears of His angels were welcoming the noble martyrs as they "entered into the joy of their Lord!"

I cannot refrain from subjoining some simple stanzas, composed and sung by this sweet Protestant heroine on the eve of her martyrdom.

Like as the armed knight,
Appointed to the field,
With this world will I fight,
And faith shall be my
shield.

Faith is that weapon strong,
Which will not fail at
need :

My foes, therefore, among
Therewith will I proceed.

Faith in the fathers old
Obtained righteousness ;
Which makes me very bold
To fear no world's distress.

I now rejoice in heart,
And hope bids me do so ;
For Christ will take my part,
And ease me of my woe.

Jesus ! on thee my care I
cast,
For all their cruel spite ;
I set not by their haste,
For thou art my delight.

Not oft use I to write,
In prose nor yet in rhyme ;
Yet will I shew one sight
That I saw in my time.

I saw a royal throne
Where justice should have
sit ;

But in her stead was one
Of moody cruel wit.

Absorbed was righteousness,
As of the raging flood :
Satan in his excess
Sucked up the guiltless
blood.

Then thought I, Jesus Lord,
When Thou shalt judge us
all,

Hard is it to record
On those men what will
fall.

Yet, Lord, I Thee desire
For that they do to me,
Let them not taste the hire
Of their iniquity.*

* Bishop Bale's Works, 139—240.

CHAPTER IV.

ROMANISM IN ENGLAND.—[CONTINUED.]

Romanism shorn of Religious and Political power by Edward VI.—Resorts to Intrigue—Restored to Ascendancy by Mary—Revels in Blood, and draws England to the brink of Ruin—Elizabeth—Rejects Political or Religious connexion with Rome—Imminent Perils from Jesuits and the Spanish Invasion—Her Triumphs and England's exaltation—Papal Struggles for Political power under the Stuarts—More Foxes and Firebrands—Disastrous consequences of their successes—England degraded—Cromwell and the Seven Champions of England—The Protestant wind—The glorious Revolution—Jesuits—They grasp Political power—How they use it—Romanism in Parliament—Cabinet, Universities, and Schools—Tractarians—Their Antics—Fraternize with Romanists—Patrons of Nunneries and Confessionals—Oxford Perverts—Jesuits—Sketches of Stonyhurst—Papal Aggression, its Triumphs, its Progress—The coming Struggle—Its formidable Aspect—Our Bane and Antidote.

THE trumpets sound for the coronation of Edward VI. and England rejoices. He is now only nine years old, 1547, but fame tells in glad accents that he inherits all his sweet mother's gentleness, with his father's ability. Those about

his person praise him as being "of such a teachable spirit, that the heart melts to hear him named," and describe him as "the beautifullest creature that liveth under the sun, the wittiest, the most amiable, the gentlest prince in the world." Even the annalists of the age, cold, dry, matter of fact recorders as they are, "pass him not by without praising him, though none praising him to his full deserts." Why then are Gardiner, Bonner, and the *exterminating* Lord Chancellor sad? and why are their countenances fallen? Because Edward has suspended the procession as soon as the swords of the three kingdoms have been brought forth, and has observed, "There is one still wanting, bring hither a BIBLE, that is the 'SWORD OF THE SPIRIT,' and ought to govern us who use these for the people's safety, by God's appointment; without that sword we are nothing and can do nothing." They had good reasons for their misgivings, for Edward loved the Bible, and knew its pure doctrines "from a child." A playfellow once placed a large Bible for him to stand upon when he wanted some article to raise him to a shelf. Edward reproved his companion with the words, "I should not trample under my feet that which I ought to treasure up in my head and heart." He had great faith in prayer. Sir John Cheke, his beloved tutor, was supposed to be dying, and his messenger was reluctant to grieve the young prince with the fatal tidings. However Edward dispelled his uneasiness, by exclaiming cheerfully, "No! he will not die this time, for this morning I begged his life from God in my prayers and I obtained it." Sir John recovered.

Edward always took notes of the sermons which he heard, and conversed with his young friends upon the subject matter of them. A very beautiful anecdote is told of the last sermon which he ever heard. Bishop Ridley had very pathetically described the miseries of the poor, and the duty of

those in authority to mitigate their sufferings. As soon as the sermon was over, Edward summoned him to the gallery in which he sat, thanked him for the good advice, and charged him to point out the best means of giving effectual relief. The result of the interview was the foundation of Christ's Hospital, for the religious education of poor children; St. Thomas's and St. Bartholomew's, for the relief of the sick; and Bridewell for the correction and amendment of vagrants; while provision was made for giving weekly aid to indigent housekeepers. He signed these patents when consumption had scarcely left him power to guide the pen; then laying it aside, he lifted his eyes to heaven and said, "Lord God, I yield Thee most hearty thanks, that Thou hast given me life thus long, to finish this work to the glory of Thy name!" Soon after he turned his face to the wall, and with broken accents prayed in these ever memorable words;—
 "Lord, deliver me out of this miserable and wretched life, and take me among Thy chosen: howbeit, not my will, but Thine be done! Lord God, I commit my spirit to Thee. O Lord! Thou knowest how happy it were for me to be with Thee, yet for Thy chosen sake, send me life and health, that I may truly serve Thee! O my Lord God, bless Thy people, and save Thine inheritance! O Lord God save Thy chosen people of England! O my Lord God defend this realm from PAPISTRY, and maintain Thy true religion; that I and my people my praise Thy holy name, for Thy Son Jesus Christ's sake."

Such was our first Protestant king.* During the seven years of his reign noble progress was made in establishing the Reformation. Pilgrimages and image worship were forbidden by proclamation. The Churches were cleansed of images, pictures, and monuments of false miracles. In

* Burnet's History of the Reformation, 450. Fuller, iv. 120. Foxe, vi, 350.

dislodging some of the latter, whole caskets full of indulgences were found in the coffins with the dead! Wooden tables were substituted for stone altars. The mass, with its paraphernalia of copes and candlesticks, gave place to the primitive Lord's Supper. Confession was no longer compulsory upon individuals. The "Service Book," that noble foundation of our magnificent liturgy, was set forth in English, purified from saint-worship, and enriched with the most scriptural prayers of primitive times; and homilies were provided to give gospel truth, and to expose papal abominations. Above all, and beyond all, the FIRST PRINTED BIBLE was now as free as the air of heaven—free as the glorious sunshine—free as the gentle dew that blesses all it rests upon—free as the infinite love which provides a Redeemer for every child of guilty man! The Church-going-bell no longer summoned the multitude merely to witness the mystic sorcery of the mass.

The FIRST PRINTED BIBLE was in the rude village church as well as in the stately cathedral. Behold the groups of eager listeners—mothers and lisping children—gentle maidens and stalwart youths—thoughtful men and venerable patriarchs! Mark the eloquent blood which speaks in the cheek, and the vivid expression which sparkles in the eye, as parables and miracles—sermons and prayers—prophecies of Christ and revelations of Anti-Christ, sound upon their delighted ears in all their celestial power and sweetness! Angels rejoiced over such scenes of national repentance of the national sin which God abhorreth—idolatry. The Romish bishops and their followers trembled and raged at seeing their reign departing, and their craft "in danger of being set at nought." Still Edward was so truly a friend to the church, that none of the dilapidation of its revenues which disgraced his father's reign was permitted. When urged by some courtiers to give

them the bishops' lands, he firmly said, "Set your hearts at rest, there shall no such alteration be made while I live;" and Cranmer, with his colleagues, had pursued the Reformation with such discretion, that Calvin, Bulligner, and other guides of the foreign Reformed Churches, devised a plan for bringing those Churches to a conformity with that of England; restoring episcopacy for that purpose, and uniting them in one body with the king of England as their Defender.* Gardiner had little left him, save to magnify the wisdom of Henry, and advocate the propriety of being guided by the *Six Articles*; to laud the use of images, which might be as valuable as books to the vulgar; and the use of *holy water*, which might do as much good as St. Peter's shadow; and to condemn the homilies, which defined doctrines of grace and of justification by faith, which it was superfluous for any man to know exactly, and beyond the comprehension of the vulgar. In reply Foxe called him "an insensible ass, and one that had no feeling of God's spirit in the matter of justification.†" Gardiner, Bonner and Tonsal were deprived of their sees, and committed to prison for contumacy; but no rigour was used towards them; nor did the Protestants abuse their triumph by retaliating upon the papists for the terrible persecution they had so lately endured.

Not one Romanist was put to death for his religion during Edward's reign, but it must not be denied that good humoured raillery was heavily heaped upon the discomfited adherents of the pope. The lively Duchess of Suffolk was long afterwards painfully reminded, by Gardiner, how she dressed out her little dog in a rochet, and called it by his name; how she called out to him in a sprightly tone, as he veiled his bonnet to her from a window in the Tower, "It is

* Southey's *Book of the Church*, ii., 111—130.

† Hume, chap. xxxiv. Foxe, vi. 310.



merry with the lambs, now the wolf is shut up." And, above all, how at a large dinner party her witty ladyship, seeing her husband giving his hand to another lady, presented her own to Gardiner, with the remark, "unkindest cut of all," that "as she could not sit down with my lord, whom she loved best, she had chosen him whom she loved worst."*

We can fancy also, how galling it must have been to the Romish party to hear the following "Merrie Ballad" sung through the streets of London, and in villages and hamlets, leading the people to despise what they had blindly feared.

HUNTIS UP.†

With huntis, with huntis up,
It is now perfect day;
Jesus, our king, is gone a hunting,
Who likes to speed they may.

Ane cursed fox lay hid in rocks,
This long and many a day,
Devouring sheep, while he might
creep,
None might him 'scape away.

It did him good to lap the blood
Of young and tender lambs:
None could him miss; for all was
his,
The young ones with their dams.

The hunter is Christ, who hunts in
haste,
The hounds are Peter and Paul:
The pope is the fox; Rome is the
rocks,
That rubs us on the gall.

That cruel beast, he never ceased,
By his usurped power,
Under dispense, to get our pence,
Our souls to devour.

Who could devise such merchandise
As he had there to sell,
Unless it were proud Lucifer,
The great master of hell?

He had to sell the Tautonie bell,
And pardons therein was,
Remission of sins in old sheep-
skins,
Our souls to bring from grace.

With bulls of lead, white wax and
red,
And other whiles with green,
Closed in a box; this used the
fox;
Such paultrie was never seen!

Papal emissaries from the Council of Trent, it has been asserted, were now vigorously engaged in propagating the

* Foxe, viii. 570.

† Nelson's Dawn of the Reformation, 92.

wildest and most dangerous opinions, in order to weaken our reformed Church by internal divisions. The fact that the Jesuits—whose exploits in creating “schisms amongst heretics” we have lately considered—had now arisen to their loftiest ascendancy in the Council of Trent, is quite enough to detect the “enemy that came and sowed tares amongst the wheat.” The devices of those insidious and deadly foes of the Reformation were the more successful in alienating the nation, which was still only partially enlightened, from Gospel-truth, in consequence of the oppressive rapacity of the great Protestant nobles—the *step-lords*, as Latimer in his honest indignation, used to call them.*

As if to show our country the true nature of Romanism—to make us know its false teachers *by their fruits*—to constrain us and our children, for all time, to entertain an undying antipathy to the great apostacy—and to give us a due sense of all God’s mercies in the free Gospel of Christ—as well as to punish our national backsliding into Romanism—for each and all of these reasons, another Romish sovereign, 1553, ascended the throne. How thoroughly Mary possessed the blind obedience, unquestioning credulity, and bitter hostility to the Reformation, which constitute a character essentially Romish, is evident from her reply to Ridley, when he offered to preach before her. “You durst not for your ears,” she exclaimed, “have avouched that for God’s words in my father’s days that now you do! As for your new books, I thank God *I never read any of them, I never did, nor ever will do.* For your gentleness in coming to see me I thank you, but for your offering to preach for me, I thank you never a whit.” Queen Mary obtained the crown without the loss of a single life. Never was the genius of Romanism more fully displayed than during her brief but

* Southey’s *Book of the Church*, ii. 129—130.

eventful reign. The Reformation had made great progress, and possessed considerable strength. So a mantle of mystery covered Mary's policy for a considerable time. She and her councillors Gardiner and Bonner, and Cardinal Pole, were fully bent upon "*exterminating heretics*," according to the solemn duty imposed upon their consciences by the Council of Lateran, and in unison with the example of all other Romish sovereigns; but they worked warily, and disarmed the Reformers by lavish offers of conciliation. The Suffolk men were the first who had declared for Mary, and they obtained her promise that no alteration should be made in the religion which her brother had established; and her first proclamation was to inhibit all controversy, to inculcate Christian charity, and to interdict the use of the "new-found devilish terms of papist or heretic." In the same deceitful spirit Cardinal Pole, when he arrived as legate, softly and solemnly declared that his commission was of grace and clemency, and freely offered to all who might be conscientiously disposed to embrace it; and that "touching all matters past and done, they should be cast into the sea of forgetfulness." Those mere political Protestants, the "step-lords," opposition was easily quieted by a papal bull, which allowed the holders of abbey-lands to retain their prey. The Queen even retained the title of supreme head of the Church, and, it was pretended, that the Court desired only the modified Romanism left by Henry.

When the Spanish marriage had given fresh strength to the Romish party, and Sir Thomas Wyatt's insurrection was crushed; when her Protestant rival, Lady Jane Grey was beheaded, and many leading Reformers had fled—then papal persecution was *safe*, and its exterminating sway began.*

A glorious example of constancy in the gospel was given

* Ibid ii., 136—141. Hume, chap. xxxvi.

by the lovely and learned Lady Jane. Her execution was not only the beginning of sorrows, but also the dawn of gospel-hope to our country, for it proved the existence of a true and martyr like spirit of love to Christ, and of hostility to Anti-Christ. When priest Fecknam, by the Queen's order, laboured to pervert her faith by sophistry, she quickly retorted, "By what Scripture find you that?" His virulent abuse of the grand Reformation doctrine, Justification by Faith only, drew from her the following admirable defence:—"Faith only justifieth, as St. Paul saith. Faith and love go both together, and yet love is comprehended in faith: for how can I love him whom I *trust* not; or can I trust him whom I *love* not? It is meet for a Christian, in token that he followeth his master Christ, to do good works; yet may we not say that they profit to our salvation. For, when we have done all, yet we are unprofitable servants, and faith only in Christ's blood saveth us"

Her letter to the unfortunate apostate, Harding, is most suitable to the wretched perverts of our days:—"So oft as I call to mind the dreadful saying of God, 'that he which layeth hold of the plough and looketh back, is not fit for the kingdom of God;' and, on the other side, the comfortable words of our Saviour Christ to all those, who forsaking themselves, do follow Him: I cannot but marvel at thee, and lament thy case, who seemed sometimes to be the lively member of Christ, but now the *unshamed paramour of Anti-Christ*; sometimes the beautiful temple of God, but now the filthy kennel of Satan; sometimes my faithful brother, but now a stranger and apostate; sometimes a stout Christian soldier, but now a cowardly runaway. How canst thou, having knowledge, or how darest thou neglect the law of the Lord, and follow the vain traditions of men? Wilt thou refuse the true God, and worship the invention of man—the

abominable idol—the most wicked mass? Wilt thou take upon thee to offer up any sacrifice to God for our sins, considering that Christ offered up Himself upon the cross, a living sacrifice, ‘*once for all.*’ Dost thou so regard Him that spared not His dear and only Son for thee, so diminishing His glory, that thou wilt attribute the praise and honour due unto him to the idols ‘which have mouths and speak not; eyes and see not; ears and hear not;’ which shall perish with them that made them?” Then she refutes the common excuse made by perverts for joining the church of Rome. “But,” thou wilt say, “I will not break unity.” “Mark—*there is no unity except where Christ knitteth the knot* amongst such as be His! Deceive not thyself, therefore, with the glittering and glorious name of unity; for Anti-Christ hath his unity, yet not in deed but in name. The agreement of ill men is not unity, but a *conspiracy.*” The plaintive tenderness with which she then bewails his woful fall, and the imploring earnestness with which she beseeches him to return to Christ his first love, whose tender compassion waited for him, as well as for the erring Peter, are deeply affecting, and most worthy of imitation towards unhappy perverts.

The night before the Queen’s cruel and needless mandate brought this sweet lady to the scaffold, she sent a New Testament to her sister, with the following words written on the fly leaf in Greek:—“I have here sent you, good sister Katherine, a book, which although it be not outwardly trimmed with gold, yet inwardly is worth more than precious stones. It is the Lord’s Testament and Last Will, which He bequeathed unto us wretches; which shall lead you to the path of eternal joy: and if you, with a good mind, read it, and with an earnest mind, do purpose to follow it, it shall bring you to an immortal and everlasting life. It shall teach

you to live, and learn you to die. It shall win you more than you should have gained by the possession of your woful father's lands. If you apply diligently to this book, seeking to direct your life after it, you shall be an inheritor of such riches as 'moth and rust shall not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal.' Rejoice in Christ as I do. Follow Christ, take up your cross, lay your sins on His back, and always embrace Him." Such and so lovely were the zeal and piety of the youthful fellow student and constant companion of blessed king Edward. The day of her execution was long called "Black Monday" by the Protestants of England.* From that sad day to the last hour of Mary's reign, a persecution, essentially Romish, steadily and mercilessly "made war with the saints, and prevailed against them!"†

Many obnoxious Reformers early retired to the continent. Gardiner, who was now Lord Chancellor, used all his great powers to "exterminate" them, even in their exile. He vowed that he would so "stop all sending of supplies that they should eat their own nails, and then feed upon their finger's ends." Some English merchants, then, as now, aided God's persecuted servants with noble munificence. Springham and Abell, were then remembered in the grateful prayers of their suffering brethren abroad, as Barkworth and Bevan, Silver and Gurney, Buxton and Hoare, are now thankfully remembered before the throne of grace by their afflicted brethren at home. "They did it secretly," says Fuller, "for that is the best charity, which, Nilus-like, has several streams seen, but the fountains concealed. Such silent bounty is best at all times to avoid vain glory, but it is best in bad times to avoid danger."‡ Foreign Protestants

* Foxe, vi., 420.

† Dan. vii., 21.

‡ Church History, iv. 365.

also gave shelter and literary employment to many houseless wanderers. O with what intense anxiety those truly "Pilgrim Fathers" watched for news from home, how eagerly they collected the sayings and sufferings of their brethren, and how joyfully they entrusted them to the great martyrologist, John Foxe, whose stupendous learning and laborious life were consecrated to the glorious office of rendering immortal the "Acts and Monuments" of that noble army of martyrs !

England never presented scenes more conducive to the glory of God, and the consequent promotion of the Reformation, than when these godly martyrs "were made a spectacle unto the world, and to angels, and to men." Their holiness of life had commanded the respect even of their adversaries ; the preaching of many amongst them had been highly admired—but all this was thrown into the shade by their heavenly *example*, amidst sufferings unparalleled. They long patiently endured hunger and cold in over crowded and noisome prisons. When brought before their priestly persecutors, for disputation, they pleaded like men doomed to death, but valiant for gospel truth. They showed wonderful "meekness of wisdom" in opposing sound scriptural argument to subtle sophistry ; and amazing was the faithfulness with which they one and all refused to acknowledge "the Anti-Christ of Rome to be Christ's vicar-general," and declared the mass to be "the daughter and heir of Anti-Christ, whereby Christ's supper is perverted, His sacrifice imperfect ; His priesthood destroyed, and ministry taken away ; repentance repelled, and all true godliness abandoned ; and all this though Doctor Death be the pope's chaplain !" Still more striking was the gentle pity which they showed toward the bigotted wretches who went through the insulting mockery of degrading and branding them with infamy—the

alacrity with which they welcomed the stake, and the indwelling spirit of Christ which deprived their fiery death of its sting, and made them "more than conquerors through Him that loved them."

It was noted too, that the married clergy were the bravest martyrs; and all the taunts of cowardice and self-indulgence cast upon "the wiving gospellers" recoiled upon their vile authors, when that fact was blazed abroad. The savage barbarity shown to the families of the married clergy, also smote upon the hearts of the gentler sex, and through their ready sympathies moved the better feelings of the nation. Here are some cases in point. John Rogers, a prebendary of St. Paul's, was the first martyr in this tragical reign. He had preached against popery as *the* Anti-Christ, and when imprisoned, he besought Gardiner and Bonner for permission to see his wife, "who is," said he, "a foreigner. She has ten children that are hers and mine, and I would counsel her what were best for her to do." He was brutally refused, and reminded that the marriages of the clergy were declared unlawful, and their children bastardized!!! She met him, however, with her ten children, one hanging on the breast, as he approached Smithfield. That sad sight did not abate the cheerfulness of his courage; he washed his hands in the flames as they blazed about him, exclaiming, "That which I have preached I will seal with my blood!" The second martyr Laurence Saunders, was also a married clergyman. He was summoned before Bonner. While waiting for admission, he warned the assembled multitude "by a faithful repentance to embrace Christ again, in defiance of Anti-Christ." When required to write his opinion concerning Transubstantiation, he instantly complied, and as he delivered the writing to Bonner, he said, "My lord, ye seek my blood, and ye shall have it. I

pray God that ye may be so baptized in it, that ye may thereafter loathe blood-sucking, and become a better man!" The monster's reply was, "Carry away this frenzy fool to prison." When condemned to the stake he wrote to his wife, desiring her to send him a shirt, "which," said he, "you know whereunto it is consecrated. Let it be sewed down on both sides, and not open. O my Heavenly Father look upon me in the face of Thy Christ, or else I shall not be able to abide thy countenance! He will do so, and therefore I will not be afraid what sin, death and hell, can do against me. O wife always remember the Lord, God bless you! He will bless thee, good wife, and thy poor boy also. Only cleave thou unto Him, and He will give thee all things. I am merry, and trust I shall be merry maugre the teeth of all the devils in hell; pray, pray, pray!" Surely one glimpse of that wife, as she bends over her mournful task, and finishes the shroud which is so soon to encircle her loved husband's burning frame, reveals such a treasure of Christian faith, and hope, and love—such unity of mind, and of spirit, with that illustrious martyr, as to prove her indeed to be, like many others of that evil time, the help-meet to His minister, without whom God saw that it was "not good for him to be alone," notwithstanding the anti-Christian prohibition of the apostate bishop of Rome. When Saunders was brought to the stake at Coventry, he kissed it with a smiling countenance, saying aloud, "Welcome be the cross of Christ! Welcome everlasting life! and—being fastened to the stake and fire put to him, full sweetly he slept in the Lord."

Dr. Rowland Tayler was also an eminent example of the intense bitterness with which the Romish priest regard the married clergy of our Church; and yet never did apostolic minister more beautifully "adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things." The ancient town of Hadleigh, in

Suffolk, still cherishes fondly the memory of "good Dr. Tayler." There is the venerable and spacious Church, in which every Lord's day and holiday, constrained by the love of Christ, he used faithfully to proclaim His unsearchable riches. Amidst those green meadows are the ancient almshouses and cottages to which he used to proceed daily on his visits of mercy, accompanied by the rich farmers and clothiers whom his benevolent example induced to share with him "the luxury of doing good." There is the old brick rectory tower, where he and his family so hospitably welcomed the stranger and the poor. There—the very spot is still pointed out—this good shepherd boldly met and drove to flight the "popish wolf, who presumed to infect the flock committed to him with the venom of the idolatrous mass;" and there he answered the entreaties of his faithful servant John Hull, that he would save his life in flight, by saying, "O John, shall I give place to this thy counsel and worldly persuasion, and leave my flock in this danger! Remember the Good Shepherd Christ, who not alone fed His flock, but died for it; Him I must follow, and with God's grace will do; therefore good John, pray for me; and if thou seest me weak at any time, comfort me; and discourage me not in this my godly purpose." He was summoned before Gardiner, who insolently said, "Art thou married?" "Yes," said the dauntless martyr, "I thank God I am, and have had nine children." He then boldly declared "the pope to be Anti-Christ, and the doctrine of the Bible to be sufficient doctrine touching all matters of salvation." Can any thing be more affecting than the account given by Foxe of his last supper in the prison with his wife and son, and the charge he gave his son to lead a chaste and godly life, for his father was about to die in defence of holy matrimony? or the scene on the following day, when his weeping wife, with his son and adopted

daughter, went to meet him, at two o'clock in the morning, from the porch of St. Botolph's Church—their sole shelter during that inclement winter's night? See him embracing his excellent wife, and comforting her with the Lord's prayer, and the assurance of his happy conscience—and John Hull lifting the boy to set him on the horse before his father, who blesses the lad and says to the softened crowd, "Good people this is my own son, begotten in holy matrimony; God be blessed for holy matrimony!" There he is tenderly delivering the child again to John Hull, with the words, "Farewell John Hull, the faithfulest servant that ever man had!"

Never was a spectacle more shameful to popery, or a more noble triumph to Protestant truth, than when that faithful pastor, firmly resisting tearful supplications and glittering bribes, rode forth to suffer martyrdom in his own beloved parish—"as joyful and merry as one going to a most pleasant banquet or bridal; so content and constant, void of all fear, joyful in heart, glad to die!" Upon entering Hadleigh, the ferocious insults of the guards could not prevent him from continually exclaiming, as each well-remembered group appeared along the winding road, "I have preached to you God's word and truth, and am come this day to seal it with my blood!"

A little above the town, near an old rude stone which marks the place of his martyrdom, a tasteful monument was lately erected bearing the following inscription, which describes the rest:—

This is the victory which overcometh the world, even our faith.—1 John v. 4.

"Mark this rude stone where Tayler dauntless stood,
Where zeal infuriate drank the martyr's blood:
Hadleigh! that day how many a tearful eye,
Saw thy beloved pastor dragged a victim by;

Still scattering gifts and blessings as he past
‘To the blind pair’ his farewell alms were cast :
His clinging flock, e’en here around him prayed,
‘As thou hast aided us, be God thine aid.’
Nor taunts, nor bribes of mitred rank, nor stake,
Nor blows, nor flames, his heart of firmness shake :
Serene—his folded hands, his upward eyes,
Like holy Stephen’s, seek the opening skies ;
There fixed in rapture, his prophetic sight
Views truth dawn clear on England’s bigot night ;
Triumphant saint ! he bowed and kissed the rod,
And soared on seraph wing to meet his God.”

This is the noble martyr whose marriage made him so odious with the famous Jesuit Parsons, that he calls him “a very gross and sensual fellow, who went with his faith to the fire, where we must, it is to be feared, leave him eternally.*” However this is not to be wondered at, for we shall soon see that forbidding the clergy to marry is a signal mark of the Great Apostacy.

Numbers of speculations have been afloat ever since the Reformation, upon the practicability of effecting a union between the Churches of England and Rome. Very great light is thrown upon this vital question by the conferences now held between the most practised disputants of Romanism, such as the bishop of Winchester, archbishop of York, and Philip’s confessor, the celebrated controversialist Alonso de Castro—who being in full ascendancy—suppressed none of their doctrines : and the divinely directed founders of our noble liturgy and scriptural articles—bishops Hooper and Ridley, Latimer and Cranmer, archdeacon Philpot, and that eminently holy prebendary of St. Paul’s, John Bradford. The striking antagonism of the two Churches is frightfully

* Three Conversions, iii., 231.

visible in those momentous records preserved most providentially by John Foxe.*

The soul saving doctrine of *Justification by faith only*, was held with as beautiful clearness by our Reformers, one and all, as it was repudiated as "rank heresy" by the champions of Rome. Faith in Christ was no mere speculation with those great men. Their conversations, and their letters, abound with exhortations to its cultivation. Bradford writes thus to his fellow martyrs. "Let the life you lead be in the faith of the Son of God 'for the just doth live by his faith,' which faith flieth from all evil and followeth the word of God as a lantern unto her feet and a light to her steps. Her eyes be above where Christ is; she beholdeth not the things present, but rather things to come; she glorieth in afflictions; she knoweth that the afflictions of this life are not like to be compared with the glory which God will reveal to us and in us. Of this glory God grant us here a lively taste: then shall we run after the scent which it sendeth forth! it will make us valiant men to take us to the kingdom of God. Faith is reckoned, and worthily, among the greatest gifts of God; yea it is the greatest itself that we may enjoy, for by it as we are justified and made God's children, so are we temples and possessors of the Holy Spirit; yea of Christ also, and of the Father himself. In testimony of this faith I render my life as well for not acknowledging the Anti-Christ of Rome, as for denying the idolatrous doctrine of Transubstantiation." Bradford's letter to his mother shows what strength this clear faith supplied to himself and his fellow martyrs, "O my mother! perchance you are weakened in that which I have preached, because God doth not defend it as you think, but suffereth the popish doctrine to come again and prevail. Good mother! God by this doth try and prove his people.

* Cattley's Unabridged Edition. Seeleys.

When the blast cometh then fleeth away the chaff
 In peace when no persecution was, then were you content, and glad to hear me; then did you believe me; and will you not do so now, sweet mother! seeing I speak that which I trust by God's grace to verify with my life?" If ever there were grounds for union between the Churches, it was when our sincere and godly Reformers found it their all important interest to compromise all differences, for "they loved both life and liberty if they could enjoy them without the hurt of their conscience." Let us contemplate for a moment the lives and deaths of these glorious Reformers, and surely we must for ever despair of changing popery or of coalescing with it, when the able testimony to gospel truths of these great and good "witnesses" was called by Gardiner and his colleagues "painting and pride of speech, and glorious words in which all heretics please themselves," and still more when it ensured their being "killed" by the most terrible of all deaths—by being burnt alive!

The fact that both Ridley and Farrer, in natural weakness showed a strong desire to save themselves from the stake, the former by going to mass in the Tower when first imprisoned there, and the latter by receiving the communion only in one kind after the Romish fashion, and that it was by Bradford's scriptural exhortations they were reclaimed, is enough to show that it was no mere enthusiasm but a scripturally enlightened conscience, that caused them to prefer that frightful torment, to reconciliation with Rome.*

John Hooper, was the earliest of this noble band, in his testimony to the truth. Promotion had wrought no change in him, who being, says Foxe, "Bishop of the two dioceses, Gloucester and Worcester, so ruled and guided either of them and both together, as though he had no charge but one

* Southey's Book of the Church, ii. 181.

family ; no father in his household ; no gardener in his garden ; no husbandman in his vineyard, was more employed than he in his dioceses among his flock, going about the towns and villages, teaching and preaching to the people there." He daily entertained many poor people in his palace, and never sat down to dinner till he and his ministers had first examined the poor guests in the Lords prayer ; the articles of their faith and the ten commandments ; and seen their wants well supplied. The care of training up his own children and servants, in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, was so vigilantly attended to by Hooper, that "he was equally to be commended for his fatherly usage at home, and bishop-like dealings abroad." Hooper's knowledge of the true spirit of popery made him certain of suffering martyrdom when ever it should regain ascendancy. As he was leaving Zurich where he was long hospitably entertained by Bullinger in Henry VIII's. persecution, he solemnly said, "You shall often hear from me, but the last news of all I shall not be able to write—for there I shall be burnt to ashes."

As soon as Cardinal Pole reached England, Hooper was urged to fly, but he firmly answered, "Once did I flee and and take to my feet, but now being called to this place and office, I am thoroughly persuaded to tarry, and live and die with my sheep." He was arrested on a false charge of being indebted to the Queen, and committed to Fleet prison, where his firm health was so undermined by bad food, foul air and damp, that he fell dangerously ill, "during which time" he writes, "the door, bars, hasps and chains, being all closed and made fast upon me, I have mourned, called, and cried for help in vain, the keeper saying, 'Let him alone, it were a good riddance of him.'" Gardiner, the Lord Chancellor, at length summoned him to examination, and his first question was, whether he was married? "Yea my Lord" answered the

undaunted prisoner, "and will not be unmarried, till death unmarry me." Bishop Tonstall—so lauded for his benignity—was much moved, called him *beast*, and said that this was matter enough to deprive him. When Gardiner urged him to be reconciled to the pope, the martyr replied "that as the pope taught doctrine altogether contrary to Christ's doctrine, he was not worthy to be accounted a member of Christ's Church, much less its head." After his condemnation he was carried by night to Newgate, and some of the sergeants were sent in advance to put out the costermongers candles, (London had no lamps then) that he might pass unseen, yet many ran out with lighted torches to comfort and pray for him. Shortly afterwards he was degraded and sent to Gloucester. About a mile from the city, he was met by very many of his old friends, and their blessings were mingled with tears.

How affecting is the description of his coming to the place of martyrdom near the great elm tree, in the Cathedral close, opposite the College of priests, where the place was so crowded with spectators, that even the boughs of the trees, and roofs of the houses were filled with people! A box containing his pardon was placed by the stake—he knelt in prayer, then pointing to the box, suddenly cried, "If ye love my soul away with it!" His sufferings were protracted to three quarters of an hour; for by a refinement in cruelty, the faggots were of green wood, which burned slowly; but the voice with which he called upon his Redeemer, was not that of one impatient or overcome with pain, and "he died as quietly as a child in his bed, saying 'Lord Jesus receive my spirit.'" Thus by grace he was kept gentle and firm to the last, and exemplified the beautiful device which he chose on being consecrated the first Reformed Bishop of Gloucester—a lamb in a burning bush, with the sunbeams from heaven darting down upon it. Mr. McClelland, of the north of Ire-

land, lately erected a monument to his memory, on the spot where the stump of the stake at which he was burned was discovered, charred and blackened by the fire, and driven deep into the earth.

The wild mountain scenery and lovely vallies of Wales, have engaged the pens of many tourists and historians, whose legendary lore has rescued from oblivion many interesting facts, but to our great martyrologist alone, is left the deeply touching history of Robert Farrar, bishop of St. Asaph—the bosom friend of Hooper and Bradford. He too was tauntingly accused of being a married man—strange charge for that church which unduly exalts the apostle, who is expressly recorded in Scripture to have been a married man*—and he was also accused of “whistling to his child, and that said boy understood his whistle when he was but three days old!” He answered in those beautiful words, “That he did use with gravity all honest—loving entertainment of his child, to encourage him willingly hereafter to receive wholesome doctrine of the true fear and love of God.” A most valuable document, as briefly embodying the points of difference between the two churches, was then placed in his hands. He was required by it to repudiate his wife—to admit the *bodily* presence of Christ in the sacrament—and the mass to be a sacrifice for the living and the dead—to hold that general *Councils, (fourth Lateran Council inclusive)* never did and never can err—that men are not justified by faith only—and lastly, that the Roman Catholic Church alone has authority to expound Scripture and to decide controversies!!!

Are any of these doctrines now disavowed, or can they be disavowed by the Church of Rome? Are any of them held by the Church of England? They are the great gulph which for ever divides the Churches. Bishop Farrar was

* Matt. viii. 14.

burnt alive in Carmarthen, for refusing those articles. He had such confidence in the Lord's present help, that when one lamented his cruel death, he smiled cheerfully, and bade him give no credit to his doctrine if he saw him once flinch in the flames ; and his hope made him not ashamed, for he stood unmoved in heavenly patience till life failed, praying to Christ for fresh and fresh supplies of strength.

Gentle John Bradford next glorified the Lord in his martyrdom. He was a fellow of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, and though he modestly declined taking orders, as he was "too unlearned to preach," Martin Bucer obliged him to do so with the pithy remark "If thou hast not fine manchet bread, yet give the poor people barley bread, or what soever else the Lord hath committed unto thee." Ever afterwards, even in prison, reading, prayer and preaching were his sole occupation. He always studied on his knees, seeking divine guidance and blessing ; and his beautiful humility grew with his spiritual growth. One day seeing a malefactor led by to execution, while others harshly recounted his crimes, Bradford smote upon his own breast and exclaimed, "But for the grace of God, there goes John Bradford!" In the midst of dinner or conversation, says Foxe, he used often to muse with himself, having his hat over his eyes from whence dropped plenty of tears. Very gentle was he to man or child, and in so good credit with his keeper, that he had license to visit any one that was sick. At his examination "he cast up his eyes to heaven-ward, sighed for God's grace, and then overfaced his judges," whose inquisitorial stare sunk abashed. With admirable wisdom—that of the serpent mingled with the innocence of the dove, Bradford met the varied and subtle arguments of his assailants, and powerfully rebutted them. When offered mercy he gently replied, "I desire mercy with God's mercy ; but mercy with God's

wrath, God keep me from." At length the gaoler's wife came to him weeping, and said, that they were preparing his chains, and on the morrow he was to be burnt. Bradford took off his cap; lifted his eyes to heaven, and devoutly thanked God. He then retired into his chamber, prayed in secret; and calmly dressed himself in a shirt, which had been prepared for his burning. About midnight he was removed from the Compter, to Newgate; and multitudes, with lighted torches, thronged the street, to receive the last blessing, and to give the last farewell. He was burnt in Smithfield, and "endured the flame as a fresh gale of wind, on a hot summer's day."

Archbishop Philpot was long immured in bishop Bonner's "blind coal-house, without fire or candle, and rousing on straw, with sixteen other prisoners." His examinations are the most interesting of any, as he brought forward irresistible arguments, to identify popery with the great apostacy. Bonner's answer was, "I warrant thee, I will despatch you shortly, unless you do recant." Philpot coolly replied, "My Lord! I had not thought that I should have been alive now, neither so raw as I am, but well roasted to ashes." When consigned to Smithfield he knelt down on the pavement, and with uplifted hands and eyes, exclaimed in holy triumph,—“ I will pay my vows in thee, O Smithfield!” Then kissing the stake he said, “ *Shall I disdain to suffer at this stake, seeing my Redeemer did not refuse a most vile death on the cross for me?*”

How our feelings of love and reverence rise at the name of "Honest Hugh Latimer!" His story is a perfect gem among the lives of the martyrs. He was the only son of a respectable farmer in Leicestershire. At four years of age, his parents were so struck by the child's cleverness and love for learning, that they sent him from home to a grammar school; and at four-

teen he entered Cambridge, where he soon distinguished himself by the homely wit, fiery zeal, and ready eloquence with which he assailed "the gospellers." Through God's mercy his eyes were opened to the truth, and thenceforward he lived but to advance it. His first sermon at Cambridge, after his conversion, was a singular and characteristic effusion. It was preached at Christmas, when card playing was the rage, and by a quaint fancy he showed that "as the *ace of hearts* was the trump, and though never so small was better than the best court card in the bunch, yea even than the king of clubs—so the Lord Jesus Christ is best served by the *heart*, and not with the glistening show of men's traditions and pardons, pilgrimages &c., &c., so that all these are needless where the heart is present." And very fully in this fashion he preached salvation as of free grace to all believers in Christ. A greater sensation had never before been produced by a sermon at Cambridge. The prior of the Black Friars tried to foil Latimer's Christmas cards, by his own Christmas *dice*, and on the following Sunday, he cast his *Cinque* or five texts of the New Testament, and his *Quatre* or four quotations from the Fathers, in which he attempted to show that the Scriptures were so full of obscurities, that the ignorant must wrest them to their own destruction. With wondrous gravity he showed that when the ploughman hears in the Testament that "no man having put his hand to the plough and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God"—he might in panic cease from the plough; and the baker might give us no leavened bread, on hearing that "a little leaven, leaveneth the whole lump;" and also the simple man, when he hears "If thine eye offend thee pluck it out and cast it from thee," might blind himself and fill the whole world with beggars! On the very same afternoon, Latimer replied to the friar, who, with his cowl drawn over his head, sat right opposite the

pulpit, with his great black eyes maliciously scowling at the preacher, and anticipating an easy triumph. His confusion may be easier imagined than described, when Latimer, in his own crushing manner, vigorously pointed out his folly, by showing the beautiful simplicity, and lucid clearness with which the grand truths of redemption are revealed to us in Bible, so that "he who runs may read;" and then reminded his auditors how easily the figurative language of every nation, as well as of the Jews, is understood by the unprejudiced common sense of mankind. "For example," said he, looking fixedly at the friar, "when painters picture to us a fox preaching out of a friar's cowl, none is so mad as to take this to be a fox that preacheth, but knows well enough that the painting represents what hypocrisy, craft, and subtle dissemination lieth many times hid in these friar's cowls, willing us to beware of them." The friar "was so dashed with this sermon, that never after he durst peep out of the pulpit against master Latimer." Through his daily indefatigable searching of the Scriptures, Latimer had now become a perfect master of the controversy between the two churches, and his affectionate manner of preaching Christ was as striking as his faithful denunciation of Anti-Christ. In all his discourses he was by turns argumentative, imaginative, pathetic, fanciful, even humorous; sometimes dealing out the sharpest rebukes; sometimes breathing forth the gentlest and most affectionate remonstrances, illustrating his subject with interesting facts, and mingling severity with sweetness, terrors with tenderness. But he always preached justification by faith in Christ, with pure and heavenly clearness. For instance, in his sermon on the Law and the Gospel, he says, "These are good works, when every one doth his calling as God hath appointed him to do, but they must be done to show ourselves thankful, and therefore they are called in

Scripture 'sacrifices of thanksgiving,' not to win heaven withal. For if we should do so, we should deny Christ our Saviour, despise and tread Him under our feet; for what purpose suffered he, if I shall by my good works merit heaven? As the papists who *deny* Him indeed, for they think to get to heaven with their pilgrimages, and with running hither and thither. I pray you note this, *we must first be made good, before we can do good*; we must first be made just, before our works can please God; for when we are justified by faith in Christ, and are made good by Him, then cometh our duty; that is, to do good works, to make a declaration of our thankfulness." Latimer had a settled conviction, that his preaching would cost him his life, but this impression mightily increased his zeal. He preached Christ in the lanes of Cambridge, then in villages and towns, for many miles around; and finally at court. When consecrated bishop of Rochester, his labours and fidelity grew still brighter. His new year's present to Henry VIII. was a New Testament, wrapped in a fine white cloth, on which was inscribed "Whoremongers and adulterers, God will judge." At the promulgation of the iniquitous Six Articles, Latimer resigned his see, and was committed to the Tower, though almost crushed to death, by the fall of a tree. On Edward's accession he declined the bishopric of Rochester, and gave himself entirely to preaching, sometimes at court, and sometimes on missionary tours, through the length and breadth of England. Though now old and feeble, he never "gave to the Lord that which cost him nothing" for he rose each morning—winter and summer—at two o'clock to make full preparation for the pulpit. As soon as Mary was firmly seated on the throne, he was conveyed once more to the Tower. As he traversed Smithfield he smiled and said, "Smithfield hath long groaned for me." The following winter was dreadfully severe, yet he was not

allowed a fire, until in his own good humoured way, he one day warned the keeper that he would perchance deceive him, if not taken better care of, and when the alarmed Lieutenant of the Tower, charged him with these words he answered pleasantly—"Yea master Lieutenant so I said, for you look I think that I should burn; but except you let me have some fire, I am like to deceive your expectation, for I am like here to starve with the cold." He was at length removed to the common gaol at Oxford, once known by the name of Bocardo, where he was joined by his illustrious fellow Reformers, Ridley and Cranmer. To the exalted piety and learning of those great men of God, the Liturgy and Articles of our Church owe a mighty debt of never-dying gratitude.

Ridley was of an ancient family in Northumberland, and had been successively master of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, bishop of Rochester, and of London. His gentleness and generosity amazingly endeared him to his poorer clergy, who ever found him a true father in God, full of sympathy, hospitality and generosity. The Romish bishop Heath, together with Bonner's mother and sister, were sent to his palace, for safe keeping, during the merciful reign of our first Protestant king, and treated there with as much respectful attention, as if they had been his own kindred. Ungrateful indeed was their conduct when Anti-Christ again "raised his victor head" in England! In the Bocardo, their sufferings at first were very great, for the wife of the gaoler was such a bigotted papist, that she fancied every act of inhumanity, which she showed towards them would add to her good works; but in spite of her malicious watchfulness, they were privately supplied with every thing needful. During his long imprisonment, Ridley wrote many beautiful letters, breathing the full assurance of faith and hope. Such Protestants as were not in captivity, he advised to flee from England, upon which chastisements were

being heavily inflicted for grievous national sins. But for all such as remained he prayed, that "when brought into the wrestling place, they might not shrink nor relent *one inch*, nor give back, whatsoever might befall, but stand to their tackle and stick by it even unto death." To his relatives and private friends he wrote a most affectionate letter, entreating them not to be cast down at the manner of his death. "Ye have rather cause to rejoice," said he, "if ye love me indeed, for that it hath pleased God to call me to greater honour and dignity, than ever I had before, either in the see of Rochester or in the see of London, or should have had in the see of Durham, whereunto I was last of all elected and named. Yea! I count it greater honour before God, to die in His cause (whereof I nothing doubt) than in any earthly or temporal promotion." To Bradford he wrote thus wisely and suitably to our own times. "Considering the state of this chivalry and warfare, wherein I doubt not, but we be set to fight under Christ's banner and his cross, against our ghostly enemy the old serpent Satan, me thinketh I perceive two things to be his most perilous and dangerous engines which he hath to impugn Christ's verity, His gospel, and His faith—and the same two also to be the most massy posts, and most mighty pillars, whereby he maintaineth and upholdeth his Satanical synagogue. The one his false doctrine and idolatrous use of the Lord's Supper; and the other the wicked and abominable usurpation of the primacy of the see of Rome. By these two Satan seemeth to me principally to maintain and uphold his kingdom; by these two he driveth down mightily (alas! I fear me), the third part of the stars in heaven. These two poisonous rotten posts he hath so painted over with such a colour and pretence of religion, of unity in Christ's Church, of the Catholic faith, and such like, that the wily serpent is able to deceive (if it were possible) even

the elect of God. Wherefore John saith, (Rev. ii.) not without great cause, 'as many as have not this doctrine, and which have not known the *depths of Satan*, I will put upon you none other burden.'"

In truly beautiful and pathetic words he thus addressed his own University—Oh that this solemn address may reach the hearts of all in that University, now and at all times!—"Farewell, Cambridge, my loving mother and tender nurse! I thank thee for all thy kindness, and pray God that his laws and the sincere Gospel of Christ may ever be truly taught and faithfully learned in thee! Farewell, Pembroke Hall, of late mine own college, my cure, and my charge! . . . Thou wast ever named, since I knew thee, to be a studious, well learned, and great setter forth of Christ's Gospel and of God's true word: so I found thee, and, blessed be God, so I leave thee indeed . . . In thy orchard (the walls, huts, and trees, if they could speak, would bear me witness) I learned, without book, almost all St. Paul's Epistles; yea, and I ween, all the Canonical Epistles, of which study, although in time a great part did depart from me, yet the sweet smell thereof, I trust, I shall carry with me into heaven: for the profit thereof, I think, I have felt in all my life time ever after. The Lord grant that this zeal towards that part of God's Word, which is a key and true commentary to all the Holy Scriptures, may ever abide in that College, so long as the world shall endure!"

After bidding adieu to Herne, in East Kent, his first cure, to Canterbury Cathedral where he had often preached, and Rochester where he had been bishop, he addressed his late see in the following awful terms of righteous indignation, wrung from him by its lapse into popery. "O London, London, to whom now may I speak in thee, or to whom shall I bid farewell? Shall I speak to the prebendaries of St. Paul's?

Alas! all that loved God's word and were the true setters forth thereof, are now—some burnt and slain—some exiled and banished—and some holden in hard prison, and appointed daily to be put to most cruel deaths, for Christ's gospel sake. As to the spoil of my worldly goods, I refer it unto God who is a just judge; and I beseech God, that that which is but my personal wrong, be not laid to thy charge in the latter day. O thou now wicked and bloody see, why dost thou set up again the altars of Idolatry, which by the Word of God were justly taken away? Why hast thou overthrown the Lord's Table? Why dost thou daily delude the people? Why babblest thou the Common Prayer in a strange tongue? Nay, harken thou wicked limb of *Anti-Christ*, thou bloody wolf, why makest thou havoc of the prophets of God? Why murderest thou so cruelly Christ's poor silly sheep, which will not hear thy voice because thou art a stranger, and will follow none other but their own pastor Christ? Thinkest thou that the Lord will not require the blood of His saints at thy hands?" Then passing into a strain more accordant to his mild and kindly temper, he remembered the many secret mourners in that city who were groaning under the yoke of popery—bestowed a noble eulogium upon those merchants who had so zealously co-operated in the establishment of the hospitals; and bade farewell to all the citizens; to his fellow sufferers—whether in prison or banishment they were bearing witness to the gospel truth—and to the Universal Church of Christ "militant here on earth" in the following sublime words; "Farewell, dear brethren, farewell, and let us comfort our hearts in all our troubles and in death with the Word of God; for 'heaven and earth shall pass away, but the Word of the Lord endureth for ever!'" Such was Bishop Ridley's preparation for the death of fiery torture prepared for him. At length Cardinal Pole, the *papal Legate*, sent to Oxford three popish bishops to try, or rather to condemn, Ridley, Latimer and Cranmer.

The sufferings of these eminent saints of God were now nearly at an end. Before their flinty-hearted judges they witnessed a good confession. Ridley in his own solemn and overwhelming strain of argumentative eloquence. Latimer, in his quaint but striking style, pointed to the well worn English Testament, which hung from his old girdle by a leathern thong, and said that he could not find the four bones of the mass in that blessed Book; then spoke of the free grace of God, and full redemption in Christ, and charged the Romish disputants with "clipping God's coin" by their unfair quotations. But it was at the stake that the faith and hope of these noble martyrs beamed forth with true heavenly lustre. They embraced one another, and knelt, each by his stake, in fervent prayer for strength that they might be "faithful unto death." They then cheerfully conversed together, while Lord Williams and the other officers withdrew out of the scorching sun-shine into an agreeable shade. A most insulting and intolerant sermon was preached by Dr. Smith. Ridley desired to answer it, but was told if he would recant he should have his life, otherwise he should be burnt: and the Romish Vice Chancellor, with some bailiffs as brutal as himself, stopped his mouth with their hands, after he had said, "So long as the breath is in my body I will never deny my Lord Christ and His known truth. God's will be done in me!" Latimer said he could answer the sermon well enough if permitted, and contented himself with exclaiming, as he often did, "Well there is nothing hid but it shall be opened!" Ridley then shared his poor thread-bare dress, and everything he possessed, amongst those who eagerly entreated for something as a memorial of him. Latimer's frieze gown was soon disposed of, and he appeared in a shroud which he had put on in place of a shirt. Till this last moment of trial his appearance had been that of a poor withered bent old man,

but now fulfilling his own remarkable expression in prison, that "before prayer he was a timorous mouse, and after prayer he was a strong lion,"—as if throwing off the burden of infirmity and age, "he stood bolt upright, as comely a father as one might lightly behold." Then Ridley prayed thus:—"O heavenly Father, I give Thee most hearty thanks, for that Thou hast called me to be a professor of Thee even unto death. I beseech Thee Lord God, take mercy upon this realm of England, and deliver the same from all her enemies!" When the fire was brought Latimer said, "*Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man! We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out!*" The venerable old man received the flame as if embracing it, and having, as it were, bathed his hands in the fire, and stroked his face with them, he died presently without pain. As his body was consumed, the quantity of blood which rushed from his heart astonished the beholders; and it was remembered that he had continually prayed, that as God had appointed him to be a preacher of His word, so He would also enable him to shed his heart's blood for the same. Ridley lingered in torture till a bag of gunpowder given to him by his brother-in-law exploded, and then he fell dead at his fellow martyr's feet—the battle fought!—the victory won!

Cranmer was treated very differently; in appearance far more kindly, but really with more inveterate and deadly malice. His high station as primate of the English Church, his yeilding disposition which could not refuse a request, and the great popularity which his unexampled meekness and forgiving spirit had won—it was a common saying, in allusion to his invariably "overcoming evil with good," "Do the Archbishop a shrewd turn, and he is your friend for life,"—made it of great importance to induce him to return to popery.

So after he had witnessed a good confession, and maintained his cause with his wonted gentleness and learning, and with the superiority which that cause gave him, the Dean of Christ Church, was directed to take him to his own house, and treat him there rather as a guest than a prisoner, with every mark of pretended regard. There in an evil hour, after three years constancy, he was seduced into signing an equivocal recantation, by flattering professions of esteem, promises of a quiet retreat in his old age, and assurances of effecting peace in the English Church. It is said that the other five papers acknowledging doctrines which he had often refuted, and vilifying himself as an incendiary and blasphemer, were fabricated by Bonner's directions; and that at the very time the pardon was so confidently offered to Cranmer, his death warrant had been actually signed and sent down to Oxford, and that the long period which elapsed from its date to its execution, was not the result of mercy, but of fiendish desire to work on the fears and hopes of old age, and thus to secure the infamy, as well as the murder of their victim! * The object gained, arrangements were rapidly made for his destruction. Cranmer was not informed of his doom even on the *morning* of the day of his execution; but he knew enough of popery to suspect a breach of faith, and he made his preparations accordingly. About nine in the morning he was taken to St. Mary's Church. The Mayor and Aldermen went first, then the aged victim was led between friars, who chaunted in stentorian voice, the Latin service for the dead. When they reached the Church, the Archbishop was led to a high stage in front of the pulpit, so that all the congregation might see him, and hear every word that fell from his lips; for it was believed that he would confirm his recantation.

* Southey's *Book of the Church*, ii. 220. Burnet's *History of the Reformation*, 532.

As soon as he ascended the stage, he knelt and prayed, his long snow white beard sweeping the ground, then rose weeping so profusely, and in his tattered garments appearing so affecting an example of the fleeting nature of earthly grandeur, that nearly the whole vast assembly was moved to tears. Dr. Cole preached the sermon, and at its close called upon Cranmer to confess and recant his former heresy, and shew himself a good Catholic indeed. Cranmer then drew forth from his bosom a prayer, which he read kneeling, in which with heart-breaking accents, he expressed the deepest penitence, and sought mercy through Christ, and strength from on high. Then rising, he calmly addressed the congregation, pointing out their Christian duties, especially those of charity; and avowing his belief "in the Apostles' Creed, and in every word taught by our Saviour, and his Apostles and Prophets, and in the New and Old Testaments." Having thus far wisely abstained from any allusion to his former act of recantation, he declared any papers signed by him since his degradation, were untrue, and added solemnly, "Forasmuch as my hand offended, writing contrary to my heart, my hand shall first be punished; therefore, for this, when I come to the fire, it shall be first burnt!" Such was the astonishment of the Romanists, that they listened in breathless silence, while he added, "As for the pope, I refuse him as ANTI-CHRIST; and as for the sacrament, I believe, as I have taught in my book, and it shall stand at the last day, when the papistical doctrine shall be ashamed to show her face!" Dr. Cole then cried from the pulpit, "Stop the heretic's mouth, and take him away!" He was then pulled down from the platform and carried to the stake, surrounded by priests and friars, who with promises of heaven, and threats of everlasting woe, called upon him to renounce heresy, by which he would otherwise, they shouted, draw innumerable souls into hell with himself.

They hurried him to the spot where Ridley and Latimer had suffered. He had overcome by faith, and after a short prayer put off his clothes with a cheerful countenance and willing mind, and stood upright in his shirt, which came down to his bare feet, and then his face once again wore its wonted placid smile, as in the spirit of charity he offered his hand to those around while he bade them farewell; but the obdurate priests drew back and refused to show any kindness to one who had relapsed into heresy! Again and again he was tormented with vociferous calls to stand to his recantation. Cranmer calmly replied he repented his recantation, then stretched forth his right arm and solemnly said, "This is the hand that wrote it, and therefore it shall suffer punishment first!" True to his resolution he stood cheerfully at the stake, his venerable countenance lighted up with heavenly joy. As soon as the fire arose he held out his right hand to meet it, so that all present saw it sensibly burning before the fire had reached any other part of his body, and he often repeated in a loud and firm tone, "This hand hath offended. This unworthy right hand!" He stood like a statue amidst the ascending flames, his face raised in strong supplication towards heaven whither he was rapidly hastening, and thus "in the greatness of the flame" he expired without a single cry, save the exclamation of St. Stephen, "Lord Jesus receive my spirit!" His heart was found unconsumed amidst the ashes of the pile.

Fuller thus beautifully describes our chief Reformers. "Of all the Marian martyrs Mr. Philpot was the best born gentleman; Bishop Ridley the profoundest scholar; Mr. Bradford the holiest and devoutest man; Archbishop Cranmer of the mildest and meekest temper; Bishop Hooper of the sternest and austere nature; Dr. Taylor had the merriest and pleasantest wit; Mr. Latimer had the plainest and

simplest heart; O the variety of instruments! O their joint harmony in a concert to God's glory!"* These all died in faith. They were witnesses for Christ and his pure Church, and Anti-Christ the "the beast that ascendeth out of the bottomless pit made war against them and killed them." Surely all true members of our Reformed church must ever regard with instinctive abhorrence the foul and cruel Church of Rome which MURDERED with such such Satanic delight, the godly bishops and divines, by whose wondrous labours the superstitions and idolatry of the dark ages were rejected, and replaced by apostolic doctrines and primitive purity! Nor was this frightful persecution restricted to the great champions of the Church of England; it fell with tremendous fury upon the humbler classes, who suffered not for obtruding their belief, but for refusing to renounce it; "none of them presuming to invade the ministerial function, nor adventuring to preach save only that their real *sermon of patience* at their death." Glorious indeed was their testimony for Christ and against Anti-Christ. See George Roper extending his arms like a cross in token of his faith in Christ crucified, and consumed to ashes in that fixed attitude! There is poor Rawlins White, the Welch fisherman, whispering his faithful friend to hold up his finger if he notices him to flinch from the flames—"that he may remember himself!" How joyful both appear at finding the signal needless! One dying martyr, who had been assured by Austin Bernhard of the spiritual presence and inward strength imparted to his true martyrs by the Lord Jesus Christ, triumphantly exclaims, "Austin, He is come! He is come!" There Perotine Massy, and her new-born babe, ascend together to glory by this fiery chariot! Forget not how sweet Alice Benden went to her martyrdom, guarded by a little boy, because she

* Church History, iv. 195.

wished to spare her popish husband the infamy of escorting her thither, and the flinty-hearted bigot trusted her truthfulness and believed he did God service by burning her! See poor blind Joan Waist, whose love for the Bible is so intense that she worked incessantly in order to hire persons to read it for her; she is guided by her brother's hand to the stake, continually crying out, "Christ and His Word! Christ and His Word!" How mortified and crest fallen, the priests and friars look while honest Hugh Laverack, the old lame beggar, cheerfully casts away his crutches, and says to his blind stake-fellow John Apprice, "Be of good comfort, my brother, for my Lord of London (bishop Bonner) is our good physician, he will heal us both shortly—thee of thy blindness, and me of my lameness!" How similar was the triumphant exclamation of the martyr Sir James Bainham, at the stake, "O ye papists! ye look for miracles, behold one! In this fire I feel no pain, it is to me a bed of roses!" There you see Cicely Ormes, the wife of a Norwich weaver, kissing the stake, and saying with delight, "Welcome, the cross of Christ!" While the flames are circling around her, you may hear her sweetly singing, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit rejoiceth in God my Saviour!" It was such a glorious martyrdom that first made George Tankerfield read the Bible, and then become a Protestant. He, in turn, has been doomed to death, and stands at the west end of St. Alban's abbey, patiently waiting to be burnt, as soon as the Sheriffs shall have returned from a marriage-feast! He tries the fire with his foot, to prove how the flesh would support it, and then observes with a smile:—"I am strong in Christ, and

Although the day be never so long,

At last it ringeth to even song."

Start not, gentle reader, while I introduce you for a

moment to the famous "blind coal-house" of the last popish bishop of London. See that worthy son of the Roman apostacy furiously striking those prisoners when they clearly refute his sophisms by the Written Word! He even plucks out their beards, and, in a paroxysm of rage, "falls from beating to burning," and applies a lighted candle to the hand of the poor weaver, Thomas Tomkins, who has bravely presumed to quote St. Paul against popery, in order to make him experience before the time some of the torture to which he has doomed him! Mark Joyce Lewes "consulting her friends how she may behave herself, that her death may be the more glorious, to the name of God, comfortable to His people, and also most discomfortable to the enemies of God:" for the Romish bishop has just pronounced her doom, by replying to her declaration, that if she could find holy water and the mass commanded by the Word of God, she would receive them. "If thou wilt believe no more than is in the Scriptures, thou art in a damnable case!" And there she stands bound to the stake, one of the last Marian martyrs: "so patient and cheerful," says the good old martyrologist, "and well coloured in the face, that most part of them that had honest hearts did lament, and even with tears, bewail the tyranny of the papists. She never struggled at all, but only lifted her hands to heaven in prayer—so soul stirring and fervent—for the destruction of the mass and the deliverance of England from papistry, that the sheriff and bystanders cried Amen!"

Now hear how the papal advocates attempt to vindicate their Church from the charge of having in this terrible reign thus proved herself the mystical Babylon, "drunken with the blood of the saints." The celebrated Jesuit Parsons, calls our godly martyrs "a contemptible and pitiful rabblement—obscure and unlearned fellows; fond and obstinate women—



abject and infamous." He praises to the stars, "the patience, diligence, and charity of the bishops in seeking to reclaim them, and compassionates the persecutors for having been "*forced to punish so great a number of such a base quality, for such opinions as neither themselves could well understand nor have a surer ground thereof than their own foolish apprehensions!*" "Artificers, craftsmen, spinsters and like people," he says, "*came to answer for themselves before their bishops, though never so ignorant or opposite amongst themselves—yet every one would die for his opinions: no reason to the contrary, no persuasion, no argument, no inducements, no threats, no fair means, no foul would serve, nor the present terror of fire itself, and the more the pastors entreated them by any of the aforesaid means, the worse they were.*"* What a specimen of Jesuit calumny! Fuller's reply is as just, as it is characteristic. "Always in time of persecution the church is like a copse, which hath in it more underwood than oaks. For great men consult with their safety, and whilst the poorer sort, as having little to lose, boldly embrace religion with both arms, the rich too often do only behold it at a distance with a smiling countenance, but dare not venture to entertain it, except with very great secrecy." This assertion proved lamentably true in the case of the great "step lords." Not one of them suffered death in the persecution; they were one and all "reconciled" to the church of Rome by the papal bull which confirmed their possession of the property of the monasteries.

Dr. Wiseman, finding that our illustrious martyrs are too well appreciated in England to be thus "defamed, and made as the filth of the earth and the off scouring of all things,"† attempts to cast the whole odium of this bloody persecution upon the unfortunate Mary. He reminds us that De Castro,

* Southey's Book of the Church, ii. 203-205.

† 1 Cor. iv. 13.

when preaching before Philip, had protested against burning heretics. The simple fact that De Castro on his return to Spain was promoted to the see of Santiago de Compostella, is enough to show that this advocacy of the rights of conscience was a gross artifice meant to obtain popularity for Philip, as otherwise his Protestant principles would have more probably conducted him to the dungeons of the Inquisition than to the splendid palace of Santiago.* The preservation of Elizabeth is also adduced as a proof of Philip's clemency. Honest Hugh Latimer, and many other martyrs, who trembled for her life, had incessantly made the walls of their prisons re-echo with prayers that God would "preserve her, and make her a comfort to this comfortless realm of England." Indeed her case seemed desperate, for she was known to be a true Protestant, and as soon as Mary had crushed Wyatt's rebellion, she sent a body of troops to Ashridge, where Elizabeth lay dangerously ill, with commands that they should bring her "alive or dead." The French ambassador wrote thus to his master, "While the city is covered with gibbets, the Princess Elizabeth, for whom no better lot is foreseen, is lying ill seven or eight miles hence, and so swoln and disfigured, that death is expected." And shortly afterwards, describing her entry into London, he said, "She has recovered her health, but her death is certain.† She was committed to the Tower which she entered by the Traitor's gate.

Many were the efforts either to pervert her to popery, or draw her into such direct opposition to Mary, as might seal her death-warrant: but the martyrs' prayers and her own, through the all prevailing intercession of the Great Mediator, obtained for her such wisdom and grace as kept her life secure. When asked the murderous question on Transub-

* Southey's Book of the Church, ii. 178.

† Mackintosh's History of England, ii., 308.



stantiation, she deliberated for a moment and answered it thus :—

“ Christ was the Word that spake it,
He took the bread and brake it ;
And what the Word did make it,
That I believe and take it.”*

Elizabeth implored an interview with the bigotted Queen but was denied, and long afterwards she expressed her sorrowful conviction that Mary “thirsted for her blood.” When Sir Henry Beningsfield appeared with his guard to remove her from the Tower, so certain was the poor persecuted princess of death, that in her usual quick manner she asked him, “Is the scaffold of the Lady Jane taken away yet?” At Woodstock she was so rigorously treated by Sir Henry that she could not amuse herself by looking at a game of chess! She was once overheard to wish for the humble lot of a milkmaid who, in all the buoyancy of spirit, which freedom and a light heart inspire, was singing merrily while milking her cow in a field near the mansion. A New Testament is still preserved which bears her name in her own beautiful handwriting, together with the following quaint words, which show that God’s “statutes were her songs in the house of her pilgrimage,” “I walk many times in the pleasant fields of Holy Scripture, where I pluck up goodly sentences by pruning, eat them by reading, chew them by musing, and lay them up at length in the high seat of memory ; that having tasted their sweetness, I may the less perceive the bitterness of this miserable life.”† She was finally removed to Hatfield, where her danger may be easily seen by the advice of bishop Gardiner to Mary. “It is in vain to cut away the leaves and branches, if the *root* of all heretics doth

* Baker’s Chronicle, 320.

† Mackintosh’s History of England, ii., 316.

remain.* But her ruthless enemy the Romish bishop was soon after "cut away" himself. His last words were awful, "I have sinned with Peter, but I have not wept with Peter!" While the pious princess was spared for brighter days, because Philip protected her from political motives: for as Mary had no family, if Elizabeth had been "cut away," the next heir to the throne, Mary, Queen of Scots, would have had her claims to the English crown supported by France, and all hopes of establishing Spanish rule in England might at once have been scattered to the winds.† So to God alone be all the praise of Elizabeth's preservation!

But it has been gravely asserted that these martyrs were punished for *treason* and not for heresy! If these noble martyrs were traitors why was their examination restricted to religious questions? Why were all the forms of the accursed Inquisition minutely observed towards them—forms contrived with fiendish ingenuity for the suppression of religious inquiry? Why was mercy offered alone to those who would *recant* and return to Romanism? Why were those who "counted not their lives dear to themselves that they might finish their course with joy" consigned to the flames—a death reserved alone for heretics, as emblematical of their everlasting burnings? The truth is, that the loyalty of the Protestants was worthy of their cause. The counsel given to them by Bradford was this:—"Howsoever you do, be obedient to the higher powers; that is, in no point, either in hand or tongue, rebel; but rather, if they command that which with good conscience you cannot obey, lay your head on the block, and suffer whatsoever they shall do. By patience, possess your souls."‡

* Fuller, iv., 183.

† Burnet's *History of the Reformation*, 498. Mackintosh's *History of England*, ii. 315.

‡ Southey's *Book of the Church*, ii. 176.

Again, if Mary's "exterminating" zeal had been really displeasing to the court of Rome, why was it not checked by that "open Anti-Christ," Paul IV., who continually thundered into the ears of all ambassadors that he was above all potentates of the earth—that it belonged to him to regulate kingdoms, for he was successor of those who had deposed kings and emperors? This was the pontiff who used to boast openly at table and in consistory, that all kings were his subjects, and that he would hold them under his feet, and who, "suiting the action to the word," used then to stamp furiously upon the ground! So vigilant was Paul IV., and so jealously alive to his usurped prerogatives, that when Mary, through an oversight, had retained the title of Queen of Ireland, he haughtily informed her that it belonged to him alone to erect new kingdoms, or to abolish the old; and that as a special favour to her, he had "*proprio motu*," of his own free will, erected Ireland into a kingdom, and then admitted her title!* Is it likely—is it possible that this humble vassal of such an arrogant pontiff could have perpetrated such frightful enormities without his express approval and direction? But the question is set at rest by the fact that, with all his smooth professions of toleration, Cardinal Pole, *the papal legate*, in all the persecuting acts of his bloody reign, he acted on the avowed principle of the Romish Canon Law, that no thieves, no murderers, were so pernicious to the state as heretics; that no treason was comparable with theirs, and that they were to be rooted up like brambles and briers, and cast into the fire! Pole followed out this canonical doctrine in the most approved and canonical manner. He ordered registers to be kept of all persons who had lapsed to Romanism in every parish, that proceedings might be taken against all whose names were not enrolled there.

* Hume, chap. xxxvii. Father Paul, Lib. v.

Commissioners were also appointed with power to summon and examine any persons upon oath, touching their faith, and to seize upon and confiscate the property of all who did not appear to answer their questions. Multitudes were committed to prison, where—according to Canon Law—they were “*kept in iron fetters*,” fastened by the feet, hands, and neck, in the most painful postures ; privately scourged ; tortured with fire, and deprived of food.*

The only measure wanting to perpetuate the spiritual bondage of the nation was the introduction of the Inquisition, which flourished then in all its fiery grandeur under the Spanish government, and this would have been certainly done if Mary’s unhappy reign had been prolonged. Short as it was—only five years, four months and eleven days—one archbishop, four bishops, twenty-one clergymen, eight lay gentlemen, eighty-four tradesmen, and two hundred and fifty of the humbler classes, husbandmen, labourers, servants, women and children, were burnt alive, besides multitudes who perished in prison. And yet Cardinal Pole was so wise in his generation, and so artfully conducted this odious work that he is suspected of Lutheranism by some writers, and praised for his liberality by others ! Up to the last week of Mary’s life, this frightful persecution raged with ever increasing intensity, till England re-echoed from shore to shore the Romish mandate—“ Turn or burn.”

The loss of property in London alone, consequent upon the arrest or flight of so many citizens, and the general insecurity, was estimated at £300,000, an enormous sum in those days. Commerce fell to its lowest ebb. The Queen was absolutely insolvent, for though she offered fourteen per cent. to the city of Antwerp for a loan of £30,000, she could not obtain the money till she compelled the city of London

* Southey’s *Book of the Church*, ii. 221, 237.

to be her surety ! The naval power of England sunk so far that the annual estimates for the fleet were fixed at £10,000 ! The boast of England's navy, the finest ship in those seas, the "Great Harry," was burnt ; and Calais, the glory of England's army for above two hundred years, was seized by the French. The spirit of the nation, and the character, and with it the prosperity, and above all the Protestantism of the English, would have been irrecoverably lost if God, in answer to the prayers of His faithful martyrs and confessors, had not shortened the days of this abominable tyranny.*

"Melancholic in mind," says Fuller, "unhealthful in body, little feared of her foreign foes, less beloved by her native subjects ; not over dear to her own husband ; unsuccessful in her treaties for peace, and unfortunate in her undertakings for war," Mary left none but the papal party, who had neither patriotism nor humanity, to lament her. She died in the morning of the 17th November, 1558—called fondly for many a year "Hope Wednesday." In the afternoon the bells of all the churches in London were rung with many a joyful peal for the accession of Elizabeth, "as a comfort to the comfortless realm of England ;" and at night bonfires were made and tables set out in the street, at which the glad citizens feasted in triumph.

On the entry of our first Protestant Queen into London, she was met by a procession of citizens who solemnly presented to her an ENGLISH BIBLE. She held it up towards heaven in thankful praise ; then kissed and laid it reverently in her bosom ; earnestly thanked the city for that present, and said that she would often read that blessed Book of books. On reaching the Tower she knelt down upon the pavement under the frowning gateway, which she had so lately passed through a forlorn prisoner, and offered up the following beautiful

* Ibid, 237. Hume, chap. xxxvii.

prayer :—" O Lord, Almighty and Everlasting God, I give thee most hearty thanks, that thou hast been so merciful unto me as to spare me to behold this joyful day ! And I acknowledge that thou hast dealt as wonderfully and as mercifully with me as thou didst with thy true and faithful servant Daniel, thy prophet, whom thou deliveredst out of the den from the cruelty of the greedy and raging lions. Even so was I overwhelmed and only by thee delivered. To thee therefore only be thanks, honour and praise, through Jesus Christ for ever. Amen !" Elizabeth's gentle treatment of her enemies proved her religion to be genuine Christianity. To Sir Henry Beningsfield she simply said, " God forgive you what is past, and we do ; and if we have any prisoner whom we would have hardly handled and straitly kept, then we will send for you." The only penalty which she inflicted upon the Romish bishops at her coronation, was the shuddering withdrawal of her hand from Bonner, when that cruel agent of Romish vengeance approached it with his polluted lips. The new pope Pius IV. tried to reclaim by gentleness, " this wandering sheep worth a whole flock, in honour as well as profit," so he wrote a sweet congratulatory epistle to his " most dear daughter Elizabeth," which he privately followed up by the most attractive offers he could think of as dearest to her heart. Such as the confirmation of her mother's marriage ; allowing the use of the cup to the English laity ; and establishing the English Liturgy if she would acknowledge his supremacy.* All his overtures were fruitless, for Elizabeth knew the gospel and popery too well to forsake that good part which she had chosen. With the wonted perseverance of the papal court, which always acts upon the axiom that " nothing is done whilst any thing is left undone," one of the subtlest diplomatists in Rome, the

* Southey's Book of the Church, ii. 263.

abbot of Martinigi, was despatched to England, but the Queen knowing it to be "less difficult and dangerous to keep him out than to cast him out," forbade him to set foot in her realms. The Romish bishops in England were also put forward to play their part. They refused to crown Elizabeth because she interdicted the host from being elevated in her presence; audaciously called upon her to fulfil the covenants made between her sister and the pope for the extinction of heresy; and addressed her in a letter which we might almost attribute to the pen of Dr. Paul Cullen—so little is Romanism changed by the lapse of ages—full of bombastic assertions of the infallibility and antiquity of the see of Rome, and of the certain destruction of those who "leap out of Peter's ship into the turbid waters of schisms, sects, and divisions;" while it contained inflammatory insinuations against her councillors, and artfully couched menaces of foreign invasion by the kings and emperors who owned the pope to be Christ's vice-gerent on earth. Here again the Christian courage and wisdom of Elizabeth shone forth gloriously. The ink was scarcely dry on this mischievous manifesto before it was answered by her own hand in a very able letter. She reminded them that though her subjects had long, "under the tuition of Romish pastors owned a *wolf* for their head, whose inventions, heresies and schisms were so numerous, that the flock of Christ had fed on poisonous shrubs for want of wholesome pasture," yet that England had not received Christianity from Rome, and that Augustine found Christian bishops and priests here when he entered "by blood, making martyrs for Christ of those who denied Rome's usurped authority." She then directly charged themselves with having been the instigators of all the persecutions of Henry VIII. and of Mary—"Who advised or flattered our father more than you good Mr. Hethe, when you were bishop of

Rochester*—and than you Mr. Bonner?—and you Mr. Tuberville? Nay, further who was more an adviser of our father than your great Stephen Gardiner? Was it not *you* who stirred up our sister against us, and others of her subjects?"

How admirably she refuted the pope's proud claim of supremacy over monarchs :—"Whereas you would frighten us by telling how emperors, &c., have owned the bishop of Rome's authority. It was contrary in the beginning, for our Saviour Christ paid his *tribute* unto Cæsar as the chief superior ; which shows your Romish supremacy is *usurped*."

Her defence of the English Reformed Church from the charge of schism was equally perfect :—"Consider the heresies that had crept into the Church of Rome when Athanasius withstood them, and how he got the victory. Do ye not acknowledge his creed to this day? Dare any of you say that he was a schismatic? Surely ye be not so audacious! Therefore as ye acknowledge his creed, it shows he was not schismatic. If Athanasius withstood Rome for her then heresies, then others may safely separate themselves from your church, and not be schismatical."

This powerful blow she followed up by appointing a public controversy, not to be concluded as in Mary's reign by burning those who differed from her, but with full liberty of speech and safety to the Romish disputants. When the hour of discussion arrived, the papal party refused to dispute, and were fined for contempt of the Privy Council, in whose presence they had met. Without delay Elizabeth deprived all the refractory bishops, and caused proclamation to be made, "that she would esteem all her subjects as enemies to God and to her, who should own the usurped power of the bishops of Rome!" She also perfectly *withdrew all state*

* Miss Strickland calls Hethe "The venerable *nonjuring* Archbishop of York!" *Queens of England*, vi. 256. Lingard is her chief authority.

support from popery. Here again the deceitful policy of Rome interposed immense difficulties ; out of 9,400 beneficed clergy, only 177 were honest enough to resign their preferment, rather than acknowledge the Queen's supremacy, thinking that the double purpose would be thus answered of keeping Protestant ministers out, and secretly fostering—like the Tractarians of our day—in their parishioners a love for the old superstitions !* The Emperor and other Romish princes were then induced to write to the Queen in behalf of the ejected clergy, requesting that they might be mercifully dealt with, and permitted to have Churches in all the cities and chief towns. Elizabeth declared that she was dealing mercifully with those men, though they had acted so cruelly towards Protestants in her sister's reign ; but she positively refused to encourage *idolatry* by granting the required boon.

Our first Protestant Queen knew popery too well to remain satisfied with an "Ecclesiastical Titles Bill." She boldly proceeded on the aggressive ; but not with earthly weapons. It was by "*the Sword of the Spirit*" that she pursued and vanquished Anti-Christ. "Let us not," she loved to say, "follow our sister's example, but rather show that our reformation tendeth to peace, and not to cruelty." The time was propitious for a national reformation. The fires of Smithfield were scarcely cold. The death-cry of the glorious martyrs still floated on the gale. Popery had not had time to mask its fiendish features. Its fruits had proved "apples of Sodom : " and England had tasted "how evil a thing a bitter" it is to forsake Christ for Anti-Christ. Now or never was the time for discovering the mystery, that has ever perplexed and baffled "the wisdom of this world,"—the "mystery of iniquity." "There were giants in those days !" said good

* Southey's Book of the Church, ii., 257.

old George III. speaking of our Elizabethan reformers. Yes! There were then to be found in England Protestant divines, mighty in the knowledge of all the intricacies of the papal controversy; for they had once spent much "midnight oil," as learned papists, over the papal bulls, decrees, decretal, epistles, councils, canons, casuistry, traditions, and "lying wonders," which form the papal lore, and they had themselves once practised all its superstitious mummeries. They were now men "mighty in the Scriptures," which they had prayerfully "searched" line by line, and verse by verse, for "the truth as it is in Jesus." They were also men mighty in spirituality, who had grown up "unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ," and "esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt." Many of them had long endured exile; and others, like Bernard Gilpin—"that single man, yet true father"—had only escaped martyrdom by Mary's sudden death. These were the champions of our Protestant church, whom Elizabeth most wisely summoned to her councils, and whom she delighted to honour. Good old Miles Coverdale, to whose unwearied labours and immense learning our first English printed Bible owed so much, Parker and Grindal, Parkhurst and Pillington, Jewel and Foxe, were her special favourites. Jewel she called "My Jewel," and a more splendid divine never adorned the bishopric of Salisbury. His celebrated challenge at Paul's Cross to "all the Roman Catholics in the world to produce but *one* clear and evident testimony out of any father or famous writer who flourished within six centuries after Christ, for *any one* of the articles which the Romanists maintain against the Church of England," gave a vast impetus to the Reformation; for it turned the tables completely against Romanists, and compelled them, virtually, to surrender their main stronghold of pretended infallibility,

and come into the open field of private judgment. So their appeal to unquestionable authority was changed into that minute scrutiny of proofs and evidences, which, if candidly pursued, is certain death to the papacy. Then followed his superb book against Hardinge, the Jesuit, which Elizabeth commanded to be placed in every parish church beside the "Acts and Monuments of the martyrs," by her "Good Father Foxe," as she affectionately styled that great martyrologist.

Meanwhile Elizabeth laboured at the improvement of theological education in the Universities. Her playful yet keen rebuke of one of those clerical coxcombs, who attach such importance to "ecclesiastical embroidery," might be useful there in our own day, when ever the surplice question is agitated. After the delivery of her Greek speech, she turned to the innovator who for that day assumed the gown, in respect for her authority, and said with a smile, "Master Doctor, that loose gown becomes you admirably well, I wonder your notions should be so narrow!" Nor were the humblest parish pulpits unattended to in order to secure to them the inestimable benefit of pure Gospel doctrine. This was needful indeed, when as Fuller tells us, "in the popish darkness a rush candle seemed a torch where no brighter light was seen before." And when even in Oxford such nonsense should be preached as this by Richard Taverner,—a papal rush candle indeed,—"Arriving at the mount of St. Mary's, in the stony stage where I now stand, I have brought you some fine biscuits baked in the oven of charity, and carefully conserved for the chickens of the Church, the sparrows of the Spirit, and sweet swallows of salvation."*

During the first eleven years of Elizabeth's reign, Philip's vain pretension to her hand prevented direct papal

* Strype's Annals, i., 30—147. Southey's Book of the Church, ii., 242—264. Fuller's Church History, iv., 300—308. Foxe, i., 149.

aggression, but the formidable preparations of both Churches portended a coming struggle of terrible energy. The champions of our Church had, 1562, cleansed it again from papal abominations, completed its fortifications and strengthened them with those noble fortresses of Protestant truth, our Thirty-Nine Articles and Homilies, which faithfully defend Justification by Faith, and Sanctification by the Holy Spirit, with all other pure gospel doctrines; whilst they assail with crushing power all the corruptions of "the bishop of Rome, who hath no jurisdiction in this realm;" and "who is not of Christ, nor yet possessed with His Spirit, but rather with the spirit of the devil."*

Meanwhile the Romish church was verifying the Reformers translation of her boasted motto, "*Semper Eadem*," and becoming "worse and worse." The famous Council of Trent was fast closing its labours with indefatigable zeal and consummate ability; so minutely defining all its Anti-Christian doctrines, as to make them perfectly binding upon the conscience, and thoroughly antagonistic to the Reformation, and also confirming each canon with a curse! For instance, the twelfth canon on Justification, after much artful special pleading, thus assails that grand Reformation doctrine, "If any person says that Justifying Faith is nothing else than *trust* in the Divine mercy, remitting sins for Christ's sake, or that that trust only justifies us—Let him be accursed!"† The spirit of these heroes of the Vatican may be discerned from the "acclamations" which, 1564, hailed the completion of their most melancholy labours. There was a crowded assembly of 255 champions of the Church; of whom 150 being from Rome, craftily ensured the fidelity of the council to papal aggrandisement, although under pretence of securing liberty of discussion, it was held

* Article xxvii. Homily on Whit Sunday. † Concil. Trid. Sess. vi.

in a city sequestered from all interference, amidst the lonely vallies of the Tyrol. Legates, cardinals, patriarchs, archbishops, bishops, abbots, proxies of the absent, and the seven generals of the great orders were present, in full pontifical attire, sparkling in all the fantastic robes and colours imaginable even in a fairy tale. Amidst a solemn silence the presiding cardinal arose, and with uplifted eyes and hands exclaimed in a voice of thrilling power :—"Remaining firm in those decrees, may we *merit* the pity and grace of our first and great high priest Jesus Christ our God, our inviolate *lady*, the holy mother of God, and all the saints *interceding along with Him!*" A loud and unanimous burst of assent shook the building with the response :—"So be it! So be it! Amen! Amen!" From the very depths of his heart the cardinal once more spoke—O what awful words—"A curse upon all heretics!" And in a voice of thunder the "acclamations of the Fathers" replied "A curse! a curse!"* That very year all these anti-Christian decrees were embodied in twelve articles, attached to the ancient Nicene Creed, and published as the profession of faith, or "*Creed of Pope Pius IV.*," which every beneficed priest, professor, and bishop, is *sworn* to have taught and preached by all his subjects!

Thus any amelioration of the papacy was rendered, alas! wholly impossible. Thus were its worst tenets "written with a pen of iron in the rock for ever!" The papal thunder did not vainly roll amongst the Alps. Pius V. fulminated against our Protestant Queen, 1570, the famous bull—"Damnatio et excommunicatio Elizabeth—Regnans in excelsis," in which he "as Peter's successor, prince over all people, and all kingdoms, to pluck up, destroy, scatter, consume, plant, and build, excommunicated Elizabeth, the *pre-*

* Concil. Trid. Acclam. Patrum.

tended Queen of England, and servant of wickedness. Seeing that impieties and wicked actions were multiplied by her instigation, he cut her off as a heretic, and a favourer of heretics; deprived her of her pretended title to the kingdom, absolved all her subjects from their allegiance, and forbade them to obey her!!”* The remainder of Elizabeth’s reign was passed amidst assaults upon Protestantism, of such tremendous magnitude and fury, that its annihilation, not merely in England, but throughout the world, seemed so inevitable, that all Christians of reflection were filled with the most dismal apprehensions. Scotland was in such a state of anarchy, that Protestantism had a battle for life. Flanders was ravaged by the merciless Duke of Alva, who boasted of having *exterminated* 50,000 Protestants by fire and sword.† The horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew’s eve had deluged the streets of Paris with the blood of Protestants, and overwhelmed their scattered brethren with anguish, whilst it transported the pope and his cardinals with fiendish delight. The Spanish Armada loomed in the distance of this vista of horrors. Ireland was in a furious blaze of rebellion kindled by papal intrigues. England itself was in most imminent peril of a sanguinary civil war, for Mary, Queen of Scots, in consequence of the papal decree branding Elizabeth as an illegitimate usurper—in direct defiance of the English parliament which had confirmed her mother’s marriage and her own succession—was considered by all Romanists at home and abroad as the rightful claimant of the English crown. The pope assured her that he “would sell the last chalice of the church to place her on the throne of the heretic Queen.”‡ The King of France encouraged her to assume the title and arms of Elizabeth, and spoke of England as an

* Bullarium Romanum, iv., pars. 3, 98.

† Hume, chap., xxxvii.

‡ Steinmetz History of Jesuits, ii., 126.

appanage to France. Even in her captivity the rare beauty, accomplishments and misfortunes of Mary, attracted far less attention than the prospect of destroying the English church through her instrumentality. How entirely that miserable votary of Rome placed all her hopes in the pope, is but too clear from the following letter dated from Castle Bolton, 1568 :—

“Most Holy Father,

“After kissing your most holy feet, I most humbly beseech you to hold me for a most devout and a most obedient daughter.....They so wrought that an English minister was sometime brought to the place where I am straitly kept, who was wont to say certain prayers in the vulgar tongue, and because I am not at my own liberty, nor permitted to use any other religion, I have not refused to hear him, thinking I had committed no error ; wherein nevertheless most Holy Father if I have offended, I ask misericordia, beseeching your Holiness to absolve me, and to be certain and sure that I have never had any other will than constantly to live the most devout and most obedient daughter of the Holy Catholic Roman Church, in which I will live and die, *according to your Holiness's advices and precepts*. Meanwhile I will most devoutly kiss your Holiness's feet, &c.

“MARIE.”*

With such trust and ground of consolation no wonder that the infatuated Mary wrote with a diamond on a window pane in Fotheringay Castle, the following despairing couplet :—

“From the top of all my trust,
Mishap hath laid me in the dust.”†

This letter is also worthy of deep consideration as showing how hollow our political alliances must ever be with

* Fuller's Church History, v., 102.

† Ibid, v. 74.

Romish sovereigns, who, like Mary, are one and all devoted to our arch-enemy, and ever ready to turn upon us at his command in the hour of our calamity.

To enhance Elizabeth's peril a chosen body of Jesuits were despatched by their general from Rome, with commands to make England the stage of their future "spiritual exercises." Parsons and Campian were the leaders of this formidable band and require special notice. The former was one of the most inveterate enemies our Church ever had. A mystery shrouds his early life, but he was a distinguished tutor of Baliol, Oxford, from 1568 to 1574, during which period, like Dr. Newman, he was one of the most learned and zealous opponents of popery! His name was also very high for ascetic devotion, which, from its singularity, is pretty certain to generate the most dangerous of all sorts of self-worship, spiritual pride. He also wrote a poem of mystic piety, very like the "Christian Year" of our Tractarian Mr. Keble. His sudden secession to popery was greatly lamented at Oxford; but his being admitted into the Jesuit order the very next year, proves that, like Dr. Newman, he must have been for a considerable time a disguised Romanist. Exactly as in the case of our Oxford perverts, Parsons became most bitterly zealous against the Church which he had abandoned. He raised an English Jesuit College at Rome, whither he collected the unhappy youths, whom he had perverted at Oxford, and caused them to take an oath that they would become priests, and devote themselves, body and soul, to the perversion of England. He now, at the risk of his life, came over with Campian, to bring English Romanists a dispensation for outward obedience to the Queen, till they might safely cast off the mask; but he broke off their attendance at the parish Churches.*

* Foxe, i. part ii., 428.

Campion was also an Oxford scholar of such high repute for eloquence and enthusiastic piety, that Cecil called him "one of the Diamonds of the English Church." He was junior Proctor of the university in 1568; but in the following year suddenly departed to Ireland, where he greatly, like our modern perverts, damaged the cause of the Gospel by his solemn abjuration of Protestantism, and violent abuse of the Church and State of England. He then retired to Rome, where he openly entered the Jesuit order, of which he had, doubtless, been long a concealed member. Fuller thus describes him, exactly as a Jesuit of our own day might be painted, "He was of a sweet nature, constantly carrying about him the charms of a plausible behaviour, of a fluent tongue, and good parts." When Campian was at Douay, he hurled this frightful menace against Elizabeth, "As far as concerns our society, we all, dispersed in great numbers throughout the world, have made a league and holy oath, that as long as any of us are alive, all our care, and industry, all our deliberation and councils, shall never cease to trouble your calm and safety."* How faithfully the society kept that oath! At Rheims he exhorted the English Jesuits to encounter martyrdom for the restoration of their native land to the *blessings* of papal sway. His text was that wofully perverted one, "I am come to send fire on the earth," and he wrought himself and his auditors into such paroxysms of frenzy, that cries of "Fire! fire! fire!" resounded through the College, and the people in the streets flocked to the gates with buckets of water, fancying that it was in flames! And yet that Campion "had method in his madness" is evident from the miracle which he *performed* here. He was praying to the great Goddess of Jesuits—the Queen of Angels—at the foot

* Southey's Book of the Church, 270—280.

of a magnificent mulberry tree in the garden of the seminary, when lo! the fervour of his prayers brought her down from her heavenly throne, and she shone upon his enraptured eyes from amongst the boughs; called him mournfully by his name, "Campian! Campian!" and bestowed upon him a purple patch as a token that he was destined to martyrdom for her sake upon English soil! When Campian arrived in England he issued this challenge in the name of his order to the heads of the English Church. O that they were as wise *now* as in the days of our first Protestant Queen, to receive the alarm, and take due precautions against the enemy!—"Be it known unto you that we have made a league; all the Jesuits in the world, whose *succession* and *multitude* must ever over reach all the practices of England, cheerfully to carry the cross that you shall lay upon us, and never to despair of your recovery. Expenses are reckoned; the enterprize is begun."* Then followed several atrocious Jesuit conspiracies against Elizabeth's life. Her very ladies were exhorted to destroy her, as Judith slew the tyrant Holofernes! Walshingham warned the Queen to beware of a Bartholomew breakfast, or a Florence banquet. Indeed so various and insidious were the Jesuit conspiracies against her life, that escape seemed wholly impossible. Even a *poisoned saddle* was contrived by Walpole and Squires, with the expectation that the Queen might lay her ungloved hand upon it, and thus imbibe the fatal venom! Ussher calls our particular notice to "the tenderness of a Jesuit's conscience, who has no scruple at all in taking away a tyrant's life by any art whatsoever, but if poison be used it must—to avoid the sin of suicide—be *externally* applied."†

* Ibid, ii., 278. Steinmetz's History of Jesuits, ii., 376—383.

† Ussher's Works, ii., 454.

Amidst all those mortally dismaying dangers, Elizabeth "bated not a jot of heart or hope." She rested upon the Rock of Ages, and said with Luther, "Here I stand, God help me!" Her faith was mighty, and it overcame the world. No timorous, popishly affected councillors would have been able to meet the times, and Elizabeth summoned none to her cabinet but brave and patriotic Protestants, whose hearts were true as steel; for, says Fuller, "she well knew what tools to use upon knotty timber." Can we sufficiently admire the noble spirit with which Elizabeth made common cause with all the oppressed Protestants of Europe, notwithstanding the imminent perils which surrounded herself? Are we sufficiently aware how completely England owes her greatness to that Christian policy of her first Protestant Queen? It was by her aid and example that the Scottish Reformers were enabled to finish their work; and their abandonment of the alliance of popish France for union with Protestant England easily followed. Holland and Flanders received her support, and were encouraged by her example in their struggles for Gospel truth. They repaid the debt with incalculable interest. Many Flemish Protestants were thus attracted to England, and they brought all their industry in the woollen and linen trade with them. Holland obtained its liberty from Spanish tyranny, and that little almost forgotten corner of Europe sprung into an independent Protestant state, which often in after times helped England in the hour of need. From Holland arose that noble Protestant champion who, at an awful crisis, delivered England from popery, slavery, and arbitrary power.* The French Protestants had her most cordial sympathies and active support. In every Church prayers were offered for those "sheep appointed for the slaughter," and also for the

* Elliott's *Horæ Apocalyp.* ii., 463.

conversion of "their and our proud, cruel, hard hearted, and blind enemies."*

Such was the detestation expressed by Elizabeth for that execrable massacre, that Fenelon, the French ambassador, was ordered to palliate it: but his heart failed him as he passed through the anti-chamber of the palace, and marked the awful and affecting silence that pervaded that haunt of gaiety. On every side he noticed courtiers and ladies attired in the deepest mourning, and overwhelmed with melancholy for their murdered brethren. They gave him no salutation, not even a look of recognition; and when he entered the presence chamber, the Queen so powerfully depicted the base cruelty of the massacre of her French brethren, that Fenelon grew pale, his step faltered, and his tongue was incapable of announcing his message. In fact he did not scruple to admit that he was now ashamed of the name of Frenchman.† Many French Protestants were cordially welcomed to England, and they brought the silk trade with them. Protestant Denmark also obtained her succour, and nobly aided England during the Spanish invasion.

Elizabeth successes in Ireland shall soon attract our notice, but it should be held in everlasting remembrance that her "message of peace to Ireland" was *not* a grant for a popish college; or for the extension of popery through so-called! "National Board schools," which exclude the Bible from the education of the poor:—but a noble Protestant University and Diocesan Protestant schools, which long kept alive the sparks of Gospel-light, which now illuminate Ireland with such heavenly brightness.

The case of Mary, Queen of Scots, was the most difficult and painful. She had been detected in correspondence with the execrable Duke of Alva for the seizure of her son James,

* Southey's *Book of the Church*, ii. 271.

† Hume, chap. xl.

that he might be conveyed into Spain and trained in the Romanist faith. She was discovered plotting with the pope and Don John of Austria, for the conquest of England by the Spaniards, that she might be married to Don John, and with him exterminate English Protestants by fire and sword; and a more fearful Marian persecution than that which had lately passed, like the simoon of the desert, over England, was confidently hoped for.* In anticipation of this horrible triumph, Hall, who had been ejected from the wardenship of Merton College, Oxford, wrote thus to a friend:—"The heretics are cool enough now, but I hope they will soon be as hot as the arch heretics whom we saw consigned here to the flames."† Her intrigues had brought the Duke of Norfolk's head to the block; and she was deeply implicated in the last Jesuit attempt—Ballard's—upon the Queen's life. Samnier, the notorious French Jesuit, had entered England, *en militaire*, dressed in a fine slashed doublet of orange and satin, faced with green silk; from his saddle bow hung a brace of pistols. He wore a splendid sword by his side, and a curiously embroidered scarf round his neck. He obtained a private interview with Mary, and laid before her all his plots. Another Jesuit was on his way to England from Rome with the object of assassinating Elizabeth. He was described to Lord Burleigh as "over thirty years of age, of good fashion, a sanguine complexion, a yellow beard, of a full quick eye, straight nose and middle stature. He was to have come through Scotland."‡

Meanwhile in every Spanish port stupendous preparations were made for the invasion of England. The forest of the Waes was felled for ship building. Every smith and car-

* Southey's *Book of the Church*, ii. 280. Strype's *Annals*, ii., 203. Burnet's *History of the Reformation*, 592. † Strype's *Parker*, 117.

‡ Steinmetz's *History of the Jesuits*, ii., 416; iii., 297.

penter in the vast Spanish empire was busily prepared night and day in framing ships and weapons. The desperate crisis called for desperate remedies. Campian was seized and executed, because he refused to answer the question whether Elizabeth was a true and lawful Queen. Many other Jesuits, Lingard admits, gave satisfactory answers, and sentence of banishment was passed upon them.* Of those arch traitors only *seven* were executed during Elizabeth's reign, and seventy were banished. For which clemency Fuller rather censures Elizabeth thus:—"The dead do not bite, and being despatched out of the way are forgotten; whereas, if Jesuits be only despatched by exile or imprisonment, their party will be restless and plotting; and there is no precedent of any Jesuit being converted in gaol or exile; therefore it is but just that they who will not be mended by gaol, should be ended by the gallows."† Mary, their victim,‡ shared their doom, in the nineteenth year of her captivity. The French king wished her to be sent to France, but when he heard of the discovery of her letters to Alva, he shook his head in despair, saying, "Ah, poor fool, she will never cease till she lose her head! In faith they will put her to death. I see it is her own fault and folly. I see no remedy for it. I meant to help, but if she will not be helped, I cannot help it."§ Elizabeth only yielded to the importunity of her Parliament and Privy Council in signing Mary's death warrant. She deplored the act most deeply. Could *she* "see any remedy for it?" Could *she* "help it?"

On the memorable 25th May, 1588, the Spanish fleet sailed from the Tagus. Never before had the mighty deep borne on its bosom a more splendid armament. It consisted

* Steinmetz's History of the Jesuits, ii., 412.

† Fuller's Church History, iv., 462, v. 74.

‡ Pasquier's Catechism of Jesuitism, 171.

§ Strype's Annals, ii., 72.

of 130 ships, of 57,868 tons, manned by 8,450 mariners, and 2,088 galley slaves. It carried 2,639 great brass cannon, and 19,295 veteran soldiers, commanded by the ablest captains of the time. The rear was brought up by 30 lesser ships, and 80 ships followed as a reinforcement. The flotilla was victualled for six months. No superstitious art was left untried to raise the fanaticism of the crusaders. The very ships were consecrated to Romish saints. The little St. Peter, the Samson, and the St. Bernard—saints hitherto unknown to the Spanish navy—now joined the Virgin, and the St. James in this grand enterprize for exterminating English heretics. The admiral himself bore the title of Santa Croce—Holy Cross—and upon his prow waved a hallowed plume of peacock feathers blessed by the pope who, to render assurance doubly sure, baptized the flotilla “The Invincible Armada.” An army of thirty four thousand veterans were also assembled in the Netherlands, under the Duke of Parma, for transportation into England; and the flower of the nobility of Italy and Spain hastened to join his standard.

The safety of England now depended, under God, upon the courage and conduct of Elizabeth. All the Protestants in Europe anxiously looked upon her measures in this crisis which, humanly speaking, was to decide for ever the fate of their religion; and they regarded with admiration, mingled with foreboding, the intrepid countenance with which she met the approaching hurricane. Behold her on horseback in the camp at Tilbury Fort, riding cheerfully along the lines, charging the soldiers to remember their duty to God and their country; and disclosing her fixed resolution rather to perish with her faithful soldiers in the field, than to survive the ruin of Protestantism, and the slavery of her people! Listen to her spirit stirring and martyr-like words;

•

"I am come amongst you at this time, my faithful and loving people, being resolved in the midst and heat of the battle, to live or die amongst you all ; to lay down for my God, and for my kingdom, and for my people, my honour and my blood, even in the dust. I know I have but the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart of a king, and of a king of England too ; and I think it foul scorn that Parma, or Spain, or any prince in Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realms : to which rather than any dishonour should grow by me, I myself will take up arms. I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field. We shall shortly have a famous victory over those enemies of my God, of my kingdom, and of my people !"*

The heart of Protestant England echoed the shout which hailed this magnanimous speech. The royal navy then numbered only twenty eight small ships ; but the vessels of merchants, nobles, and traders, soon swelled their numbers ; and when, 19th July, 1588, the lofty masts, and swelling sails, and towering prows of the "sacred" Spanish galleons hove in sight ; the pigmy fleet of England, with three British cheers, boldly encountered them. Fire ships shot panic among the men of the flaming inquisition ; and then a mighty tempest was sent by the King of the elements, to undertake the battle for England. In one fearful night the mightiest ships of Spain sunk for ever amidst the rejoicing billows : and the papal curse was turned into a blessing, for then it was that Brittannia learned to "rule the waves." It was the Spanish wars that developed the maritime genius and colonial enterprise of our country.

Elizabeth exchanged her crown for a brighter diadem, 1603, in the seventieth year of her age, and forty-fifth year

* Hume, chap. xlii.

of her reign. During her last hours several godly bishops, alternately, prayed by her side, and "most heartily and devoutly she prayed with them making signs, and shows to her last remembrance of the sweet comfort she felt, and of the unspeakable joy to which she was going. She told the Archbishop of Canterbury that her mind never wandered from God, and when she could no longer speak she was observed to lift up her eyes and hands to heaven."* So much for the slanderous description of her death-bed given by the Jesuit Parsons, and endorsed by Dr. Lingard! She has been reviled for parsimony on the public service, and profusion in largesses to her favourites. That calumny is also refuted by the simple facts that it was a common saying during her reign, "The Queen pays bountifully, though she rewards sparingly;" and that her economy and wisdom in regulating her small revenue, without imposing taxes on the people, enabled her to pay off *four millions* of debts left on the crown by her father, brother, and sister; while she expended on the Spanish wars nearly one million and a half, and on Ireland in ten years three millions and a half; and that Holland owed her, at the time of her death, eight hundred thousand pounds, and the King of France four hundred and fifty thousand.† She has been painted as a cruel tyrant by all Romish writers. Does literature ever flourish under iron despotism? Never! Why then is the Elizabethan era the golden age of English literature—inexhaustibly rich to all the divines and historians, poets and philosophers, which have since arisen in the world of letters? Jesuits have paraded as damning proofs of the unchastity of England's maiden queen, the affectionate words and marks of esteem which she conferred on her special friends. Why

* M.S. Bishop Kennett. Steinmetz's Hist. Jes. iii. 101. Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, iii. 363.

† Hume Appendix, iii.

are the sons of Loyola wilfully ignorant of the fact, that much stronger expression of endearment were used towards their favorites by the popes and princes of *her* day? We find black traces in history of the illegitimate sons quartered on their impoverished kingdoms by popes and popish princes, but where is to be seen any record in English history of the illegitimate children of Elizabeth? But the "chaste Gloriana" of Spenser and Shakspeare's

" Fair vestal, throned by the west

In maiden meditation, fancy free"

little recks the "faint praise" of Miss Strickland, and the vile calumnies of Parsons and Lingard, Wiseman and Cahill: she is still dear to our church and nation, and will ever be while there is any virtue or any praise in our country, "Elizabeth of famous memory." Bishop Hall says, "such was the sweetness of her government, and such the fear of misery at her loss, that many worthy Christians desired their eyes might be closed before hers. Every one pointed to her white hairs and said, 'when this snow melteth there will be a flood.'" These presentiments of evil were soon realised.

James I. had been well instructed by Buchanan in that most essential branch of knowledge—acquaintance with the Romish controversy. He even wrote upon the controversy with considerable ability, and used often to say that he was only a half king over Romanists, for though their bodies were subject to him, their souls belonged to the pope. The oath of allegiance devised by him is a strong proof of his controversial skill. It imposed no unfair obligation upon the conscience of Romanists, although it very nearly cut, as we shall soon see, the Gordian knot which binds them to the footstool of the pope. Romanists were grievously disappointed at this conduct, so utterly at variance with what they expected from the son of her in whom their hopes had so long been cen-

tered ; and one of the most horrible plots that ever showed the strength of Romish fanaticism, and the feebleness of moral influences upon Romish devotees was remorselessly contrived and energetically pursued. It was determined to work a mine under the Parliament house, and blow up with gunpowder the king and the royal family, along with the nobility, gentry, and commons, as soon as the opening day of the next session of Parliament should have assembled them all within its walls in fancied security and festive rejoicing!!! O what a shriek of agony would have burst from many hearts and homes in England! What wild woe! What desolation! What fiendish triumph! What extermination of Protestants would have followed the success! "A treason without a Jesuit," says Fuller, "is like a dry wall without either lime or mortar:" so the conspirators, Catesby, Percy, Guy Fawkes, and their fellows applied to Garnet, the English Provincial of Jesuits and he satisfied all their scruples of conscience. "All rubs being removed," continues Fuller, "their way was made as smooth as glass, and as slippery too. They fall a working in the vault, dark the place, in the depth of the earth; dark the time in the dead of the night; dark the design of all the actors therein concealed by oath from others, and thereby combined amongst themselves. O how easy is any work when high merit is conceived the wages thereof! In piercing through the wall nine feet thick, they foolishly conceived that they thereby hewed forth their way to heaven! One night, hearing a noise over their heads, they discovered a vault ready made under the Parliament house; they hired it, and so digged more with their silver in one hour, than with their iron in many days. Therein they, by degrees, gathered thirty-six barrels of gunpowder, mingled with many iron bars to make the havoc more dreadful, and covered all with a mask of thick faggots. The session was put off from 7th February

to 5th October, then to the 5th of November, to give all these criminals and their master, time to repent; but no taking off of their wheels will stay those chariots from drowning, which God hath decreed shall be swallowed up in the Red Sea."* This execrable conspiracy was discovered by such simple means as points out the direct interposition of the hand of God. Ten days before the session opened, an anonymous letter was handed to the servant of a Roman Catholic noble, Lord Monteagle, warning him to abstain from attending Parliament, for a terrible blow from unseen hands would suddenly punish the wickedness of the time. Lord Monteagle laughed at the letter and treated it as a hoax; however he showed it to Lord Salisbury who, notwithstanding his proverbial caution, paid it little attention, but he handed it to the king. James was struck with the serious and earnest style of the paper. He mused over it for a while; then suddenly penetrated its meaning, and ordered the vaults under the Parliament house to be examined. The inspection was delayed till the very night before Parliament met. About midnight Sir Thomas Knevet and some officers with stealthy steps entered the vault, and encountered Guy Fawkes at the door. He had just finished his horrible work by laying the train in so scientific a manner, that an explosion was certain, and he was returning home with a dark lantern in his hand. The daring and determined courage which had so much distinguished Fawkes as a soldier and conspirator now awfully appeared. When the matches for firing the train were taken from his pocket, the wretched fanatic boldly regretted that he had lost the opportunity of firing the powder at once and sweetening his own death by that of his enemies!

Enthusiastic was the national gratitude to God for this

* Church History, v. 342.

wonderful deliverance, and deeper still grew its abhorrence to popery. Public thanksgivings were offered in every Church, and multitudes with uplifted hand and voice, blessed the loving kindness which had "so miraculously preserved the Church and State from the secret contrivance and hellish malice of Popish conspirators; prayed that this undeserved goodness might move them to be more zealous in the religion thus marvellously preserved; and that truth and justice, brotherly kindness and charity, devotion and piety, concord and unity, with all other virtues might so flourish that they might be the stability of the times, and make the Church a praise on earth."* May such lively feelings and such results always attend our annual commemoration of this day of great thanksgiving! Fawkes at length revealed the names of the conspirators, some were slain in the attempt to escape, some were captured.

At the trial, Sir E. Coke, one of the most eminent lawyers England ever produced, thus identified the Jesuits with this horrible conspiracy. "I never knew a treason without a Romish priest; but in this there are *very many Jesuits*, who are known to have dealt and passed through the whole action, as Garnet the superintendent of the Jesuits in England; Cresswell in Spain; Baldwin in Flanders; Parsons at Rome. So that the principal offenders are the seducing Jesuits: men that use the most sacred and blessed name of Jesus as a mantle, to cover their impiety, blasphemy, treason, rebellion, and all manner of wickedness."† Garnet's retreat was discovered at Hendlip, near Worcester. A magistrate seized the house. Every room was searched repeatedly, and guards posted at each door. After three days the servants of the Jesuits came out from a cunningly concealed recess, being no longer able to endure the pangs of hunger. On the

* Gunpowder Treason Service. † Johnson's Life of Sir E. Coke, ii, 180.

eighth day the secret closet in which Garnet and Oldcorne lay, was at length discovered. The wretched men had remained all that time sitting, with their legs painfully bent under them. They had marmalade and other sweetmeats beside them, but their chief support was broth and caudle, which had been conveyed to them by means of a hollow reed through a little aperture in the chimney of a lady's chamber. They looked so ghastly that their captors fled from them as if they were ghosts. After Garnet's execution the Jesuits adopted a most crafty device for clearing him and their order from the odium of this atrocious plot. They publicly exhibited a *straw*, on which they averred a drop of Garnet's blood had traced his minature most minutely indeed, but discernable to the eye of the faithful! This holy straw was affirmed to have performed many miracles, especially that of being a most successful accoucheur! Bishop Hall remarked on the extraordinary credulity of the crowds who visited it. "I had thought that our age had too many grey hairs, and with time experience; and with experience craft, not to have descried a juggler; but now I see by its simplicity it declines to its second childhood." The pretended miracle was sifted by the Archbishop of Canterbury. A painter who had seen the straw, made a drawing of it from memory; and proved that a skilful artist (such as the Jesuit Kircher) might have fabricated the pretended miraculous picture. However the Jesuits, with the courage for which Pascal gives them credit, persisted in extolling their "*man of straw*;" and placed Garnet's statue in their church at Rome, amongst the martyrs of the society, after they had obtained his canonization from the pope!!*

Sad to say all the theoretical and practical knowledge

* Fuller's Church History, v. 342. Jardine, ii. 351. Steinmetz's History of the Jesuits, iii. 150.

which James possessed of Romanism, was finally neutralized by his foolish fondness for "baby Charles," as he always called his unfortunate son. This infirmity—as is invariably the case—the crafty church of Rome early discovered and turned to its own account. To please "baby Charles and Stenie," Buckingham, the feeble minded king consented to their visiting the princess of Spain; and when a faithful councillor pointed out the danger of the tour, James threw himself upon his bed in a passion of tears, complaining that he was undone, and should lose "baby Charles." The prince reached Madrid, and was received with all honour. A golden master key was presented to him, that he might be perfectly at home, and at all times have access to the Spanish king. All things went "merry as a marriage bell" while Pope Gregory XV. quietly annexed to his dispensation, for the espousals the condition, that the princess should not only be permitted the free exercise of her creed, but be absolutely entrusted with the education of the children of the union, till they were *ten* years of age.* This master stroke of policy he followed up by a most artful letter to Charles, 20th April, 1623, in which he commended his proposed alliance with a daughter of the (R.) Catholic Church, as a proof that he neither hated the (R.) Catholic faith, nor desired to oppress the holy chair; and as a happy evidence that the seeds of the ancient Christian piety, which formerly distinguished the kings of Great Britain, long dormant as they had lain, were now about to revive and blossom in his soul, and make him the fairest flower of Christendom; he reminded the prince that Gregory the Great had *first* (?) planted the Gospel in England; and that he himself, the inferior in holiness, but equal in name and dignity, earnestly desired—following his predecessor's blessed footsteps—to bring salva-

* Hume, chap. xlix.

tion to that country, especially at a time when the prince's desire for a Roman Catholic alliance elevated him with the hope of an extraordinary advantage; and he entreated Charles to imitate the holy kings of England, who came from England to Rome *accompanied with angels*, to honor and do homage to the Lord of Lords, and to the Prince of the Apostles in the apostolical chair! Charles—in reply to this precious specimen of “the flattering and feigning” by which the pope enacts “the Ivy Tree” amongst princes—addressed the pope as “Most Holy Father,” reminded him that many of his ancestors “had exposed their lives for the exaltation of the holy chair;” disavowed his being “a partisan of any faction against the Catholic Apostolic Roman religion;” declared that his royal father was greatly grieved at the enormous evils growing from the division of Christian princes, and pledged himself for the time to come, to effect their union, “as all have *one* (?) religion, and one faith, for all believe in one Jesus Christ!”

When the marriage articles were sent to England, James demurred at giving the title of “Most Holy Father” to the pope, but yielded the point; and also engaged that no part of the English Church service should be used in the ceremony of the betrothal, but only “a hymn of joy in praise of peace.” The Spanish match was broken off, chiefly by “Stenie’s” indiscretion: and to salve the wounded feelings of “baby Charles,” James consented to terms still more favourable to Rome, exactly as they were dictated by the new pope Urban VIII., in order to secure the hand of Henrietta Maria, daughter of the king of France; by which he bound himself and the prince, upon oath, not to make any endeavour to cause her to renounce her religion; and engaged that all her officers and *their children* should be Romanists; that she should have a chapel in each of the king’s palaces,

suitably decked and adorned; and that she should have a Roman Bishop attached to her court, with ecclesiastical jurisdiction; finally, that the children of the marriage should be brought up by their mother till they reached *fourteen* years of age!*

What a remarkable illustration of the folly of attempting to *stop* Romish aggression by conciliation! How thoroughly this treaty shows the unbending fidelity with which *every* Romish pontiff follows out the policy of his predecessor! Above all, see the tremendous danger of intermarriage with Romanists, who are always obliged, by the rules of their Church, to promise the perversion of their children as the very condition of the dispensation which permits marriage with a heretic! It has been stated that Anne, the queen consort of James, was a concealed papist.† If this be so, there is more to palliate the folly of the fickle king, as well a stronger case made against intermarriages with Romanists. And yet James had a noble example before him in the conduct of Elizabeth, who refused much less offensive terms proposed by the ambassadors of Austria and France, when, at the importunity of her Parliament, she listened to their offers of marriage. To the former she said, "In case we should grant these proposals we should offend our conscience, and openly break the public laws of our realm, not without great peril both of our dignity and safety." To the Duke of Anjou—a very pleasing person—she could only be induced to concede "that he should not be compelled to attend the English church, nor molested for attending other worship *not openly and manifestly repugnant to God's word*: after which, these amours, by degrees, waxed cold." Indeed it was usual for many a day, when Englishmen compared James's reign

* Foxes and Firebrands, part iii. 12, 34—66. Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, ii. 380.

† Birch's *State Papers*. ii. 504.

with the preceding glorious one, to distinguish him by the title of *Queen James*, and his illustrious predecessor by that of *King Elizabeth*.

Charles I. ascended the throne, 1625, and these Romish engagements and connections had a fatally disturbing influence upon his principles and conduct during his whole reign. His Romish marriage embroiled England in a bloody civil war. It cost him his life, and exiled his miserable descendants from England for ever. The Romish alliance quickly produced mischief in England, especially as its secret articles pledged Charles to relax the penal laws against popery; and his consequent lenity to Romanists was construed into a bias for their religion. Charles was loaded with heavy debts contracted by his father, both with foreign princes and with subjects: so to meet the expenses of the war with Spain, and carry on his government, he was forced at once to apply to the House of Commons for large supplies. One hundred thousand pounds were required instantly for the naval service, but an "untoward event" created a perfect storm of opposition in the House to that grant. Charles had ordered one ship of war and seven armed merchant vessels to the French coast, ostensibly to assist Louis against Spain. When the squadron reached Dieppe it was discovered that it was destined to assail that stronghold of poor persecuted Huguenots—Rochelle. The sailors were horrified at the prospect of imbruing their hands in the blood of their brethren, and drew up a remonstrance to their commander, signing their names in a circle lest he should find out the ringleaders—the origin of the round robin—and then laid it under his prayer book. The brave old commodore was greatly moved by the artless pathos in which the sailors expressed themselves. He mounted the quarter deck, and declared that he would rather be hanged in England than fight his brother

Protestants in France. With three cheers the anchors were weighed, and the squadron returned to the Downs. There they were informed that Louis had proclaimed peace with the Huguenots, and they were ordered back to Dieppe. On entering the harbour they found that they had been again deceived. Sir Fernando Gorges, who commanded one of the vessels, broke through the French line and returned to England. All the other officers and men, notwithstanding the great offers of the French, forsook their ships, and only one gunner could be induced to remain. He was afterwards killed in charging a cannon before Rochelle, at the time that of the fifteen thousand Protestants who had taken refuge there, only four thousand had survived the famine and rigours of that memorable siege.* Under such circumstances no wonder that every act and word of the unhappy king, and of Laud, the archbishop of Canterbury, who was known to have commanding power over him, were jealously watched by all sincere Protestants in and out of Parliament; supplies were denied often to the king; he was forced to illegal measures for relief; and vehement suspicions were entertained of his Protestantism. Laud's favourable feelings towards popery were displayed by the revival of Romish ritual observances, church adornment and vestments to such an extent, *that he was twice offered by the pope a cardinal's hat*, which he declined with the hesitating remark, "That something dwelt within him which would not suffer his compliance till Rome were *other* than it is!" When a daughter of the Duke of Devonshire was asked by Laud why she had turned Romanist, she replied with a very meaning smile, "'Tis chiefly because I hate to travel in a crowd." He was a little puzzled by such a strange reason, and asked her to explain. She quickly retorted "I perceive your grace and many others are making haste to Rome; and there-

* Hume, chap. l.

fore in order to prevent my being crowded, I have gone before you!" Indeed Laud's innovations but too palpably encouraged the charge of Romanizing. He called the Lord's Table by its old popish name—the Altar. At the consecration of the elements he peeped, and bowed, and muttered precisely like a popish priest. The obnoxious cope—an embroidered vestment used at the Romish mass—crucifixes, pictures, and painted windows, were now introduced into Churches, as well as the Gregorian chaunt. Not only were such of the clergy as opposed those innovations suspended and deprived by the high commission court; but many bishops absolutely swore the churchwardens to inform against any who neglected them. The king's preachers openly owned the church of Rome as the Mother Church, and sighed for re-union with it. They even commended the *confessional*, and treated the worst errors charged against popery as mere calumnies, contrived by intemperate puritans. They loudly praised moderate papists, and waged such fierce war with dissenters, that they recklessly risked the alienation of our most trustworthy allies, by compelling the English abroad to withdraw from the communion of foreign Protestants, as if they were heretics, with whom Anglican Churchmen could hold no fellowship! Even Scudamore, our ambassador at Paris, was obliged to retire from the Huguenot church, to which his presence had given such support and safety.

It is probable that Laud and his unfortunate master were beguiled into those Romeward movements by the artifices of the papal nuncio Panzani, whose ostensible mission to England was a visit to the queen, whom he charmed by the gift of a bone of St. Martina, set in a magnificent gilt relic case, of which one side was formed of a rare chrysolite. The Jesuits held entire command over the miserable Queen. At their instigation she took a barefoot pilgrimage to

Tyburn, where one morning under the gallows on which so many Jesuits had been executed as traitors to Elizabeth and James ; she knelt and prayed to them as martyrs and saints, who had shed their blood in defence of the Romish church !* How craftily suited was such an act to brand Charles as a true Romanist and patron of Jesuits !

It is certain that Charles patronized a work written by the friar Davenport—alias Santa Clara—which most sophistically attempted to show that the canons and decrees of the Council of Trent, were reconcilable with our Thirty-Nine Articles, so that a man might conscientiously sign the latter, and yet be a true son of the church of Rome !† No wonder that such practises and doctrines were branded in the House of Commons by Oliver Cromwell as “flat popery.” The commotions which heaved and swelled the nation were grievously augmented by the Jesuits who are—said secretary Windebanke to Panzani—“full as expert at raising their fortunes in a storm as in a calm.” They mingled in all circles, and goaded to madness the opposite parties. As Quakers they cried down the authority of the Scriptures by pretending to infallible light. As Independents they professed themselves not depending on the heretic Church of England. As Fifth monarchy-men they laboured to pull down the English monarchy, which had become so essentially Protestant, that its demolition was absolutely needful to their plans. As Presbyterians they “could not help railing at the true Church as the Harlot of Babylon, but always with (Roman) Catholic intentions, for they termed the episcopacy of the heretical tribe of England as the *Daughter* of that foul Harlot.” As Churchmen they raised “a religious cry against puritans,” and made English episcopacy more odious

* Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, ii., 378.

† Hume, chap. lii. Berington's *Memoirs of Panzani*, p. 139—165.

to them by oppressive exactions, whilst at the same time they drew many unwary Protestants into popery. Two of the bishops, Goodman and Montague, died papists. Montague—while as bishop of Chichester he was entrusted with the guidance and defence of our Protestant church—traitorously held secret conferences with Panzani, whom he assured of his ardent desire for union with Rome, and his high ambition for kissing the pope's foot; and whom he led to believe that Laud was "entirely of his sentiments, but with a great alloy of fear and caution;" and that of all the bishops, Morton, Davenant, and Hall, were the only violent antagonists of the pope!* Windebanke, the infatuated king's trusted secretary was a Jesuit, who regularly revealed all his secrets to the papal legate. Lord Gage was a deep Jesuit, who had his house splendidly garnished with lascivious pictures and statues, in order to conceal the existence of a nunnery under his roof. "O fit cover for such a dish!" The dowager Duchess of Buckingham, the Countess of Arundel, and Mr. Porter, a gentleman of the king's bed-chamber, were lively lay Jesuits. "Enmity and variance were also set between Sir John Presbyter and the Independents." Hence the conflicts which raged between those two great parties.

The Jesuit Patience—General Fleetwood's chaplain—was summoned from New England "to clash with Presbyterians; being bred and reared up for that sect, and less suspected than others." John Lilburne and Hugh Peters were also masked Jesuits, who, as Independents, were "stout blades against the heretical synod, and had written sharply against it." Peter Pain, also a Jesuit, "set the Anabaptists a-madding, when the time was ripe enough." Sir Toby Matthew was one of the principal directors of those discor-

* Ibid, 237—248.

dant and complicated intrigues which required a master-mind to control and guide them. He was a Jesuit, and so vigilant "that a bed was never so dear that he would rest his head thereon, refreshing his body with sleep in a chair for an hour or two; neither day nor night sparing in his machinations, and a man most impudent, who flies to all banquets and feasts, called or not called; never quiet, always in action and perpetual motion." Here we have a clue to the strange scenes of fanaticism which so puzzle historians of this period. Crafty Jesuits set strange notions afloat so artfully that the unstable and unlearned were easily seduced from Gospel truth. For instance, a soldier of devout mein entered the church of Walton-upon-Thames one Sunday evening at twilight. He had four candles in his hand, and a candle burning in his lantern. As the people were dispersing he solemnly told them that he had a message to them from God, which he was to give and they to receive or the pain of damnation; and that it consisted of five lights. While the awe-stricken rustics stood around in expectation, he gravely lighted his candles, and blew them out one after another, as soon as he had proclaimed that the Lord's Day service, tithes, ministers, magistrates, and the *Bible*, were extinguished in the fifth monarchy which had now dawned upon England!*

The sanguinary wars in England and Scotland, and the hideous massacre in Ireland, were all promoted and inflamed by Jesuit firebrands. Coldly and calmly they also debated in their pandemonium upon the destiny of Charles and Laud. Archbishop Bramhall, Du Moulin—the French Reformer—and Habernfeld—the Queen of Bohemia's chaplain—gave their testimony to the appalling fact that both the king and the prelate were sentenced to death as soon as it was dis-

* Walker's History of Independency, ii., 152.

covered that they would not forsake the Church of England !
Of each it might be said,

“ Nothing in his life became him, like the leaving it ! ”

But if they had lived as steadfast Protestants as they died, how different would have been their destiny ! Their unwise and unfaithful concessions to popery only inflamed the Jesuits to fury at so mistaking their men—for with them a blunder is worse than a crime ; and *Mobile*—the Inconstant—and the *old Canterbury Cub*, were the names of opprobrium which they attached to Charles and Laud.*

We have seen how Jesuit priests, led by the Queen's confessor, and accoutred as soldiers exulted, when they beheld the “ grey and discrowned head ” of the king severed from his body, and we shuddered at that sight of horror.† What shall we say to the bursts of laughter with which the pope hailed a mournful recital of the miseries of the English civil war, and excused his mirth by the remark, “ I cannot forbear this testimony of joy, when I consider that God is convincing you of your errors by these severe methods, and by your own hands destroying one of the best drest heresies that ever appeared since that of the Arians ? ” ‡

Oliver Cromwell sadly disappointed all these expectations, when, 1649, he vigorously grasped the reins of government after the death of Charles. So low had the power of England fallen under the Stuarts, that she was scarcely of more weight in European politics than Venice or Saxony ; and Van Tromp, the famous Dutch admiral, had absolutely sailed his fleet along the coast of Kent exhibiting, by way of bravado, a broom fixed to his mainmast, as if he were resolved to sweep the sea entirely clear of all English ships ! As soon as Cromwell gained ascendancy, England at once

* Ussher's Work's, xvi., 293. Foxes and Firebrands, part iii., 90—170.

† See page 71.

‡ Foxes and Firebrands, part i., 4.

became the most formidable power in the world. The secret of her exaltation is to be found in the clear and decided Protestantism of Oliver and all his colleagues. It appeared in his stern refusal to foster popery at home, even upon the tempting terms offered by Louis XIV. of thus securing toleration for the Protestants of France, and in his pungent rebuke of the Irish Romanist bishops—which shall be noticed in its place—and in his bravely standing forth as guardian of all the Reformed Churches scattered over Romish kingdoms. The Duke of Savoy relinquished his bloody crusade against the Waldenses, when Oliver's ambassador—Morland—thus bravely depicted its barbarity in open court, and stated that his master was their intercessor :—" At the cruel massacre committed by your forces on these professors of the Protestant religion, the angels are surprised with horror—men are amazed—heaven itself seems to be astonished with the cries of dying men—and the very earth to blush at being discoloured with the gore blood of so many innocents! Oh! the fired houses which are yet smoking—the torn limbs, and ground defiled with blood! Do not Thou, O Thou most high God—do not Thou take that revenge which is due to such great wickednesses and horrible villainies! Let Thy blood, O Christ, wash away this blood!" Cromwell's secretary, the poet Milton, seconded this noble protest in the following superb sonnet which will perpetuate that atrocious act of Romish extermination as long as the English language endures :—

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Hear them, who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worship'd stocks and stones,
Forget not : in thy book record their groans,
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold

Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant ; that from these may grow
An hundred fold, who, having learnt thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe !

Cromwell was no mere political Protestant ; his heart was in " the good old cause." He ordered a narrative to be drawn up of that shocking persecution ; got it circulated through every part of the three kingdoms ; commanded a general fast, in token of our national sorrow for the massacre of our Vaudois brethren, and a public collection in token of our resolution to support their cause. He himself set a bright example of Christian liberality by contributing £2000—a vast sum in those days—to the fund which speedily swelled to nearly £40,000.* This noble policy attracted the admiration and affection of all foreign Protestant States. It combined them under England as the head of the Protestant interest. The Huguenots of Languedoc, and the shepherds of the Alps were secured from oppression by the mere terror of Cromwell's great name. The pope himself was forced to preach humanity and moderation to popish princes ; for a voice from England, which never threatened in vain, had declared that unless favour was shown to the people of God, the English guns should be heard in the castle of St. Angelo.

Never was there a more clear fulfilment of the Divine declaration that " Righteousness exalteth a nation " than in the brilliant success which now shone upon the arms of England. Admiral Blake not only vanquished the boasting

* Gilly's Narrative, 1823, pp. 216—228.

Dutch champion, but absolutely swept with his triumphant fleet the whole Mediterranean sea—where the British flag now floated for the first time since the Crusades—avenging the common injuries of Christendom upon the pirates of Barbary; and obtaining ample compensation for our plundered merchants. Blake's constant address to his seamen was truly Protestant in its recognition of our *duty to England* as paramount to any usurped authority of the foreign and apostate see of Rome. "*It is still our duty to fight for our country into what hands soever the government may fall.*" The king of Spain complained that the Protector insisted upon putting out at once both his eyes—the Inquisition and the Indian trade. Cromwell vanquished him by land and sea; seized Jamaica, one of the finest West Indian islands, and acquired on the Flemish coast the strong fortress of Dunkirk, which consoled the nation for the loss of Calais. It stirs our heart like the sound of a trumpet to hear that the Protestant and patriotic wish of Oliver was nobly fulfilled, and that he lived to see "the name of an Englishman as much feared and regarded as ever was that of an ancient Roman."*

Charles II. ascended the throne of his ancestors, 1660. During his long reign of 25 years, the Church, the Dissenters, and the papacy, slowly digested the bitter but useful lessons which they had received during the previous years of toil and tribulation. The secret history of Charles I's compact with his ill-fated queen as to the education of their children, opens the concealed cause of those deep impressions in favour of Romanism which Charles II. and James II. sucked in with their milk, and of that triumph of the cradle over the grave which we so often see amongst the profligate and thoughtless. Charles II. was a concealed

* Hume, chap. lx—lxiii. Macaulay's History of England, i. 138.

Romanist all his life, and died in that unhappy communion. He absolutely agreed with Louis XIV. to establish popery in England, provided he received £200,000 a year from France, in quarterly payments!* His violent persecution of dissenters, and forcible imposition of episcopacy upon them, was clearly intended to make the Church of England odious and intolerable in Scotland, and thus to weaken the Protestant interest. Charles II. most grievously damaged England by his popish policy. He seized the fund raised during the Protectorate for the relief of the poor Vaudois, and all their pathetic appeals and pressing remonstrances were fruitless.† The Protestants abroad found him their bitter enemy, as he was the fast ally of the French king, to whom he *sold* Dunkirk. He amused himself by hunting a moth about his supper room, while the Dutch fleet sailed up the Thames, and burned the ships of war at Chatham!

The plague as a national judgment swept off, in six months, more than a hundred thousand human beings; and scarcely had the dead cart ceased to go its rounds, than a fire, such as had not been in Europe since the conflagration of Rome under Nero, laid in ruins the whole city from the purlieus of Smithfield to the Thames, and from the Tower to the Temple.‡ Even one of this popish king's boon companions could discern his total unfitness to rule a Protestant country, and supplied him with an epitaph as just as it was severe:—

“ Here lies our Sovereign Lord the King,
Whose word no man relies on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
Nor ever did a wise one.”

From such an unstable prince the court of Rome could

* Hume, chap. lxvi, *note*.

† Gilly's Narrative, 89.

‡ Macaulay's History of England, i., 192.

not expect much steady and vigorous support in its projects for exterminating heretics : but with that marvellous patience and consummate policy which distinguish it over all other dynasties, it contented itself during that quarter of a century in maturing its plans, and preparing for a desperate struggle, as soon as the gloomy and stern bigot James should have ascended the throne of England. Surely the ruler who could, during his government in Scotland, absolutely delight in watching the agonies to which state prisoners and Covenanters were subjected by the horrible *boots*, which crushed their knees flat—a spectacle which some of the worst men then living fled from with pity and terror—he was the right instrument for executing perfectly the infamous third canon of the fourth Council of Lateran ! Churchill's answer to the petitioner for mercy in behalf of poor Benjamin Hewling, speaks volumes. "I wish well to your suit," said he, as they stood together in the anti-chamber, "but do not flatter yourself with hopes. This marble," and he laid his hand upon the chimney piece, "is not harder than the king."*

James II. succeeded his miserable brother, 1685, and loud were his first professions to the Privy Council of liberality towards the Church of England, and of attachment to the Constitution ; and yet, though casks of wine were broached in the streets of London, and all who passed were invited to drink to the health of the new Sovereign, the Protestants were not in a joyous mood ; tears were seen in their eyes, for they knew that Petre, the Jesuit, was the "conscience keeper" of their king. La Chaise, the Jesuit confessor of Louis XIV., wrote to Petre a letter which casts a dread light upon the treacherous tactics of James. He boasted in it that "by the power of the dragoons we—the Jesuits—have converted many thousand heretics in France in one year, and that by

* Ibid, i., 271, 494, 644.

the doctrine of those *booted apostles* we turned more in one month than Christ and His apostles could do in ten years. Your heretics are too strong in the three kingdoms, and we must seek to convert them by fair means before we fall upon them with fire, sword, halters, gaols, and other like punishments. Lastly, surprise the heretics, and let zealous (R.) Catholics sacrifice them *all*, and wash their hands in that blood, which will be an offering acceptable to God!"* This was exactly the course adopted by James. By degrees he thus drew over to popery many of the political Protestant nobles, whose religion is generally a court suit, fashioned as may be most acceptable to royalty.

Chief Justice Jeffreys was one of the most distinguished and mischievous of those wretched renegades. Look at Mr. Macaulay's faithful portrait of him. "Impudence and ferocity sate upon his brow. The glare of his eyes had a fascination for the unhappy victim on whom they were fixed. Yet his brow and his eye were said to be less terrible than the savage lines of his mouth. His yell of fury, as was said by one who had often heard it, sounded like the thunder of the judgment day. There was fiendish exultation in the way in which he pronounced sentence upon offenders. Their weeping and imploring seemed to titillate him voluptuously, and he loved to scare them into fits by dilating with luxuriant amplification on all that they were to suffer. 'Hangman,' he would exclaim, 'I charge you to pay particular attention to this lady! Scourge her soundly man. Scourge her till the blood runs down! It is Christmas; a cold time for madam to strip in; see that you warm her shoulders thoroughly!'" The celebrated puritan, Richard Baxter, was especially odious to Jeffreys, for he had never joined in the outcry against the Church of England, and laboured inces-

* Harleian Miscellany, vii. 173.

santly to bring about an union between Churchmen and Dissenters,—the very thing that would ruin the prospects of Romish ascendancy! This illustrious Divine was soon arraigned before the popish Chief Justice. He pleaded for time to arrange his defence. The patriarchial appearance and heavenly countenance, the age and infirmities of Baxter availed him nothing. Jeffreys burst into a storm of rage, “Not a minute,” said he, “to save his life. I can deal with saints as well as with sinners.” At Baxter’s trial a crowd of those who loved and honoured him filled the court. The moment his defence was begun, the Chief Justice exclaimed, “This is an old rogue, a schismatical knave, a hypocritical villain!” When it was gently observed that he had been offered a bishopric, “And what ailed the old blockhead then” cried Jeffreys, “that he did not take it?” He then called the venerable man of God a dog, and swore that it would be no more than justice to whip such a villain through the whole city. Baxter himself then quietly remarked, “My lord, I have been much blamed by dissenters for speaking respectfully of bishops.” “Baxter for bishops!” cried the judge, “that’s a merry conceit indeed. I know what you mean by bishops; rascals like yourself, Kidderminster bishops, factious Presbyterians! Dost thou think I will let thee poison the court? Thou art an old knave. Thou hast written books enough to fill a cart, and every book as full of sedition as an egg is of meat. I see a great many of your brotherhood waiting to know what will become of their mighty Don. And there” he continued, fixing his savage eye upon the eminent non-conformist, Dr. Bates, “there is a doctor of the party at your elbow, but by — I will crush you all.” The sound of weeping was heard from some ladies in the court. “Snivelling calves!” said the judge. Baxter was condemned to fine and imprisonment, for the sheriffs were

the tools of the government, and they had selected a jury from the fiercest zealots of their party. He had a narrow escape of being whipped through London at the cart's tail.*

Harmony between the Church and Dissenters has ever been most hateful to the papacy, and hence arose this scandalous treatment of the blessed peace-maker, Richard Baxter. This is the secret of James's strange efforts to force episcopacy upon the Covenanters of Scotland, by the atrocious persecution of Claverhouses dragoons, "the booted apostles," recommended by La Chaise; and by Colonel "Kirke's lambs," a set of blood-thirsty marauders, whose very name conjures up images of horror. The king's express command was that they should "be spared no legal trial by *torture* or otherwise."

Monmouth's rebellion gave further room for "the extermination of heretics." Jeffreys was now in his true element. For "lying, snivelling, canting Presbyterians" there was no mercy. "Show me a presbyterian," he used to exclaim, "and I will show thee a lying knave." The court at Dorchester was hung with scarlet to indicate his bloody purpose. To prisoners who claimed mercy as being good Protestants he used to reply, "You mean Presbyterian—I'll hold you a wager of it. I can smell a Presbyterian forty miles." Jeffreys "Bloody Assizes" swept away many men, women, and children of blameless life and of well known piety. Some of them composed hymns in the dungeon, and chaunted them on the fatal sledge. Christ, they sang while they were undressing for the butchery, would soon come to rescue Zion and make war upon Babylon; would blow His trumpet, and would requite His foes tenfold for all the evil which had been inflicted on His servants. Some walked manfully to the gallows tree; harangued the people with a smile, and

* Macaulay's History of Ireland, i. 448—489. ii. 116.

prayed fervently that God would hasten the downfall of *Anti-Christ*, and the deliverance of England from his sway. The butchery in the west being over, the wicked king rewarded the wicked judge for his "many and eminent services to the crown" by the great seal.* Jeffreys was the *last* popish Lord Chancellor of England. When shall we have another?

James took advantage of the public confusion consequent upon the rebellion, to take more decisive measures for establishing Romanism and "extirpating heresy." A papal legate was received by him as a foreigner of rank, whose curiosity led him to visit London—he was the first since the death of Mary. He then by degrees dismissed Protestant nobles from the council chamber, and upright judges from the bench; filled the army with popish officers, and nominated papists in crowds to ecclesiastical benefices, and the highest offices and honours in the state. Recollections of his tyrannical conduct to the universities should prove a *James's Powder* to abate their present Romanizing frenzy. What could be more barbarous than his forcing the profligate papist Farmer, and the masked papist, Parker, upon Magdalene College, Oxford? His very visit to the College was an intolerable insult. "You have not dealt with me like gentlemen," he stormed over the kneeling Fellows. "You have been unmannerly as well as undutiful, get you gone. I am king and will be obeyed. Let those who refuse look to it. They shall feel the whole weight of my hand." The Fellows did feel the king's heavy hand. They were expelled ignominiously, and their beautiful College turned into a Romish seminary. The deadliest enemies of the Church were by degrees, appointed to bishoprics as they became vacant. The bishopric of Oxford was given to Samuel Parker, a parasite, whose religion, if he had any, was of Rome. The king said

* Ibid, i. 476, 522, 640, 655.

to the papal legate, "I wished to appoint an avowed (Roman) Catholic, but the time is not come. Parker is well inclined to us; he is one of us in feeling, and by degrees he will bring round his clergy." The bishopric of Chester, vacant by the death of the great John Pearson, was conferred on Cartwright, a still viler sycophant than Parker. The archbishopric of York was kept vacant till it could be safely conferred on an avowed papist.

As for the Parliament James tyrannized over it in the most arbitrary manner; and violated the laws of the land with the most perfect despotism. As the representatives of the towns were the most unmanageable part of parliament, the king prohibited all elections of magistrates and town councils, and assumed to himself the right of filling up the municipal offices. The Jesuits now exercised absolute dominion in the cabinet, of which Petre was an acknowledged member. By their instigation, James, April 4, 1687, issued his memorable "Declaration of Indulgence." A document more cunningly devised for the re-establishment of Romanism never left the hand of a Jesuit. It expressed the king's wish to see his people members of the Romish Church; but since that could not be, it announced his intention to protect Romanists in the free exercise of their creed, and proceeded to annul, *by James's own sole authority*, a long series of penal statutes; it then abolished all religious tests; authorised the public worship of Romanists, so that they might build and decorate temples, and even walk in procession along Fleet-street, with crosses, images, and censers. How craftily was parliamentary discussion thus avoided! Protestant Dissenters were expected to give their warm support to this most unconstitutional measure, for it relieved them of all disabilities. Churchmen were supposed to view such a liberal measure with favour, for it was accompanied by strong pro-

fessions of the king's resolution to uphold the church in all its integrity. Still more, the clergy of the Church were enjoined to read the Declaration on two successive Sundays at the time of Divine Service; and the bishops were to distribute copies of it through their respective dioceses. The time was too short for combined deliberation, and the king's temper was arbitrary and severe. But the Church had seen worse times, and triumphed by faith in its Redeemer.

We have seen how our Five Martyr Bishops submitted to the stake rather than commit idolatry, and now in a chamber at Lambeth palace more than that number engaged in prayer for Divine direction and Divine strength, that they might have Christian wisdom and courage to confront a tyrant inflamed with all the bigotry of Mary. Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, whose hoary head was a crown of glory, for it abated not the vigour of his understanding, nor the warmth of his heart—it was found in the way of righteousness; Kenn, Bishop of Bath and Wells, the pious author of the morning and evening hymns which delight our childhood and console our old age; Lloyd, Bishop of St. Asaph, whose prophetic studies on Daniel and the Revelation had convinced himself and many, that the pope is Anti-Christ; Lake, Bishop of Chichester; White, Bishop of Peterborough; Turner, Bishop of Ely; and Sir John Trelawney, Bishop of Bristol; a baronet of an old and honourable Cornish family: these were the Seven famous Bishops, who, under God, saved our Church and country from popery. They unanimously resolved on a petition to the king, fully expressing their loyalty, and assuring him of their tenderness to the conscientious scruples of dissenters, but humbly protesting against this unconstitutional declaration of indulgence. It was now late on Friday evening, and on the following Sunday, May 20, 1688, the declaration was to be read in all the churches of London; so

all the Bishops, except Sancroft, who had long been forbidden the court, set off for Whitehall palace; and requested an audience of the king. James fancying that they had come to make submission received them very graciously, especially as when they delivered the paper into his hands, they knelt down before him, but his brow became dark as midnight while he read it; and folding it up he abruptly said:—"I did not expect this from your church. This is a standard of rebellion." These words he repeated over and over in a voice of rising passion. "Sir," said Bishop Kenn, "I hope that you will grant us that liberty of conscience which you grant to all mankind. We have two duties to perform, our duty to God, and our duty to your majesty. We honour you, but we fear God." This noble and loyal protest had no effect upon the narrow and bigotted mind of James, he counted the act as a *treasonable libel*, and committed the seven Bishops to the tower.

If he had not been sold under Anti-Christ, the miserable prince might have learned wisdom from the singular scenes which London presented upon the day of their imprisonment. When the Seven came forth under a guard, the emotions of the people broke through all restraint. Thousands fell upon their knees, and prayed aloud for the brave martyrs, as they were already deemed. Many dashed into the river, surrounded the barge in which the captives were conveyed, and up to their waists in ooze and water, cried to the aged men of God to bless them. All down the river, from Whitehall to London Bridge, the royal barge passed between lines of boats, from which rose a general shout of "God bless your Lordships." The banks were crowded with spectators, who, with uplifted hands and voices, prayed for the Protestant Church, and its noble Bishops. The very sentinels who were under arms at the Traitor's Gate reverently asked a blessing

from the martyrs whom they were to guard; and all the soldiers in garrison drank the health of the Bishops. All day the coaches of the first nobles in England, were seen moving to and from the tower in a continual procession.

But what more than all enraged and alarmed James, was a deputation of ten leading Dissenting ministers, who visited the prelates in token of their brotherly sympathy and respect. Four of those worthy men were summoned to James's presence, and he harshly upbraided them. They undauntedly answered, that they thought it their duty to forget past quarrels, and to stand by the men who stood by the Protestant religion. The Seven Prelates reached their prison at the hour of Evening Service, and instantly hastened to the chapel to "strengthen themselves in their God." It is in such hours of intense anxiety and peril, that prayer is estimated at something of its real value; and the children of God in their darkest hours experience, that through the mediation of the Lord Jesus:—

"Prayer ardent opens Heaven and lets down,
A stream of glory on the consecrated hour
Of man in audience with the Deity."

It is also at such hours that the Word of God touches the heart with its most living energy, and pours its sweetest balm over the wounded spirit. In the second lesson for the day were these words;—"In all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments."* Those singularly appropriate words, not only comforted the captives beyond expression, but, when generally known, conveyed to the souls of multitudes such a deep impression of the duty and privilege of suffering persecution in defence of God's truth, that in a few days more than nine thousand clergymen, with

* 2 Cor. vi., 4, 5.

with six other Bishops at their head, rejected the Declaration, and offered themselves to endure bonds and the spoiling of their goods for Christ and His Word. Baxter and Howe, Bates and Bunyan, made common cause with the persecuted Bishops, who also received letters from Scotland, assuring them of the sympathy of the Presbyterians, so long and so bitterly hostile to prelacy.

On the memorable 29th of June, the seven Bishops were brought to Westminster Hall to stand their trial. As they passed through the city they were every where saluted with loud acclamations and blessings. "Friends," said the prisoners as they passed, "honour the king, and remember us in your prayers." Thirty true hearted Protestant peers and a vast body of gentry attended them into the court. The jury remained in deliberation all night. The most intense anxiety prevailed on all hands as to the result. "It is very late," wrote the papal nuncio, "and the decision is not yet known. The judge and the *culprits* have gone to their own homes. The jury remain together. To-morrow we shall learn the event of this great struggle." At ten o'clock the next day the verdict of "Not Guilty" was given in, and as the words passed the foreman's lips, benches and galleries raised a shout of triumph. In a moment ten thousand persons, who crowded the great hall, replied with a still louder shout, which reverberated like thunder along the old oaken roof, and in another moment the multitude without set up a third huzza, which was heard at Temple Bar, and answered by deafening cheers from the boats which covered the Thames. The Bishops took refuge in Whitehall Chapel, where they returned thanks to God for their deliverance.

Many Churches were opened for thanksgiving, and crowded with pious worshippers who sobbed aloud for very

gladness : meanwhile the bells of all the Churches were ringing joyful peals. The king had that morning visited the camp on Hounslow Heath. As soon as he heard the tidings his countenance fell, and he said in French, "So much the worse for them." He had scarcely quitted the camp when he heard a great shouting behind him. He was surprised and asked what that uproar meant. "Nothing," was the reply, "the soldiers are glad that the Bishops are acquitted." "Call you that nothing?"—said James with a gloomy frown,—“But so much the worse for them.” That night all London was illuminated. The windows were lighted with rows of candles, each consisting of seven, and a taper in the centre, which was taller than the rest, represented the Primate. Never before had the streets been in such a glare of bonfires. To heighten the popular delight, figures of the pope, with a long retinue of cardinals and Jesuits, were paraded through the streets and committed to the flames, after being made the means of all sorts of light hearted merriment. Nor was this burst of feeling evanescent. Medals were struck in honour of the event. Portraits were also published of the seven Bishops, who were known by the titles of "The Seven Champions of Christendom, the Seven Golden Candlesticks, and the Seven Stars of the Protestant Church."

The reconciliation effected between Churchmen and Dissenters was the most important result of that joyful time. Archbishop Sancroft had made himself prominent in attacking Dissenters ; but his heart was melted by their Christian sympathy and brave support ; and he published an address to the bishops and clergy of the Church, in which he enjoined them to have a very tender regard to their brethren the Protestant Dissenters ; to visit them often ; to entertain them hospitably ; to discourse with them civilly ; to persuade

them, if it might be, to conform to the Church ; but, if that were impracticable, to join them heartily and affectionately in exertions for the blessed cause of the Reformation.*

All Protestants now happily united against their common foe, and some of the most irresistible exposures of popery that have ever appeared from the press, were contributed by the able controversialists Stillingfleet and Sharp, Tillotson and Patrick, Sherlock, and their brethren.† The nation continued to be daily more and more alienated from the bigotted king, who refused any redress of the intolerable grievances with which he loaded it, with the gloomy remark, "My father lost his head by making concessions. I will make none."

All this would have been "so much the worse for the Bishops" but for the wonderful favour which God gave them in the eyes of their Protestant fellow-countrymen. The peasants of Cornwall showed their determination to protect Bishop Trelawney, by openly chaunting a ballad, of which the burden is still remembered :—

"And shall Trelawney die, and shall Trelawney die ?

Then thirty thousand Cornish boys will know the reason why."

The miners from their caverns re-echoed the song with a variation :—

"Then twenty thousand under ground will know the reason why."

James then tried to bring "*booted apostles*" into the field of controversy. He flattered himself that he would find this an easier matter by a personal canvass of separate battalions. The officers and men of the very first regiment that he invited to subscribe an engagement to carry his intentions into effect, dreadfully mortified him by instantly laying down their arms. He brought over from Ireland large bodies of

* Macaulay's History of England, ii., 390.

† Gibson's Preservative from Popery contains the best works of the Protestant controversialists of this period.

Romish recruits to fill up the vacancies in the army, but the English officers and soldiers refused to serve with the intruders, and the whole nation loudly applauded their conduct. France, then, became the sole support of our last Romish king in his meditated persecution of his Protestant subjects. He actually wept for joy over the French bills of exchange which came to his relief; and so scandalous was his servility to the French king, that a *wooden shoe*—the well-known emblem of French slavery—was one day placed by some indignant member in the chair of the House of Commons.

William, Prince of Orange, became at length the point of hope to the oppressed Protestants of the British empire. He had long been the elected champion of the Protestant Churches abroad; and had undauntedly and successfully fought their battle against the most skilful generals and mightiest armies marshalled in the field for ages. Round his banner many gallant Protestants of our country had assembled, and they importunately joined in the urgent invitations which daily arrived from England. The astonishing Protestant spirit evoked by the trial of the Bishops, perfectly satisfied William that the voice from England which summoned him over to help the Protestant cause, was the voice of the nation. With all the decision which characterizes a great general, he instantly took measures for a descent upon England. His fleet was rapidly collected, and his veteran soldiers embarked, but the wind blew obstinately from the west, which at once prevented his armament from sailing, and brought fresh Irish regiments from Dublin to Chester in aid of James's arbitrary measures. The Londoners began to accuse the wind of being popish, and crowds daily stood in Cheapside, gazing intently at the weathercock on the graceful steeple of Bow church, and praying for a *Protestant wind*. The Dutch fleet was, by William's

amazing energy, ready to sail on October 16th; and the Prince on that day bade farewell to the States of Holland. But one month previously he wrote to a friend, "My sufferings, my disquiet, are dreadful. I hardly see my way. Never in my life did I so much feel the *need* of God's guidance." He had sought and found it, and now he stood before his countrymen rejoicing in the Divine strength, and confident of Divine guidance and protection. His slender and feeble frame was visibly borne up by the adamantine fortitude of his powerful mind. The lofty and ample forehead, the thoughtful brow, the nose curved like the beak of an eagle, the eye rivalling that of an eagle in brightness and keenness, the firm mouth, and thin, pale, careworn cheek—which marked the renowned soldier and able politician—were now illuminated by martyr-like resolution to shed his blood in defence of the Gospel. When in unfaltering accents he told the senators that he was now quitting them, perhaps never to return; and that if he should fall in defence of the Reformed religion, and of the independence of Europe, he commended his beloved wife to their care, the whole assembly burst into tears. They accompanied him to his ship, and then retired to the churches, where public prayers were offered for his safety and success. When the armament was half the distance between the Dutch and English coasts, the wind changed and rose to a tempest. The ships were scattered and in jeopardy, but they regained the coast of Holland without the loss of a single sailor or soldier. The news of the disaster filled James with extasy. This was a signal mercy, for it caused him to reject the offered succour of France.

Meanwhile William never left his ship, and before the *London Gazette* had spread the news of his disaster, he was again ready to sail. On the first of November he put to sea

the second time, and more than six hundred vessels followed in his train. On the third they passed the straits at mid-day, and the fleet spread within view of Dover and Calais. The troops appeared under arms on the decks. The flourish of trumpets, the clash of cymbals, and the rolling of drums were distinctly heard at once on the English and French shores. Multitudes of gazers blackened the white shores of Kent and of Picardy, beholding the most magnificent and affecting spectacle ever seen by human eye—a mighty fleet advancing over the billows, not to enslave but to emancipate a nation—not to impose a false religion by force of arms, but to vindicate liberty of conscience, and secure Gospel privileges to a country that rejoiced in them. Sunday, the fourth of November, dawned upon the Dutch armament as it neared the lovely Isle of Wight. Sail was slackened, and Divine Service celebrated. On the following day, the fifth of November, the fleet passed round the lofty cape of Berry Head and rode safe in the harbour of Torbay. The disembarkation had scarcely been effected when the wind suddenly changed, swelled into a terrific tempest from the west, and with irresistible hostility drove back the pursuing fleet of James. The first act of William was to summon his troops to join in thanksgiving to Almighty God for the protection so manifestly vouchsafed to them. Thus the Protestant champion honoured God, and according to the Divine promise he was honoured himself. It was “a time of refreshing.” The troops were inspired with new courage, and considered themselves as chosen of God and armed with His might. The day itself was an omen of victory, for it was consecrated to thanksgiving for the wonderful deliverance of the Royal Family and of the Three Estates from the Gunpowder conspiracy—the blackest plot ever devised by the emissaries of Rome. William’s standard now floated free on

English soil. It bore the motto of high import, "*I will maintain the liberties of England and the Protestant religion.*" How ignominiously James and his cowed monks fled before him, my space does not permit me to show. Suffice it to say that the heart of the nation beat true to the cause of Protestantism, and that the glorious Revolution of 1688 was effected without bloodshed. William and Mary boldly placed themselves at the head of the Protestant interest at home and abroad; and then "The Lord our God was with us, to help us, and to fight our battles."—2 Chron. xxxii., 8.

Their coronation oath—the same sworn by our beloved Queen—shows how thoroughly Protestant the state had then become. Here is an extract from it:—The Sovereign is asked, "Will you to the utmost of your power, maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant Reformed religion as by law established; and will you preserve unto the bishops and clergy of this realm, and to the churches committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges as by law do, or shall appertain unto them or any of them?" A similar precaution was used towards every one appointed to a place of trust under the crown, and he was required to swear;—"I do from my heart abhor, detest, and abjure, as impious and heretical, that damnable doctrine and position, that princes excommunicated or deprived by the pope, or any authority of the see of Rome, may be deposed or murdered by their subjects, or any other whatsoever, and I do declare that no foreign prince or prelate, hath or ought to have any jurisdiction, ecclesiastical or spiritual, within this realm." To make assurance doubly sure, the succession to the throne was limited "to the heirs of Princess Sophia, *being Protestants.*..."*

The noble protection given by William to the Vaudois,

* 1 Gul. and Mar. Sess.; c. 8, 12 and 13. Gul. Sess. iii. c. 2.

and his patronage of the first Missionary Society established in our land, show how firmly he "maintained the Protestant religion;" and his "Bill of Rights" proves him to have kept his pledge to uphold the "liberties of England." For the Protestant privileges which make England "the land of Bibles," for the toleration of religious opinions which we enjoy above all nations, for the freedom of our Parliaments, for the liberty of the press, for the authority of law, for the security of property, for the peace of our streets, for the happiness of our homes—our gratitude is due, under God, to William III., of pious, glorious, and immortal memory.*

What said the pope to this disastrous defeat of all his hopes? So far from despairing of the conquest of England, he, only six years after the Revolution of 1688, promised to "*establish the succession of ordinary episcopal jurisdiction so necessary to England, as soon as it should be judged a convenient time !!!*" †

* * * * *

The King-Priest of the seven-hilled city redeemed his pledge on the memorable 29th September, 1850, when he issued his "Letters apostolical, establishing in this most flourishing kingdom of England, one ecclesiastical province, consisting of one archbishop, and twelve suffragan bishops, and reserving to himself and his successors, the power of dividing the said province into others, and of increasing the number of dioceses, as occasion shall require!" This insidious and insulting aggression on our Church and State was made by Pius IX., in the very spirit of Anti-Christ, by "the invocation of the most Holy Mother of God, and the other heavenly patrons of England, especially St. Gregory the Great!!!"

Many very inadequate reasons have been assigned for an

* Macaulay's History of England, ii., passim.

† Berington's Memoirs of Panzani, p. 386.

act so daring, and so contradictory to the cautious character of the papacy. Hear one part of the solution of this mystery from the eloquent and candid Irish Romanist historian, Dr. Charles O'Connor. "Be it remembered that there are *two* views of Romanism. It is not only a system of religion, it is also a *deep laid system of policy* which has availed itself of the experience of ages; of many successes, and of many reverses of fortune; of the various experiments in policy which have led to the one, and of many mistakes which led to the other. Our Burleighs and our Walsinghams, our Chathams and our Pitts, were thoroughly acquainted with all the avenues to the courts of France and Germany; the very ladies in these courts were in their pay; but in the Roman court *there are no ladies* (to collect state secrets and betray them); it is composed of the most profound intriguers, all of whom are looking up to the papacy, and all of whom are interested, *personally* interested, in the aggrandisement of the holy see. There is no court in the world that better deserves the attention of a statesman than the Roman, for this obvious reason, that there is no court which has so many emissaries under such plausible appearances, and no place where the interests of other states are better understood. It is a notorious fact, and has been so since the days of Petrarch, that most of the Roman prelates are better skilled in politics than in divinity: that for *one* who is advanced to the cardinalate for his skill in theology, *ten* are promoted for having as nuncios discovered the secrets of foreign states. These prelates are usually sent legates, first to the three legations of Bologna, Ferrara, and Ravenna; to the marquissate of Ancona and Urbino, to the lesser courts of Naples, Florence, Brussels, Cologne, and Switzerland. From the smaller embassies they are sent to Vienna, Paris, Madrid, Warsaw, Lisbon, &c., from which courts they seldom return without

the cardinal's hat. They are of course appointed members of the congregation for *matters of state*, and I may boldly say; that no prince in Europe can boast of a council composed of more artful counsellors, or more refined, experienced, and crafty politicians; so that here is a combination of men, whose talents are improved by experience, matured by observation, and concentrated as into a focus, from which they dart their eyes at once upon all Europe, so that they are enabled to calculate on every incident that may present itself from day to day. In other states when an envoy is recalled, he is but too often thrown by as lumber, and a raw inexperienced person supplies his place; but in Rome even though the death of a pope should cause a change of ministry, every nuncio looks for his reward and office, and is sure of his preferment, in proportion to his diligence, when he returns to Rome. When cardinal Bentivoglio was nuncio at Brussels, though he had directly no concern with the British islands, yet having obtained from the Irish, Scotch, English vicars (R. C.) did he not send to Rome 'Una Relazione' a distinct and masterly account of the interests, the political relations, and the internal affairs of the three kingdoms, which was found so deeply and vitally interesting that Rome would never allow it to be published?"*

For many years then we need not wonder that the acquisition of *political power* was the cherished object of the papal emissaries amongst us. They first craftily solicited, by oaths and protestations of loyalty, the removal of the disqualifications imposed upon them in Ireland; and when reckless or timorous statesmen, as "a message of peace to Ireland" selfishly

* Columbanus Ad Hibernos, No. vi. 61. vii. 58. Perfect copies of this valuable work, which was issued in numbers at long intervals, from 1816 to 1824, are so extremely rare, that in the following pages I shall freely quote from the copy in T. C. D. Library.

yielded to their entreaties, to gain a respite from agitation, they, "at a convenient time" invariably obtained similar concessions in England. In 1793 they obtained admission to the elective franchise in Ireland. From that period to 1829, their claims for political privileges became annually more and more importunate, and their declarations of loyalty and pledges for *supporting*, or at least not harming the Church, more and more vehement. They in that eventful year, gained admission to almost all the privileges of the state, notwithstanding the earnest and solemn protest of many enlightened Protestants, who insisted that the slaves of the pope ought not to be permitted to legislate for Protestant freemen, whom they were conscientiously bound to exterminate as heretics. What were the safe guards relied upon as sufficient to prevent damage resulting to our Protestant constitution by the admission of its deadly enemies into the Imperial parliament? Can my readers refrain from smiling at the "fond simplicity" of our sapient statesmen, when I state them? Why, they were only an *oath* by which every Romanist member "*disclaims, disavows, and solemnly abjures any intention to subvert the Church establishment as settled by law within this realm: and solemnly swears that he will never exercise any privilege to which he is or may be entitled, to disturb or weaken the Protestant religion or Protestant government in the United Kingdom:*" and—a provision for the registration and extinction of Jesuits!*

All the forewarnings which enlightened Protestants then gave us as to the utter futility of these securities have been realised with terrible fidelity. The Romish members entered the Senate House. They took the oath with what Jesuitical reservation, or amphibology, or dispensation the lynx-eyed Pascal alone could discern; but even a child can only too

* 10 Geo. iv., cap. 7.

clearly see that their admission into Parliament and offices of trust, has resulted in such a quick succession of "heavy blows and great discouragements to Protestantism," that it has almost ceased to be the glorious distinction of our country amongst the nations of the earth, that our Reformed Church Christianizes the State, which in turn gives the Church its undivided support. The deep craft shewn by the Roman Court in confining these assaults to the Colonies and Ireland, until with collected might it could safely assail England, is an evident proof of its highly refined diplomatic genius. When in Canada the "Church Reserves" and King's College were almost wrested from our impoverished and overworked Protestant clergy ;—when in Newfoundland Romanism was fast gaining political ascendancy ;—when in India Romish priests, paid by the State, were tampering with our troops ;—when in Australia Romish prelates were absolutely claiming precedence over our own Bishops at Governor's levees, &c. ;—when in Malta the papal emissaries resolutely refused any other designation than that of the "*Dominant Church* ;"—when in Ireland our Reformed and united Church lost ten of her Bishops, and every incumbent was plundered of one-fourth of his income, and then subjected to a ruinous and unjust proportion of poor's rate ;—when the Romish bishops gained a greatly enlarged grant for Maynooth College together with three-fourths of the magnificent sum allocated for national education ;—when they had surreptitiously obtained titles of honour from the Queen's Lieutenant, and at her Majesty's levee in Dublin Castle, absolutely preceded the native nobles and Protestant Prelates ;—when praises of the Jesuits and declarations of non-intervention in any papal persecutions of our Protestant brethren abroad, except so far as concerned British subjects—O shades of Elizabeth, Cromwell, and William III., how miserably low our country is

fallen!—were loudly cheered in our Senate;—*then* the Vatican wisely judged that its political power in England had grown too gigantic to be overthrown by our puny—because no longer Protestant—legislation.

The “convenient season” so long patiently looked for by the King-Priest of the seven hills had then arrived, and the deadliest blow since James II’s reign was safely struck home against our civil and religious liberties. That I have not a whit exaggerated the enormous political power which the church of Rome now firmly maintains in England, is evident from the startling fact that after all the excitement and indignation caused by the papal aggression of 1850, the original clause of the Ecclesiastical Title’s Bill, which made null and void any deed conveying property, real or personal, to any Roman priest, under any title drawn from any city, town, or place in the United Kingdom, whether for his own benefit or for charitable or other purposes,—that clause, I say, which had the invaluable quality of being to a very great extent *self-executing*, was abandoned after a very feeble defence; and a paltry penalty of £100 was relied upon as a sufficient punishment of this daring exaltation of the authority of the pope in England.*

Our Tractarian clergy also lent their unhallowed hands to this papal enterprise, so evidently designed for pulling down our Reformed Church, and for re-building the Church of Rome on English ground. The origin and progress of the great Tractarian movement is little known, and requires a passing notice. A pretty little tract came blushing and trembling from the University press at Oxford in the summer of 1833. It bore the modest and attractive title of “Thoughts on the Ministerial Commission. Tracts for the Times. No. 1. Price 1d.” It appealed gently to all true

* Bishop of Ossory’s Charge, 1851, p. 20.

Churchmen to rally round our faithful Bishops, and leave them no longer to "bear the brunt of the battle alone." Then followed in rapid succession other tracts, very agreeably intermingling "Records of the Church," "Sermons," "Thoughts," "Lectures," "Catena Patrum," or quotations from the (uninspired) Fathers, "Meditations," "Models for Lauds and Matin Services, Daily Services." "Tracts *against Romanism*," and "Disquisitions on the Times of Anti-Christ," in which, with all the ingenuity of Cardinal Bellarmine, and with many of his arguments, the great foretold apostacy in the Church of Christ is attempted to be proved still future; and it is strenuously asserted that when St. Paul says, "The mystery of iniquity doth *already* work," he merely speaks of the shadows of Anti-Christ which precede him, as the types of Christ went before Christ. The tract 89, "On Reserve in communicating Religious Knowledge," excited strong suspicions of the Protestantism of the writer; but the mask fairly fell to the ground, and the Harlot of Babylon "stood confessed," when, "On the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, 1841," the notorious No XC. appeared bearing the bold title "Remarks on certain Passages in the Thirty-nine Articles." So the penny tract had swelled to a shilling volume, and the timorous "Thoughts" had risen to audacious "Remarks," which attempted to prove that there is no irreconcilable opposition between our Thirty-nine Articles and the leading principles of the church of Rome as promulgated in the Decrees and Canons of the Council of Trent! On the fly-leaf of that volume was a list of fifty-three authors, falsely represented as "Our soundest divines, whose works uphold or elucidate the general doctrines of the tracts!" The Bishop of Oxford and the university authorities then interfered and suppressed those noxious "Tracts," but the mischief was done.

During the eight years in which this teaching was permitted to be inculcated at Oxford by able and eloquent tutors and professors, upon the ardent and susceptible minds of the rising clergy and senators, aristocracy and authors of England, so deeply and extensively were Romish principles inculcated, that upon the suppression of the "Tracts," a great part of the literature of the Empire, down to novels and children's books, showed symptoms of "Romanizing." In every class also multitudes received with favour, and, but too many with avidity, the dreamy, sentimental, and gorgeous innovations in public worship, so agreeable to our sensual nature, as well as highly dangerous impressions in favour of a system of religion which, above all others that ever existed in any age or clime, knows how to accommodate itself to individual tastes and prejudices; and while it flatters our vanity by calling on us to "do some great thing," actually saves us any trouble at all, by committing the whole work of our salvation to the hands of a complaisant priest. The magnificent charges delivered by the learned Bishop of Ossory in 1842 and 1845, fully bear out this sad statement. Hence we learn that the miserable Tractarians recommend *reserve* in communicating the doctrine of the ever blessed atonement—that sole scriptural foundation of offers of mercy to sinners—that source of Christian morals to believers—that instrument of converting and reforming which draws men to Christ and *after* Christ. They teach that *morality* should be the preacher's theme.

"Talk they of morals? O Thou bleeding Love,
The grand morality is love of Thee!"

Now indeed we are prepared to hear that they pass over in silence the great Reformation doctrine of Justification by Faith only, or explain away, or oppose it, or else disparage it, as "The Lutheran doctrine and Modern Theology," that

which our Church pronounces to be "a wholesome doctrine, and very full of comfort." They have even the presumption to say "Whether any heresy has ever infested the Church so hateful and un-Christian as this doctrine, it is perhaps not necessary to determine; none certainly has ever prevailed so subtle and so extensively poisonous!" They hold that *sacramental* justification is all that is needful, and that the two periods of absolute cleansing are Baptism, and the Day of Judgment! The Bishop sagely remarks that the exaggerated view which Tractarians give of the place of the sacraments in the Christian scheme is aggravated by their carnal representation of the way in which the Lord's Supper is made efficacious. What better can we expect from teachers who can boast "that the power of *making the body and blood of Christ* is vested in the successors of the apostles?" What can we think of the men who complacently call the idolatrous canon, or service of the mass, "St. Peter's Liturgy, a most sacred and precious monument," and who "cherish feelings of indignation and impatient sorrow at its rejection?" Yes, they even praise that blasphemous farrago of silly legends, the Romish Breviary, and burn to "acquaint the Church with the *treasures* which it contains!" We feel no wonder now at hearing those miserable men praising the "Laudian school—Laud and our soundest divines—as a new and successful development of the Church," and "thinking worse and worse of the Reformers, and better than they were prepared to do of Bonner and Gardiner!" In a sonnet to "Mysterious Rome"—as they love to hail her, though certainly without intentional reference to Rev. xvii. 5—one of their poets speaks in this envenomed spirit of the great Reformer, Martin Luther:

"here the apostate monk

Came ere his fall."

Exactly similar are the petulant, bitter, and irreverent

sayings concerning those honoured servants of God, the Martyrs and Confessors, to whom, under God's blessing, we owe our deliverance from darkness and bondage. They stigmatise our present Church system as "our Upas tree—our incubus"—and very complacently declare that "the Church can never right itself except without a blow up;" and they always designate the Reformation as "a deplorable schism." As for their favourite argument that the Decrees of the Council of Trent were posterior to our Thirty-nine Articles, and therefore could not be antagonistic to them, the Bishop of Ossory replies in his own clear and irresistible style, that "both refer to the *same* thing," and that "the Decrees were very artfully framed to avoid an open patronage of whatever has brought most scandal upon the Church of Rome; but equally that they were framed with a full determination to retain the substance of the errors in the principles which were the root and spring of every thing offensive in her practice." So unchanged and unchangeable is the papacy!

Our eminent Prelate profoundly remarks that the two great *positive* truths which the Reformation restored to the Church, are, *the Sufficiency of Holy Scripture, and Justification by Faith*, and that their efficacy in our controversies with Rome, is hardly more matter of history than the impotence of all others without them. We have seen how they have laid aside or corrupted the latter; now observe how utterly popish is their treatment of the former in direct defiance of our admirable vi. and xx. Articles. "The Bible," they maintain, "is the record of necessary truth, and the Church Catholic's *tradition* is the *interpreter* of it." This doctrine of course, tends directly to withdraw from the multitude that heaven-illuminated Lamp which:—

"Gives a light to every age—it gives but borrows none."
What of that, the Tractarians have combined to "hold a

farthing candle to the sun," by furnishing plenty of devout reading to the many. They have given us Lives of the English saints, who "saw the first traces of the blessed Lord, and heard the echoes of the Apostolic voices." They confess indeed that of the existence of some saints we have no evidence, and that of others we know only their birth place, or their place of abode, or the place of their death, or perhaps an incident or two vaguely preserved in local tradition, or in the title of a Church or its decorations: "or their deeds and suffering belong to countries far away, and the report of them comes musical and low over the broad sea." Still our Romanizing Tractarians unblushingly proceeded in the composition of "lying wonders and old wives fables;" excusing their patent falsehood by distinctly stating "that in certain cases a *lie* is the nearest approach to the truth;" and asking, "after all, if we had come close to a real living saint should we have understood him? We cannot enter into God's saints upon earth, even if we stand by their side. We could only make an *approximation* to the truth—(*i.e.*, a lie)—as we do now!" These marvellous stories abound in miracles which, their writers gravely tell us, are "not merely interesting, romantic, poetical, but they solemnly attest the power and heavenliness of Catholic morals." In other words they cast "a glittering veil" over some of the grossest errors of the Church of Rome, and absolutely dispose the reader to admire them, especially those worst abominations of her system—Auricular Confession and Monasticism. For example St. Neot, when a poor little dwarfish neglected *monk* is one day in a great strait. There is a violent and continued knocking at the great gate of the monastery; he cannot open it himself, not being able to reach the lock "from the smallness of his stature;" nor can he have it opened by one of his brother monks without disturbing them in their mid-

day retirement for prayer and meditation, which was forbidden. "The knocking now became more violent."

And strokes, as of a battering ram,
Did shake the strong church door.

"And Neot in despair of natural means of success, prayed to God for assistance. Immediately the lock slid gently down the door until it reached the level of his girdle, and thus he was enabled to open it without further difficulty. This remarkable miracle is said to have been witnessed by all the brethren, for the lock continued in its place, and the people flocked together from all places to see it." The same saint afterwards became a *hermit*, at the bidding and under the guidance of an angel. And it is said that during the seven years which he passed in his cell *a continuous sensible miracle declared the abiding presence of the favour of God to him*. Three fish are found playing in a neighbouring holy well. He is perplexed to know what is intended. But "in answer to his prayer" the angel who had guided him to his retreat, appears and informs him that they were for his use; that *one* was to be taken every morning for food, and that so the supply should never fail, but the number should always be kept up. "And so it was, and ever the three fish were seen to play there, and every morning one was taken and two were left; and every evening were three fish leaping and gamboling in the bubbling stream." This went on till it was unhappily interrupted by the officious zeal of his servant. The saint's austerities had affected his health. The faithful Barius, anxious to prepare some food to be ready for him on his waking from a sleep, into which, after nights of watchfulness he had at length fallen, hastily and incautiously resorted to a dangerous experiment. Instead of *one* fish he took two from the basin, and roasting one and boiling the other, he presented both to St. Neot for choice on his

awakening from his sleep. In dismay and terror the saint and learnt what had been done, and springing from his couch, ordering Barius instantly to replace both fish as they were in the water, he himself spent a night and a day in prayer and humiliation. Then at length were brought the welcome tidings of forgiveness ; and Barius joyfully reported that both fish were swimming in the water. After this his illness left him, and the supply in the fountain continued as before." Another time St. Neot lost one of his shoes. A fox lighted on it, and "thought to carry it off, but an angel who loved to hover in hallowed places, and to breathe an atmosphere which was sanctified by the devotion of God's saints, was present there invisibly, and saw this thing, and he would not that such an one as St. Neot should be molested, even in so small a matter ; so that he had sent the sleep of death on the fox, and Barius when he came there found him dead, arrested in the instant of his theft, yet holding the thongs of the shoe in his mouth. Then he approached in fear and wonder, and took the shoe, and brought it to the holy man, and told him all that had happened !" So much honour for monks !

Of St. Walburga, "from whose bones a holy oil or dew distils to this day !" my space merely permits me to show how artfully the fable was contrived to recommend nunneries, by thus ascribing all her piety to a conventual life. "A convent life supplied all the requisites for the judicious management of her bold temper and character. The regularity it enjoins, the privations it puts upon the self-indulgent, and continual superintendence, are means calculated to bring about the patient resignation and habitual self-control which is needed to form a well regulated mind !"*

How do these Tractarians—writing in 1843—excuse their

* Life of St. Walburga, p. 75.

palpable falsehoods? By thus quietly pleading the example of the monks, whom Southey justly stigmatizes as "brave liars!"* "Many a wild and grotesque tale about the triumphs of saints and angels over the powers of evil may have been told to the novices by an aged monk at recreation time, without being considered as an article of faith. Such stories were only meant to be symbols of the invisible, like the strange forms of devils, which were sculptured about the Church!" The Bishop of Ossory profoundly remarks that their want of reverence for the sacredness of truth, especially in relating what God has wrought by supernatural agency in and through His servants, is incompatible with any real reverence for all else that is most sacred; and he points out the irreverent violence with which they have treated Holy Scripture. Not content with promoting their views by this "enormous lying," the Tractarians have published a catechism, which the Bishop, in righteous indignation, calls a most "audacious work." Just listen to a few sentences of this vile substitute for our noble catechism.

"Q. Are pictures and holy symbols allowable in the Church?

A. Yes; for they movingly represent to us the life and passion of our blessed Lord, and other doctrines of our most holy faith.

Q. Is there any idolatry in honouring saints and angels?

A. No; provided we only honour them with inferior honour, not as Gods, or with God's honour."

This is not all; Dr. Pusey recommends his followers "Devotional works, adapted to the use of the English Church." The list contains seventeen works, for the most part of ascetic or mystical divinity. The writers are all foreign, all of the Romish communion, several of them

* Quarterly Review, xxii., 87.

Jesuits, and the series ends with the *Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius Loyala!!!* My limited space does not permit me to delight my readers with the Bishop of Ossory's masterly refutations of the sophistry, misrepresentation, and dishonest casuistry—to which the Jesuits have given their own name—in the works of the leading Tractarians. Let it suffice that with noon-day clearness he shows that their grand and openly avowed object is “*is to unprotestantize our national Church, and to rivet anew the chains which bound us to St. Peter's chair.*” This was the cherished object of Mr. Palmer when he said, “I should like to see the patriarch of Constantinople and our Archbishop of Canterbury go barefoot to Rome, and fall upon the pope's neck and kiss him, and never let him go till they had persuaded him to be reasonable.” This was the burden of Mr. Keble's siren strain, entreating us to “speak gently of our Sister's fall,” and calling Rome “The Saviour's Holy Home.” This was the dream of Dr. Pusey, when he said, “Rome is your mother through whom you were born to Christ;” and of Archdeacon Wilberforce, when he referred to the blessed, not to the bloody Mary! However my readers will heartily echo our eminent Prelate's sentiment, “I hope I shall never speak lightly of anything so sad and sinful as the renunciation upon the part of any of the members of our Church, of the matchless blessings which God allows us in her communion.” Let us also take his salutary warning, for it comes from a faithful watchman on the towers of our beloved Church, who “knows the signs of the times.” “My apprehension in fact is, that the principles which the extreme section of the party developed and exhibited so fearlessly, *are very widely diffused through the Church* in every stage of progress, up to that very advanced one of which they have made such violent and offensive demonstrations.”

The Hon. Mrs. Frances Maude, in her beautiful tale "The Two Paths,"* has exquisitely portrayed, evidently from real life, the mysterious movements by which this baneful heresy has insinuated itself into the mansions of our nobility, where it has already destroyed so many souls, and where it still breathes out its deadly venom. In these pages are described with singularly graphic power the innovations so insidiously introduced by Tractarians into our Churches, (and which, as far as possible, are still pertinaciously retained) and we are very clearly shown how thoroughly they are adapted to captivate persons of highly cultivated taste and fastidious refinement—and that they are all essentially Romish. Hence the grotesque architecture—the painted windows—"the dim religious light"—the altars decorated with crosses and candles—the embroidered vestments—the Gregorian chaunt—the strange variety of postures of those unhappy men who enact, even in our scriptural liturgy, all the superstitious mummeries of popery:—

"Playing before high heaven such rude fantastic tricks,
As make the angels weep."

Still more, this useful volume strikingly shows that Tractarianism like popery possesses special attractions for the higher classes by attempting a compromise between the world and the Lord. They can fast on particular days and banquet freely on others; may go to Church every morning, and yet indulge in the society of nice people, and enjoy the delight of listening to the best music of the opera in the evening—or even dance the polka. What "*easy devotion!*" The proselyting zeal of those "high-born" Tractarians is also admirably depicted, although singularly pleasing as their address is, it is "too insinuating, too gentle, too imperturbably polite. It wants a little honest contradiction." Surely Mrs.

* Second Edition, 1853. Nisbet.

Maude's startling revelations of the cordial intercourse now maintained between the leaders of this movement and Romish priests—which makes the descent into popery so easy—are but too strongly verified by Mr. Bennett's conduct in preferring the Romish chapel to the Protestant Church at Kissengen, and by the language of *friendship* which our Tractarian Senators always use towards those emissaries of Rome. Southey knew popery well, and here is his warning against such intimacy:—

“Woe be to that Protestoat family wherein a Romish priest finds admittance: for these men are indeed wise in their generation! The first lesson of Monachism is to disregard your parents. St. Benedict, when he repeats the substance of the commandments in his ‘rule,’ changes the fifth, and instead of saying, ‘Honour thy father and mother,’ makes it, ‘Honour all men,’ ‘as if,’ says Calmet, ‘to denote that his disciples must consider themselves as having no longer father or mother, or relation upon earth!’ This principle the Romish priest inculcates in its fullest extent when he has obtained the ear of a young woman, and perplexed her with his sophistries. And when he has turned her brain, and separated her from her parents from ever, he shuts up the poor victim of delusion for the remainder of her days, to say prayers by the score which she cannot construe; to rise at midnight to attend a service which she cannot understand; to address her prayers, not to her Creator and Redeemer, but to saints, of whom some were madmen, and some knaves, and many are non-entities; to put her trust in crosses and in relics; to practise the grossest idolatry; to believe that the food which is innocent on Thursdays becomes sinful on Fridays; and if her devotion aspires to the higher honours of her profession, to torment herself with whip-cord and a horse-hair shift!”*

* Quart. Rev. xxii., 101.

Not less wisely and pathetically Rogers, the grandfather of English poetry, describes the forlorn state of the miserable victims in Romish convents.

THE NUN.

" 'Tis over ; and her lovely cheek is now
On her hard pillow—there alas to be
Nightly, through many and many a dreary hour
Wan, often wet with tears, and (ere at length
Her place is empty, and another comes)
In anguish, in the ghastliness of death ;
Her's never more to leave those mournful walls
Even on her bier.

'Tis over, and the rite,
With all its pomp and harmony, is now
Floating before her. She arose at home,
To be the show, the idol of the day ;
Her vesture gorgeous, and her starry head—
No rocket bursting in the midnight sky.
So dazzling. When to-morrow she awakes,
She will awake as tho' she still was there,
Still in her father's house ; and lo ! a cell
Narrow and dark, nought thro' the gloom discerned
Nought save the crucifix, the rosary,
And the grey habit lying by to shroud
Her beauty and grace—
When her fair head was shorn,
And the long tresses in her hands were laid,
That she might fling them from her, saying, ' Thus
Thus I renounce the world and worldly things !'
When, as she stood her bridal ornaments
Were, one by one removed, even to the last
That she might say flinging them from her, ' Thus
Thus I renounce the world'—

Like a dream the whole is fled ;
And they that came, in idleness to gaze,
Upon the victim dressed for sacrifice,
Are mingling in the world ; thou in thy cell
Forgot In thy gentle bosom sleep
Feelings, affections, destined now to die,
To wither like the blossom in the bud,
Those of a wife and mother ; leaving there
A cheerless void, a chill as of the grave,
A languor and a lethargy of soul
Death-like, and gathering more and more, till death
Comes to release thee !”*

It freezes our very heart's blood to learn that no less than sixty-two convents, 1852, of every order, from the Jesuit “Faithful companions of Jesus,” and “Sisters of the Sacred Heart,” down to the “Little Sisters,” spread their snares in every direction for the fair daughters of Protestant England. Elegant accomplishments—modelling in wax, painting on velvet, rare embroidery, drawing, music, vocal and instrumental, French, Italian, and German—are attractions indeed when offered on the easy terms of £28 per annum at home, or at only £12 per year in the foreign convents ! These charges include “ribbons and silk bands for the waist,” and in some cases “elegant costumes” are offered to captivate the young, while their parents have the gratification of hearing that the “good mother superieure simply desires to cultivate the mind, and adorn it with the knowledge which renders young ladies useful and agreeable ; to study their characters in order to develop good qualities, and weed out growing defects ; to habituate them to an easy and gracious carriage, with polite and natural manners.” Then see how delicately the narrow end of the wedge is introduced which

* Italy, p. 58.

is to dis sever the poor child from her God and her parents for ever ! “A difference of religion is no obstacle to admission, but a compliance with the rules and regulations of the convent will be expected !”*

Meanwhile to aid in this foul conspiracy our Romanizing clergy—with episcopal sanction !—have absolutely dared to defile our Protestant Church, not merely with convents utterly popish, but even with popery’s most powerful agent for enslaving its votaries, and searing their conscience :—

“——— the dark confessional

The lightest coil Rome wraps around her victim.”

Yes ! enter the gate of the Tractarian convent, presided over by “ye Mother Superior Lydia Sellon,” and you will discover popery in everything. The same ensnaring and unscriptural vows ; the same will worship, holy obedience towards the superior, and duplicity towards parents ; the same rosaries, crucifixes, and degrading penances—such as “*making the sign of the cross on the floor of the oratory with the tongue ;*” the same order of the Sacred Heart, and “the dear little table used in private confession,” at which a Tractarian clergyman recently put to a young female questions so obscene that they could not be published.† When such vast efforts had been made by clergymen of our own communion to “*unprotestantize the national Church,*” and when one hundred and forty seven‡ of those traitors had renounced their baptism and openly “gone to their own place,” the Church of Rome justly thought “the convenient time for establishing the ordinary episcopal jurisdiction,” so needful to the development of the papacy in England was fully come.

Further :—those renowned champions of Rome, the

* Battersby’s and Dolman’s Directories for 1852, *passim*.

† Spurrell’s Exposure. Hatchard, 1852. ‡ Dolman’s Directory, 1852.

JESUITS, never before so triumphantly carried on their campaign in England; never were their allied forces more powerful; never was their organization more perfect than at that eventful period. It is true that the fatal measure of 1829 provided for "their gradual suppression and final prohibition," by registration of all then within the United Kingdom, and condemning to banishment for life, any Jesuits who should enter the kingdom after the passing of that Act. A principal Secretary of State alone was empowered to give a license in writing to any foreign Jesuit to visit the united kingdom for six months only; and all such licenses should be laid annually before Parliament. Any Jesuits admitting members to the order after the act had been passed, were sentenced to fine and imprisonment; and the persons so admitted were to be banished for life.* But like that "chartered libertine," the wind, "the sons of Loyola never retreat except at the command of Omnipotence." As we have seen, their fourth vow binds them to yield blind and implicit obedience to the pope, whom they blasphemously hold to be *the vice-gerent of God* upon earth, and whom alone they serve.

So whilst the sapient Sir Robert Peel and his colleagues busied themselves with enacting penal laws against the society, its astute members were putting forth all their energies at Stonyhurst, Clongowes, &c., to train up a body of Roman Catholic senators, who might by their eloquence, tact, and ability, so defend the Jesuit order on the floor of the Parliament House, that the enforcement of the act could not be even attempted. It was at Stonyhurst that the late Mr. Sheil, the most brilliant orator of the papal party, was educated. Some lively sketches attributed to his pen, written about this time, give us a graphic description of the tutors

* 10 Geo. iv. cap. 7, sec. 28—36.

employed, and the means which they used in subjugating the minds and steeling the hearts of the leading English and Irish lay Romanists, from Lord Shrewsbury downwards. "One of them, Pere Alnot, was a man of very lofty and slender person. He was dressed in long robes of coarse black cloth, with a cowl thrown over his head, and a girdle of strong black leather round his waist, to which a massive rosary and crucifix were attached. His face, of which we could seldom catch a glimpse, was wan and sallow, with glaring eyes, sparkling in the midst of emaciation, with an evil and inauspicious lustre. His mouth was full of false sweetness and guile. This mysterious person was at the head of a society called the 'Sodality'—a majority of the boys who bound themselves to spy out and report every mal practice amongst their play fellows. Those zealous *tell tales* were honoured by the possession of a separate chapel, dedicated to the Virgin. It was painted with green to represent the heavens, and studded with glittering spangles by way of stars. Another, by name Molinari, tried a different plan, specially suited to break the spirit of the less superstitious. He was kind, amiable, and well-informed; but he exacted *unquestioning* obedience by the merciless use of a whip made of knotted cords. With tears in his eyes, and mournful voice, he sentenced you to nine lashes. Then he elected nine Jesuit saints to correspond with the lashes, and between each swinging blow encouraged you with "Come, my son, offer it up to God and His saints as a sacrifice! Now in honour of the greatest of saints Ignatius! Now in honour of St. Xavier, &c.!" The favourite theme of their preacher at Stonyhurst was that startling one to Protestants,—“England is the dower of the Blessed Virgin.” The *Retreat* is rigidly observed by all lay-students at Stonyhurst. Every imaginable artifice is used to make its horrors still more horrible;

its scenic representations still more theatrical, and its substitution of fanciful notions of scripture history for spiritual views of Christ and His finished work, still more enslaving to the intellect, and deadening to the conscience of the imaginative and confiding pupils. It is with a shudder we hear him complaining that in "the winter Retreat it is a most mournful thing to listen to the wind, which moans through the towers, and sweeps through the long and darkened windows, as one dim lamp illumines with fitful light the desolate altar around which we are prostrated.*" Thus much for lay students, whose rigid discipline is never relaxed by vacations. Can any training be more skilfully devised to *make and keep them for life in court, or camp, or senate, the blind and useful tools of their Jesuit masters?*

There is a massive building called "Hodder House" in connection with Stonyhurst, but so skilfully embosomed amidst plantations and embankments, that its existence is not even suspected by visitors. Here English Jesuits become "like a staff used by an old man according to his will, or like a corpse which has no voluntary motion." Mr. Steinnetz's deeply interesting narrative of his recent noviciate at Hodder, reflects like a mirror all the ancient training so skilfully devised by Loyola to enable his followers to "*believe that to be black which to their eyes appeared to be white, and to declare it*" to be so with such a face of innocence and such plausible sophistry, that opponents might well be persuaded even against the evidence of their senses. He pictures to the life the bland old "Father of the novices, who breaks the bread of Jesuit doctrine, and changes it into the milk of *holy obedience*;" and the austere "Father minister who casts a shadow upon the heart, he is so cold, unimpassioned, and subtle," who never uses superlatives and never speaks till he has divined the character of strangers,

* New Monthly Magazine, xxvi., 97, 352.

the very impersonation of Loyola arisen from the dead. There he stalks the ever wakeful guardian, who obliges the novices to check every genial feeling towards each other, and to treat one another coldly; who suppresses all affectionate letters from home and constrains the desolate youths to sink all family yearnings into one universal prayer for mankind; and who even trains them to cover the anguish of wounded feelings with smiles, like the Spartan youths of old, by his incessant "briefs and chapters" of rebuke which "produce the sensation of rubbing one's hand along the edge of a saw" until constant repetition produces insensibility! Mr. S. also shows us that all their old idolatry of the Virgin is now exercised at Stonyhurst; and that even whilst with down cast faces—"keeping the custody of the eyes"—they proceed from study to recreation, they must chaunt her praises and invoke her as "Mother of the Creator, mother of divine grace, health of the sick, refuge of sinners &c!!!" He describes the course of study to be as multifarious as ever. It includes geology, "which is not approved of but must be understood that they may keep pace with the age they live in."*

Five hundred able and zealous advocates of the papacy are annually trained at Stonyhurst. From this quiet "Retreat" Jesuits are continually going forth to and fro to every part of England and of the Continent. Maynooth College is their own familiar haunt where—woe to England for this national sin!—under the broad shield of national patronage they have ample room and verge enough for their spiritual exercises.

There are few families of commanding influence in which these comely and accomplished sons of Loyola have not found admittance in some capacity which gives them the opportunity of "gaining the ear and intimacy of the great."† The Jesuits

* Noviciate, p. 34 seq.

† Overbury's Jesuits, p. 207.

have taken into their hands nearly all the education permitted to Romanists in our country. The Christian Brothers, a fraternity of monks, indefatigable in the instruction of youth and all nuns similarly engaged both in England and Ireland, are entirely directed by Jesuits.* Their colleges and seminaries are annually increasing, and their system of education embraces the full classical course *adapted for the universities*.† Are Jesuits *incognito* in our universities? Surely, if De Nobili, &c., could assume the Brahmin in order, as his eulogist says, to “ingraft Christianity on Paganism,” Jesuits may now assume,—as these pages prove they have often done,—the *Protestant* in order to ingraft Romanism on Protestantism. This is only arguing from the past to the present. And if they have been detected, as we have seen, in personating the Protestant in the poor wooden Churches of the bleak north, and even in our own Cathedral of Rochester, as well as in Quaker meeting houses and conventicles,—what is to prevent a repetition of such wily and treacherous dealing now? See how suddenly Mr. Manning and many of his unhappy fellow-perverts have sprung forth into their foremost rank of Jesuits! Were they not masked disciples of Loyola? Again, *Dominicans*, *Franciscans* and all the other orders who so fiercely persecuted our Martyrs; together with the Redemptorists, St. Vincent de Paulites, Oratorians, and above all their well trained allies the sons of Maynooth, cast their whole might into the gigantic effort now made by the Jesuits to gain England “as the dower of the blessed Virgin.” The Irish brigade, the Irish priests, and the Irish ribbonmen, who now trouble England’s peace and deface its Protestantism, require a special notice, for they will be found to illustrate the mysteries of Romanism in a peculiar manner: but it may

* Quarterly Review, lxii. 152. British Critic, xviii. 21.

† Batterby’s Registry, 1851, p. 255.

be well asked, "Do they not supply our English Rodins and D'Aigrignys with many a Morok and Goliath?"

The Jesuits, then, were the "vigorous and experienced rowers" who, when the invasion was *safe*, "brought the bark of Peter" to our heretic shore. It is a fact worthy of notice that only two months before the papal aggression, a new saint—Peter Claver—was given as a fresh wreath of laurel to the conquering Jesuits.* Once more, a singular revival of Romanism took place over all Europe the very year before the papal aggression. Never was there a stronger proof of the of the marvellous organization which has been so skilfully perfected amidst all the various and opposing forces of the papacy, that, like some monstrous engine, it only requires some adaptation of the dislocated parts and a sufficient motive power, and then you have the lately shattered mass of machinery in full working order and rapid career. Pius IX. was at Gaeta in exile, but he issued jubilees and indulgences which his bishops and monastic orders carried out effectively, and he put forth his diplomatic powers to alarm all the Romish despots with apprehensions of a similar dissolution of their own ancestral thrones into wild republics;—only a few months passed and the crusading forces of France and Austria, Spain and Naples, crushed the Roman republic and raised "the chair of Peter" on its smoking ruins. When all the Romish princes of Europe were emulous in their offers of supporting his cause, when he saw the banners of four kingdoms floating proudly from the Capitol, and when he considered his vast power in England itself—surely Pius IX. was wise in his generation, when he judged the memorable year 1850, to be a "convenient time for establishing the succession of ordinary episcopal jurisdiction so necessary to England."

* Dolman's Directory, 1852, p. 123.

The Queen's ministers were justly indignant at this flagrant outrage upon the Royal prerogative. They resented this disposal of English territorial titles by a foreign prince, as a direct assault upon the British Constitution, which regards our Sovereign as the sole fountain of honour in this land. Our excellent primate—a worthy successor of Sancroft “the Champion of England”—and his suffragan bishops have also, “in the face of Christendom, laid their solemn protest at the foot of the throne against this fresh papal aggression of the bishop of Rome, by which he has arrogated to himself the spiritual charge of this nation, thereby denying the existence of that branch of the Church Catholic, which was planted in Britain in the primitive ages of Christianity.”*

Milton, however, understood the papacy too well to ascribe such an aggression to mere wantonness and bravado. Hear his opinion of this audacious and insidious act.

“Then shall they seek to avail themselves of *names*,
Places and titles, and with these to join
Secular power; though feigning still to act
 By Spiritual.....
 And for that pretence
Spiritual laws, by carnal power shall force on every
conscience.”

Yes! ROMISH CANON LAW the very incarnation of tyranny and treachery, of wrong and robbery, of treason and persecution, is now established in England, and governs the *conscience* of every real Romanist; to the utter subversion of the good old Protestant “Bill of Rights” of 1689, which enabled every Englishman to proclaim that his house was his castle! That eminent controversialist, the Rev. R. J. M’Ghee, has perfectly proved from the Maynooth class books, and the evidence of Dr. Murray, Dr. Doyle, and Dr. Slevin, the professor of

* Convocation Address of February 17, 1853.

canon law at Maynooth, that the agency of bishops is essential to the reception and publication of the Romish canon law in any country.* Mr. M'Ghee incontrovertibly demonstrates that Romish canon law has been established for ages in Ireland, and that the natural result has been such insecurity of life and property, and such skilful opposition to the laws of the united kingdom, that Ireland has been always the *difficulty* of British Statesmen. In fact, the "Letters Apostolical" of Pius IX. clearly recognize this as the great aim of the aggression. "Henceforward the archbishops and bishops in the sacred government of the clergy and laity will enjoy all the rights of the other (R.) Catholic bishops according to the common ordinances of the *sacred Canons and Apostolic Constitutions*." Now we understand why Dr. Wiseman, passing by Augustine the first missionary from Rome, selects the notorious assertor of Romish Canon Law, *Thomas à Becket*, as his model. Here are his own words:—"The first altar at which I knelt in the holy city was that of our own glorious St. Thomas of Canterbury. For twenty-two years I daily knelt before the lively representations of his martyrdom. He was my *patron*—he my father—he my model. I sought the treasury of his relics at Senas, and with fervent importunity asked and obtained the mitre which had crowned his sacred martyred head." The Ecclesiastical Titles Act became the law of the land: what did our modern Becket answer to its requirements? "At present, and till such a time as the Holy See shall think fit otherwise, we *govern, and shall still continue to govern*, the counties of Middlesex, Hertford and Essex, as ordinary thereof, and those of Surrey, Sussex, Kent, Berks and Hants, with the islands thereof."† The British Government was then insulted by a

* Church of Rome, 1852, p. 84. Compare the admirable Pamphlet of the Rev. John King, "Cardinal Wiseman Unmasked." Seeleys.

† Battersby's (C.) Directory. 1851, 294.

body of popish prelates, who at the opening meeting of the "(R. C.) Defence Association" in Dublin, publicly gloried in their "fire new titles;" and hurled bold defiance against our pusillanimous cabinet. It was triumphantly remarked, that "at that grand meeting Dr. Cullen had driven his primatial carriage and six stately steeds clean through the imaginary barrier raised by the six months labour of Lord John Russell and his fellow operatives."* This victory was followed up vigorously in 1852, when the pope established cathedrals and chapters, and gave "*fixity of tenure*" to Romish priests as "Missionary Rectors of their respective parishes."† What are our prospects? The voice of our national history answers in melancholy tones, that they are dismally dark. The political power of popery has vastly increased in Great Britain since the papal aggression. The Irish brigade has dislodged the feeble Protestant ministry of Lord Derby; and five Tractarian ministers, with Romish officials in the treasury and ordnance departments, sufficiently show the humiliating fact, that Romanism is "dominant" in the cabinet of 1853.

The Tractarian traitors are evidently labouring for a "blow up" of our Church by their clamours for the restoration of convocation, which, as the wise Bishop of Ossory presages, might at this crisis, be fraught with danger to our Scriptural Articles and Liturgy.‡ The Jesuits are more multitudinous and active than ever. The miserable perverts who have joined their ranks rival Parsons and Campian of Elizabeth's day, in their intense hostility against the Church and country which they have abjured, and in the fiery fanaticism which goads them on to desperate efforts for our subjection to the iron yoke of Rome. Shall they succeed in raising Irish wars and in causing foreign invasion as in her reign?—or, in

* Tablet, August 23, 1851.

† Glasgow Free Press, May 25, 1852.

‡ Remarks on Synodical powers, &c., 1843. Seeleys

driving us into such seditions, schisms and class agitation as they did in the times of Charles I.? What their "Secret Plan" is we have heard from Leone, and we know from their own pope Clement XIV., and from the pages of the world's history, that the certain effect of their presence in our country must result in "*causing Christians to rise one against another, and to massacre one another in the bosom of our common mother, the holy Church.*" The great continental Romish League against the Reformation is manifestly gaining enormous strength, and has commenced operations by persecuting Protestants abroad. Shall its combined armies soon assail our country in order to demolish the greatest Bulwark of Protestantism? The Irish brigade now virtually rules our senate; Irish Romish priests swarm through England and the colonies. We do not educate at the cost of the state any clergy of any sect save those of our spiritual enemy, and by our own suicidal policy they are annually increasing against us! Maynooth has cost us three quarters of a million since 1795!

It is in vain for us to point to our past victories as pre-sages of future triumph. They were all won, as these pages show, when we honoured God by a *national* profession of His pure Gospel. Ever since the calamitous measure of 1829, disaster after disaster has been giving us forewarnings that our glory is departing. The Burmese war, the defeat at Cabool, the tumults and failures in England, the famine and insurrection in Ireland, the discontent in our colonies,—all have been sent to humble, and to show us our national backslidings. The good old English God-honouring word "DUTY," was the electric spark that fired the hearts of our Protestant heroes—Blake, Nelson, Wellington and their valiant followers—and sent them like thunderbolts of war upon the mighty foe: alas! that God-honoured Word has been supplanted by one of

anti-christian origin and treacherous import—EXPEDIENCY.* It is equally in vain to boast of our wealth and commerce. Tyre and Sidon fell when they became *rich*, so did Rome and Carthage. Commerce never thrives under the Upas tree of Romanism. And now we know what is before us. Real and great dangers—great and imminent perils. A *struggle*, for I do trust that many—very many are heart and hand united in the fixed resolution to struggle at all hazards, and at all costs to maintain—in the Lord's strength—the blessings and the privileges which we enjoy in our Reformed Church. Much as we have reason to dread that it may be the will of God to withdraw from us the light which has shone for so long and which has been so neglected and abused ; yet we are not without cheering indications on the other hand, that He whose mercy endureth for ever does not intend for us this heavy chastisement, when we consider the noble fidelity of the clergy of Ireland, and the glorious success vouchsafed to their Missionary zeal “in building the old waste places and raising up the foundations of many generations” in the walls of our Church in that land. Let us *prayerfully* ponder the “acts and monuments”—the writings, the labours, and the sufferings of our illustrious Martyrs and faithful Confessors of Christ, together with the Holy Bible which guided them, until we imbibe their grand doctrines of Justification by Faith, and the identity of the intruding Bishop of Rome with Anti-Christ. Then the spirit of the Martyrs shall revive amongst us. Then from the Orkneys to Land's End, from the Giants Causeway to Cape Clear, the national heart shall echo—“NO PEACE WITH ROME !” Then the God of the Martyrs shall bless us with His refreshing presence and supporting strength. Then we

* The Rev. John Scott, of Hull, has powerfully illustrated this position in his eloquent Sermon on the Death of the Duke of Wellington. London, Seeleys. Hull, Cussons.

shall see our covenant God fulfilling in the coming struggle the prayer of blessed King Edward, and visibly "defending the kingdom of England from papistry;"—and realizing Hugh Latimer's prayer for Elizabeth, in our beloved Protestant Queen being made "a comfort to this comfortless realm of England;"—and accomplishing his prediction gloriously, that "by God's grace the Martyr's flames have lighted a candle in England which shall NEVER be put out!"

"Has thou admitted with a blind, fond trust
The lie that burn'd thy fathers' bones to dust,
That first adjudg'd them heretics; then sent
Their souls to heaven, and curs'd them as they went?
The lie that Scripture strips of his disguise,
And execrates above all other lies;
The lie that claps a lock on mercy's plan,
And gives the key to yon infirm old man
Who once ensconsed in apostolic chair,
Is defied, and sits omniscient there;
The lie that knows no kindred, owns no friend,
But him that makes its progress his chief end;
That having spilt much blood, makes that a boast,
And canonizes him that shed the most?
Away with charity that soothes a lie,
And thrusts the truth with scorn and anger by!
Shame on the candour and the gracious smile,
Bestow'd on them that light the Martyr's pile;
While insolent disdain in frowns express'd,
Attends the tenets that endured that test!
*Grant them the rights of men, and while they cease
To vex the peace of others, grant them peace;
But trusting bigots whose false zeal has made
Treachery their duty, thou art self-betrayed."*

COWPER.

CHAPTER V.

ROMANISM IN IRELAND.

Grand cause of Ireland's miseries—Ancient Irish Church treacherously enslaved by Rome—Reformation movement and Papal opposition—Startling Prophecy—Specifics of the British Solomon—Romish Priests vainly imploring Papal permission to be loyal—Ussher and the Jesuits—Irish St. Bartholomew's Eve—Martyrs and Confessors—Cromwell and the Romish Bishops—Romish Priests make another vain effort to be loyal—Affecting Story of Priest Harold—Attempted Extermination of Protestants—Their gallant and successful Struggles for Civil and Religious Liberty—Maynooth and the Rebellion of 1798—Papal Persecution—Dawn of the New Irish Reformation—Storms of Persecution—Canon Law—Concessions to Romanism—Ribbonism—Fresh Encroachments—Battle for Scriptural Education—Remarkable Controversy—Maynooth Enriched—Famine, Fever and Insurrection—Irish Exodus—The Jesuits and Sons of Maynooth—Astute Policy—Irish Brigade—Onward Progress of the Reformation and its Supporters—Brightening Prospects.

Christ's Church Cathedral, in Dublin, is a very ancient and noble edifice. Throughout its majestic aisles multitudes of storied urns and animated busts overwhelm the mind with solemn thoughts of death and of the judgment to come ; but never in that awe inspiring temple were Eternity and the

doom of unfaithfulness brought home to the conscience with more appalling power, than by the celebrated sermon preached in 1601 by James Ussher. The great organ has ceased to peal its solemn hymn of praise. The young preacher ascends the pulpit, lifts his heart and voice to God for guidance and a blessing, then turns to address the vast assembly, which has been attracted by the fame of his rare piety, learning, and eloquence. The Lord Deputy, the great officers of state, and chief personages of the city are present. A breathless silence precedes the delivery of the text. Blank dismay gradually clouds every upturned countenance, whilst in his own lucid and irresistible manner he expounds the remarkable prophecy, Ezekiel iv. 6. "Thou shalt bear the iniquity of the house of Judah forty days: I have appointed thee each day for a year,"—as signifying the sore national punishment of the Jews for their *national idolatry* exactly forty years after the delivery of the prophecy;—then incontrovertibly proves the Romanists of Ireland to be guilty of the very same sin;—proceeds in accents of deepening solemnity and pathos to deprecate the connivance and support given to that idolatrous Church by Protestants, as making them "partakers of her sins and of her plagues,"* and concludes with the terrible warning—that smites upon the guilty conscience like the sound of the last trumpet,—“From this year will I reckon the sin of IRELAND, that those whom you now embrace shall be your ruin, and you shall bear their iniquity!”†

If any scoffing sadducee or reckless Gallio then made light of Ireland's national sin and Ussher's warning voice, and lived to see that forty years expire, how terribly must he have been enlightened and rebuked, when the Irish St. Bartholomew's eve burst upon the heads of those who had fostered and embraced the Romish Church, and they

* Rev. xviii. 4.

† Bernard's Life of Ussher, 38.

found it their ruin! The Rev. A. Clogy—son-in-law and chaplain of the wise and pious Bishop Bedell—has made the alarming observation, that *every forty years* some especially awful national judgment or rebellion punishes the Irish Romanists and Protestants for the national sin of *idolatry*, practised by the former and countenanced by the latter.* No student of Irish history can deny this singular fact, which shows that once at least in every age, God chastens the Irish, as He formerly chastened the Jewish nation, for their continuance in the abominable sin which He hates. What a perfect solution of the “Irish difficulty!” Popery is the grand cause of Ireland’s miseries; and the Reformation is their sole remedy, for it is only “righteousness exalteth a nation.”†

Ussher shows that the ancient Irish Christians were perfectly independent of Rome in doctrine, discipline, and mission. They originally received the gospel from the east, about the time that it was first preached in Britain. Their doctrine was “the truth as it is in Jesus,” for they held that “God hath so ordered it that he will be gracious to mankind *if they believe that they shall be freed by the blood of Christ;*” and that, “as the soul is the life of the body, so faith is the life of the soul;” and that through adoption we are made the sons of God by believing in the Son of God, and that this is the testimony of our adoption that we have the Spirit by which we pray and cry, “Abba, Father.” That they were guiltless of that monstrous doctrine—Transubstantiation, is clear, from their calling the elements, in the Lord’s Supper, “the seed of wheat and the lovely drink of the pleasant vine.”‡ St. Patrick never preached purgatory nor prayer for the dead, for he held that “there are *three habitations* under the power of the Almighty God; the highest, the

* MS. Life of Bishop Bedell, placed in my hands by Dr. H. I. M. Mason.

† Prov. xiv. 34.

‡ Religion of the Ancient Irish, 12, 14, 28, 78.

lowermost, and the middle. The highest is heaven; the lowermost is hell; the middle is this present world. In heaven there are none bad, but all good. In hell are none good, but all bad. Both are supplied out of the middle." St. Patrick never taught Romish celibacy, for he described himself, in his confessions, to have been son of Calphurnius a deacon, and grandson of Potitus a priest. That he was equally innocent of creature worship, the essence of the Romish apostacy, is evident from the hymn which was called his "Breast Plate," because he composed it while ascending the hill of Tarah, where he was about to preach to the assembled chiefs of Ireland.* The sum of that singular composition may be expressed in the humble but expressive words:—

"I'm a poor sinner and nothing at all,
But Jesus Christ is all in all."

Those ancient preachers of righteousness, Columbkille and his followers, have the honourable testimony of Bede, that "they would only observe such works of piety and charity which they could learn in the Prophets, Evangelists, and Apostles."†

Sir William Betham, to whose indefatigable research and signal ability Irish antiquarian lore owes a mighty debt of gratitude, gives a most interesting description of several beautifully illuminated Irish MSS. of the Gospels, of the sixth and seventh centuries.‡ They were enclosed in boxes of the most durable wood—yew or oak—which were then placed in boxes of brass, plated with silver richly gilt, embossed with scriptural devices, and enamelled with polished crystals, amethyst, and other gems. One of them was written in the presence of the Alfred of Ireland, the famous "Brian the Brave." Three of these precious memorials of the veneration of the ancient Irish for the Holy Scriptures, are preserved in the

* King's Church History of Ireland, i. 18, 43.

† Hist. Eccles. lib. 3, cap. 4.

‡ Irish Antiquarian Researches.

manuscript room of the library of Trinity College, at Dublin. They are truly splendid specimens, and are "rich with pearls and barbaric gold." One of them, "The Book of Kells," possesses the autographs of our beloved Queen and the Prince Albert, as well as a marginal note in the hand of the venerable Ussher.

Thierry remarks, that the eastern origin of the Irish, which makes them so fervid, imaginative and social, accounts for the rapid progress which Christianity made amongst them, and the firm hold which the Oriental poetry and pathos of the Holy Scriptures gained upon their affections, as well as for the love of a wandering life, the facility of manners, and the extreme ease with which they conformed to the customs of foreign lands which made them such amazingly successful missionaries. Scarcely a country in Europe was unvisited by those zealous missionaries. They traversed England and Scotland incessantly; and founded Christian stations in the most benighted parts of France and Germany, Italy and Switzerland. The intrepidity of the Irish was equal to their singular zeal. At Saltzburgh, bishop Farrell (Latinized into Virgilius) bravely maintained that the *world was round*, notwithstanding all the persecution raised against him by the bishop of Rome! Columbanus, in the seventh century, might well be termed the Irish John the Baptist, so self-denying was he in his manner of life; zealously in preaching Christ as "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world;" and bold in rebuking error and vice in the popes and kings of his time, unawed by the frowns of power, and unseduced by its smiles. John Scotus, the Irishman, (Erigena) was so distinguished for his learning, wit, and eloquence, that he obtained high favour at the court of King Charles the Bald. When, 861, Radbert first introduced into France the novel doctrine of Transubstantiation Scotus

wrote very powerfully and faithfully against the monstrous fiction. The pure motives of these Irish worthies are self-evident from their chiefly selecting the most desolate localities for their missions. They were to be found at Bobio amidst Alpine snows, and for one hundred years they faithfully preached the unsearchable riches of Christ in miserable Iceland.*

Amidst all their wanderings the ancient Irish Christians were remarkable for their devout observance of the Lord's day. Wherever the shades of evening fell upon them on the last day of the week, there they "abode" during the day of sacred rest, in prayer and praise "refreshing their minds with its proper spiritual food, the Scriptures;" and "scattering among all around the most wholesome seed of the Word of God."† It is also pleasing to know that Christian hospitality flourished amongst the ancient Irish Christians. With "cead mille failte"—one hundred thousand welcomes—they greeted the "troops of friends," who came for the purpose both of instruction and religious improvement from France, Italy, and Germany, as well as from England and Wales. At Armagh alone there were no less than 7,000 students, including very many foreigners, who were entertained without charge or fee; and the colleges at Clonard, Mungret, Clonmacnoise, and many other places, were equally flourishing and hospitable; so that whilst Christianity and knowledge, philosophy and art, were dying away over the world under the advancing apostacy of the papacy, the ravages of the barbarians, and the disorganization of a corrupt and crumbling empire, Ireland offered to all Christendom a refuge and a school so cheered and illumined by Gospel light and its reflection—true philosophy, that it was fondly called *Insula Sanctorum*—the Island of Saints. It was in Ireland

* King's Church History of Ireland, 349—405.

† Ibid, 370.

that Alfred, king of Northumberland, obtained the noblest of all reputations, that of "*a man most learned in the Scriptures*;" and that the famous Alcuin remained for twelve years that he might, "like some very skilful bee, be able to taste the honey dropping flowers of piety, and build the sweet comb of virtues in the hive of his own breast."* Meanwhile the Irish Church made a noble stand against the usurped supremacy of Rome. When Laurentius, successor of Augustine—the destroyer of the British Church—made most seductive overtures for union with the Irish prelates, the latter refused point blank any communion with the bishop of Rome, and their deputy bishop Daganus after delivering his faithful protest, avoided the sin of the disobedient prophet, (1 Kings xiii. 22,) for he refused to eat or drink with, or even remain under the roof of, an idolatrous bishop.† The candid Romish historian, M. Thierry, remarks that this was the first of a long system of attacks directed against the Irish Church by the bishops of Rome, with the perseverance innate in the successors of the old senate, which by dint of willing one and the thing had subjugated the world. His observations on the policy of the papacy are worth deep attention at the present crisis. "The new Rome," he proceeds, "had not, like the ancient mistress of the world, legions issuing from her walls to go and conquer nations; all her strength consisted in address and in that skill in the forming of unequal alliances with mighty princes which, under the name of friends, had rendered so many of them her vassals and her subjects. The victories of foreign conquerors were the most frequent cause of the political aggrandisement of the pontifical court. It sedulously watched the first ambitious thoughts of invading kings to enter into

* Ussher's Religion of Ancient Irish, 3, 57. Quart. Rev. lxxvii. 356.

† Bede Hist. Eccles. lib. ii. c. 4.

co-partnership with them, and in default of foreign conquests, it with crafty policy ever admired and fostered the principle of despotism, for then, by exercising over a *single* family—that of the tyrant—the powerful moral influence of the Church, it could acquire absolute authority over an entire people.”*

Alas! that those halcyon days should be troubled and Ireland's ancient glory defaced by the hordes of Danish pirates, who, from 795 to 948, ravaged the whole country, so that churches and colleges, libraries and learning almost disappeared, and whilst many of the wisest, most pious of the clergy were massacred, the remainder but too often forgot their peaceful calling amidst the incessant din of arms. The Danes after receiving Christianity settled in the sea ports of Dublin, Limerick, and Waterford, and from 1074 to 1085 sent their bishops for consecration to their Norman countryman Lanfranc. Hildebrand—Gregory VII.—caught this link of the papal chain which was so long vainly forged for enslaving Ireland. He despatched a letter to Turlogh O'Brien, the supreme king, warning him and his people *that all kingdoms belonged—of divine right!*—to the blessed Peter and to his vicars, in whom was fulfilled the prophecy of Isaiah, “They that spake against thee shall come to thee, and bow themselves down to the soles of thy feet!!!” “To this ambitious pontiff we may therefore,” says the Roman Catholic historian Dr. O'Connor, “refer the *origin* of that *claim to the sovereignty of Ireland* which was conferred on the English kings by pope Adrian and his successors; which was *admitted by the English kings* down to Henry VIII.; which was quoted as the source of English power by the Irish parliament; which was often employed to raise the (R.) C. rabble against the (R.) C. gentry, and which was as often the

* Norman Conquest, Book x.

bane of the Irish nation."* The Irish chiefs and clergy took no notice of this startling claim, which lay dormant till Malachy O'Morgiar, an Irish bishop, who ambitiously visited Rome in 1139, to solicit from Innocent II., the *pallium*—an ornamental vestment made by nuns from the fleece of a black ewe lamb and conferred by the pope, after having been blessed with much pomp, upon his archbishops. The crafty pontiff received Malachy most graciously, made minute inquiries about Ireland and her Church, and sent him home with the appointment of his legate to Ireland, and a promise that at a more "convenient season" the sacred pallium would be conferred upon Irish ecclesiastics. Eugènius III. followed up this aggression by sending Cardinal Paparo to Ireland with four palliums, 1151, and by his intrigues the Church was divided and undermined, and the country partitioned into new dioceses, so that at the next papal aggression it fell an easy prey to the towering ambition of the see of Rome.† God forbid that Cardinal Wiseman's similar mission to England in 1850 may not have a similar result! But a foreign invasion was necessary to consolidate and secure the conquest. *Three years* afterwards Adrian IV. entered into a nefarious compact with Henry II. of England, in which he stated "that Ireland and *all* the islands on which Christ, the Sun of Righteousness hath shined..... belong of *right* to St. Peter and the holy Roman Church," and "expressed his will and pleasure that in order to *widen the bounds of the Church*," Henry should enter that island; but, "in this decent envelope," says Thierry, there was a stipulation for the annual payment of a penny for each house to St. Peter! The very bargain made between pope Alexander II. and William, the Norman, for the invasion of Eng-

* Columbanus ad Hibernos, No. 2.

† King's Church History of Ireland, 482.

land!* How important then it is for us now to know the past history of the papacy, as it is so entirely guided in every single movement, by the precedents enrolled in its archives! The English invasion began in 1170, and two years afterwards Henry rivetted the yoke of popery upon Ireland, at the famous Synod of Cashel, where the Romish Canon Law was established. "This council," says the Romish historian O'Driscoll, "put an end to the ancient Church of Ireland, and that *ominous apostacy* has been followed by a series of calamities, hardly to be equalled in the world. From the days of St. Patrick, to the council of Cashel, was a bright and glorious era for Ireland. From the sitting of council to our times, the lot of Ireland has been unmixed evil, and all her history a tale of woe."† What a startling and unexpected echo of Ussher's warning voice! Thus we see that Adrian's grant of Ireland to Henry—though as Sir John Davis well observed, he had no more real claim to the country, than Satan had to all the kingdoms of the earth, when he offered them to Christ—was strictly *conditional* upon his extending popery and paying an annual tribute; so the English king was not the conqueror of Ireland at all; but merely the pope's tenant at will! Never were doubtful tenants more attentively watched, and more subject to mortifying vexations, than were the kings of England in their Irish territories, by their liege lord of Rome, until, by the light of the glorious Reformation, they discovered the gross fabrication of title which had for so many ages been imposed upon them.

Scarcely had Henry II. left the wicker-work palace in Dublin, where he had solemnly avowed himself "king and lord of Ireland *by the grace of the Church*," than Archbishop Lawrence O'Toole—the Irish Becket so devoutly invoked by

* Norman Conquest Book, x.

† Views of Ireland, ii. 85.

Dr. Cullen, posted off to Rome, upon the first check given to the papal sway, and there, says a contemporary, "exerted himself with all the zeal of his nation, for the privileges of the church and *against the king's authority*." His disloyalty was rewarded by the dignity of apostolic legate.*

Thierry gives a sad account of the Norman prelates who now settled in Ireland, and their disputes with the king's lord deputies. The *sobriquets* richly earned by two of them from their oppression of the poor Irish were, "Flay-villain and Scorch-villain!"† The magistrates and citizens of Dublin presumed to circumscribe the papal tyranny, but were so overwhelmed with curses and interdicts, that they were forced to submit, and to consent that in case of offences against the clerical power, a commutation for the first time should be made in hard cash; and that in the second instance the offender should be CUDGELLED round the Church; and if still obstinate, that he should be cudgelled through the city!‡ So furious were the subsequent conflicts amongst the Romish prelates; so determined their adhesion to the pope and disloyalty to their sovereign; so crafty were they in stirring up the wild chieftians to rebellion; and, when defeated, so subtle were they in turning to the heads of their misguided dupes the approaching storm of royal vengeance; and so ready were they again, even while touching the springs of latent sedition, to slip warily aside from responsibility, and to relinquish to their confederates the dangerous posts of honour;§—that Ireland's history from the English invasion to the Reformation, is indeed "a tale of woe," and we might well say to the gentle reader:—

"If ever on thy eyelid stood the tear
That pity hath engender'd—drop one here!"

* Giraldus. Phelan's Church of Rome in Ireland, 18.

† Norman Conquest, book x.

‡ Leland's History of Ireland, i. 237.

§ Phelan's Church of Rome in Ireland, 42.

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We can also easily conceive its deep spiritual darkness when we hear that a bishop of Ossory condemned to the flames the Lady Alice Kettler as a *witch*, "for going through the streets of Kilkenny every evening between complin and curfew, and sweeping the mud to her son's door, with the incantation :—

‘ To the house of William my son

Hie all the wealth of Kilkenny town ;’

as well as for her assignations with a foul fiend whom she feasted upon nine red cocks, and some unknown number of peacocks' eyes, and for the possession of a magic staff upon which she and her accomplices used to ride over the whole world !” And when we find that an archbishop of Cashel broke into the house of a bishop of Waterford at midnight, and wounded and robbed him, because he had burned two heretics without permission !*

Still God “left Himself not without witness” in the land, degraded as it then was. Richard Fitzralph, a native of Dundalk, was consecrated primate of Ireland in 1347, and earnestly set himself to remedy these frightful abuses, especially the enormities perpetrated by the friars, “a kind of creatures,” says Ussher, “unknown to the Church for 1200 years after Christ, that refuse to eat their own bread, and count it a high point of sanctity to live by begging other men's bread.”† Undismayed by the uproar which was raised against him by the Irish friars, Fitzralph extended his labours to England, and had the zeal and bravery to assail the mendicant orders at Paul's Cross, in London, a spot afterwards hallowed by the prayers and sermons of so many godly Martyrs and Confessors. He was cited to Avignon, and unhappily obeyed the summons. There, before Innocent VI., 1357, he boldly accused the friars of disobedience to the

* King, 643—652. † Religion of the ancient Irish, 44.

precepts of Christ and neglect of His example. He was listened to coldly and detained a prisoner. There he also wrote a very touching sketch of his life and labours. He recounts in it all the efforts he had made to awaken his poor countrymen to a study of the Scriptures ; how he had sent four of his chaplains to Oxford to study divinity, but that they were obliged to return because they could not find a Bible there ! Then he admirably urges against “ wilful beggary ” the example of our Redeemer and the Scripture,—“ *Give me neither poverty nor riches ;* ” “ *If any man will not work, neither let him eat,* ” &c., &c.* In the opening sentences his happy spirit expresses itself most sweetly—in the very midst of his dangers—in blessing the Lord Jesus, “ who had taught him and brought him out of the profound vanities of Aristotle’s philosophy to the study of the Scriptures,” and he bursts into the following animated strain of thanksgiving :—“ To Thee be praise, to Thee be glory, to Thee be thanksgiving ! O Jesus most holy, Jesus most powerful, Jesus most amiable, who hast said, I am the way, the truth, and the life ! A way without error ; truth without a cloud ; and life without end. For Thou the way hast shown me ; Thou the truth hast taught me ; and Thou the life hast promised me. A way Thou wast to me in exile ; the truth Thou wast to me in counsel, and life Thou wilt be to me in reward.” Did not Fitzralph richly realize the blessing pronounced by our Redeemer, (Mat. v., 10—13,) upon those who are persecuted for His sake ? He died, it was believed of poison, at Avignon, in 1360, and a cardinal exclaimed when he heard the news, “ On this day a mighty pillar of Christ’s Church is fallen ! ” There was great lamentation made for him in Ireland, but so powerful were the friars that ten years elapsed before his bones could be brought home to the country which he loved

* *Defensorium Curatorum*. A work which amply repays the studious reader.

so well, and served in the gospel so faithfully. It is cheering to know that in the very year of Fitzralph's death *Wickliffe* came out of his retirement, and in his earliest publication praises his noble predecessor for having "boldly assailed the friars in the very presence of the pope and his cardinals, and maintained the truth by words and by writings unto the death."* So truly is the "blood of the Martyrs the seed of the Church."

Ussher points out another singular link in the chain of providences connected with our first Irish Reformer. When leaving Armagh he concealed his translation of the Irish Testament in a wall of his Church with the following note :— "When this Book is found, truth will be revealed to the world, or Christ will shortly appear." One hundred and seventy years after his death, the Church of Armagh being under repair, the Book was found, and that year, 1530, saw the commencement of the Reformation in Ireland.† For that glorious era never was a country worse prepared. The original hostility between the native Irish and the English colonists had been augmented into tenfold intensity by the memorable *Statute of Kilkenny*, 1367, which decreed that marriage with the Irish, nurture of infants, or submission to the Irish law should be punished as *high treason*; and that using the Irish dress or *language*, names or customs, incurred forfeiture of property; and which made it highly penal to present a *mere* Irishman to a benefice, or receive him into a monastery, or to entertain an Irish minstrel or story-teller, or—to admit an Irish horse to graze upon the pasture of an Englishman! Eight Romish prelates met at that unhappy council and published a formal and terrible curse against all transgressors of this unwise and irritating law, which they did "with a cold and exquisite

* *Triologus*. Foxe, i., 473.

† *Historia Dogmata*, 156. Anderson's *Sketches of the Native Irish*, 47.

malevolence," says Dr. Phelan, "attainable only by a class of beings which had abjured or had never known the kindly sympathies of humanity."* So mischievously minute were the efforts of the English government to prevent the amalgamation of the Celt and the Saxon, that it was gravely decreed (in a Parliament held at Trim, 1447,) that even the Irish mode of wearing the beard was a crime in an Englishman, and that he who does not shave his upper lip at least once in every two weeks must be treated as an Irish enemy! Even the privilege of being governed by English laws was refused to the Irish in the days of John and Edward I., though they offered to pay for it the great sum of 8000 marks! The English, with the exception of a few inconsiderable garrisons, only occupied the eastern coasts of Ireland from Dundalk to Wexford. The whole border of that territory, which was called the Pale, was studded with castles to keep off the Irish enemy; and it passed into a proverb, "West of the Barrow, west of English law."

The English nobles were for ever at feud with each other. A little later in a great conflict between the Desmonds and the Butlers, when the defeated Desmond was wounded and carried from the field stretched on a bier, and his victors exclaimed in triumph, "Where now is the great lord of the Desmonds?" The bleeding captive exclaimed, "Where but in his proper place? still on the necks of the Butlers!" The animosities of the Irish chieftains ran even higher. O'Neil commenced hostilities with the neighbouring chieftain of Tirconnel by a letter couched in true Spartan brevity, "Send me a tribute—or else—." The reply was in the same strain, "I owe you none—and if—." The high spirit of independence amongst the Irish chieftains at this period may be understood when we

* Church of Rome in Ireland, 63—67.

hear that an envoy of MacGillapatrik, lord of Ossory, appeared at the door of Henry's chapel as he and his suite were entering, and exclaimed in a stentorian voice, "Stand O King! My master has sent me with his commands to say that if you will not chastise Red Peter (the Lord Deputy Desmond) he himself will make war upon thee!" As for the prelates they either slept in monastic tranquility or composed hymns to the saints in barbarous Latin rhymes, or as Milton said—

"To be sure of paradise
Dying put on the weeds of Dominick
Or in Franciscan thought to pass *disguised*."

And this at a time when all Europe blushed at these follies, and resounded with the voice of controversy! Still worse was the account given of the inferior clergy by George Browne, the English Reformer, who was appointed Archbishop of Dublin in 1534. He describes them as "so ignorant, that a bird might be taught to speak with as much sense; and though not scholars, yet crafty to cozen the poor common people." Girdles, and milk of the Virgin, thorns from the Redeemer's crown, and portions of His holy coat, speaking images, relics of saints, and especially a *tooth* of St. Patrick, were the stock-in-trade which helped them to a gainful traffic in "the souls of men!" Even if the Reformation had spread amongst the Romish clergy in Ireland, their bitter feuds with the people would have sadly impeded their power of advancing the gospel. For example,—what influence could a bishop of Cashel have over a Margaret Le Blunde after he had slain her father, and starved in prison her grandfather and mother, with her six brothers and sisters, in order to seize their inheritance? Or what probability was there that another bishop of Cashel should have ever entered the presence of the Earl of Kildare, after having heard the

fiery noble's excuse for burning the Church of Cashel, "*I set fire to the Church, for I thought the Bishop had been in it?*" Their treachery, also, was so blazed abroad, that Sir Richard Edgecombe, when administering the oath of allegiance to them in the previous reign, had taken especial care that the host upon which they swore should be consecrated by his *own* chaplain, for fear that the Irish officiating priest should have gone through the mere form *without the intention*, which the Romish Church holds to be necessary for the validity of a religious rite; and yet the skilful English diplomatist was out-witted, for the wily prelates had quietly added to the oath the sweeping clause of exceptions, "*saving the privileges of our order;*" of which themselves were the only judges!

To enhance the enormous difficulties in the way of the Reformation, the act passed "against the authority of the Bishop of Rome" by the parliament assembled at Dublin, 1536, was accompanied by a revival of all the severe enactments against the use of the Irish language, dress and manners; also providing that no Irish ecclesiastic should obtain a benefice till after four proclamations in the nearest market town should have failed to secure an Englishman! Again, Lord Gray, the Lord Lieutenant, was as unstable as the worst of his *successors*; at one time burning Romish cathedrals, defacing their monuments, and confiscating their ornaments; and at another time "very devoutly kneeling before the idol of 'our Lady' at Trim, hearing three or four masses there, and then seizing on the house and property of the Protestant Archbishop, and converting them to his own use!" Above all, and beyond all, Bishop Mant observes, that not even one copy of the English Bible appears to have been yet introduced into Ireland! Yet as soon as Browne had issued an address to the Irish, asserting the King's supremacy, and

urging them "to have no confidence in the bishop of Rome nor in his bulls, nor in his letters of pardons, full of juggling casts, by which he sells for money remissions of sins, nor to fear his great thunder claps of excommunications;" the papacy exerted all its energies to crush the rising spirit of Reformation. A *prophecy* was instantly issued from the pope's inexhaustible treasury. It deserves special attention, for to this very day it is believed implicitly in Ireland, and renders the devotees of Rome desperate in its defence. It was said to have been given by St. Lazerianus, an Irish Archbishop of Cashel, and to have predicted the "*certain downfall of the Church of Rome as soon as it shall have been overthrown in Ireland.*" It was sent to the great northern chief O'Neil, with an earnest entreaty that "for the glory of mother Church, the honour of St. Peter, and his own security, he would suppress heresy, and oppose the enemies of the pope." A bloody revolt followed this sanguinary appeal. Henry VIII. was not a timorous character. He crushed the rebellion with an energy that struck the most turbulent chieftains with a violent and lasting terror. They became vehement in their protestations of loyalty. Henry seized the right time for consolidating his power, and in order to give weight and brilliancy to the English rule he commanded his deputy to obtain for him from the Irish Parliament the title of King, "because *titles* have great weight with the vulgar." The act was passed amidst a fever of joy and exultation. In honour of this great event Henry conferred the English title of Earl upon the principal chiefs, to each of whom he presented a chain of gold, with a house and land near Dublin. The O'Neil who had pronounced a curse upon any of his family that should conform to the English manners, and whose son John had hanged a gallow-glass (follower dressed in green) for having so far degenerated as to feed on

English biscuit, was so won over by Henry's power and generosity, that he paid homage to him at Greenwich. A son of the chieftain Fitzpatrick who had been engaged in treason was delivered up to justice by his own father; and for the first time in her annals since the English invasion Ireland was at peace during eight years under one acknowledged sovereign. A large body of Irish troops entered the English service, and in the battle of Boulogne an Irish officer had the honour of defeating the French champion.*

Any foreign power except the papal would then have retired from Ireland, but its nature is totally different from all the powers of earth. Robert Wauchop was appointed by the pope to the Irish primacy. He was a Scotchman, and a very remarkable character. He was blind from his birth; rode post better than any man of his time; was the third of three contemporary primates; and—he introduced the Jesuits into Ireland. The notorious Jesuit Fathers Brouet and Salmeron, came over in disguise. They passed six weeks in visiting every nook in the island. They then reported to Loyola that the people were mere savages, totally destitute of priests, and that the chiefs had acknowledged the supremacy of Henry, and burned the pope's bulls; but that they had recovered the natives by masses and confessions, indulgences and relics, appeals to their nationality, and abuse of the Reformers. The joy of the papal party was greater than its discretion. The mission of the Jesuits was divulged. They were promptly expelled, but the historians of the time agree in stating that the "dismal and horrible effects of that mission have ever since embroiled Ireland."†

The deeply interesting autobiography of Bishop Bale

* Leland, i., ii., *passim*. Phelan, 77—92. Mant's History of the Church of Ireland, i., 146—185.

† Cox's Hist. i., 272. Mant's Hist. i., 181. Steinmetz Hist. Jes. i., 307.

gives the clearest description of this revival of the papacy. He was a native of Suffolk, and had been educated in the Carmelite convent at Norwich, and then at Cambridge. He confesses with grief that "ignorance and blindness had wholly possessed him, till by the advice of Lord Wentworth, he studied the Bible, by which he was transported from the barren Mount Carmel to the fair and fruitful vale of the Gospel." Then "to throw off all the marks of the beast, and according to the Divine precepts he married in the Lord a wife who had a great hand in the happy work of his conversion," and who became his faithful and inseparable companion in all his joys and sorrows. He preached boldly against the invocation of saints, and against image-worship; and his sermons were the more convincing, for he spoke from his own experience and could say, "Yea I ask God's mercy a thousand times, I have been one of them myself!" During the persecution under the atrocious Six Articles, he was twice imprisoned, but escaped and fled to Germany till Edward's accession. There was excessive difficulty in obtaining able missionary bishops for the Church in Ireland. Cranmer recommended Turner in words so beautifully describing the venerable Martyr's opinion of the qualifications needful for a bishop in Ireland, that I cannot refrain from giving them:—"He is merry, and witty withal. He longs for nothing, thirsts for nothing, dreams of nothing, save Jesus Christ; and in the lively preaching of Him and His word, declares such diligence, faithfulness, and wisdom, as for the same deserves much commendation."* Turner declined the office, but Bale accepted the bishopric of Ossory. How wisely he "counted the cost," and how pure his motives were, appear from his words and actions. He says that he "believed the office of a Christian bishop is not to loiter in

* Mant's Hist. i., 215.

blasphemous papistry, but purely to preach the gospel to his flock; knowing that continual persecutions, and no bodily wealth follow the same most godly office in them which truly execute it; but that our most merciful God would with His power wait upon and finally deliver them from most deep dangers." When he arrived in Dublin he found that to avoid "occasion of tumult" the popish service was to be used at his consecration! This time-serving policy he indignantly rejected, and the Reformed service was used, "there being no tumult, and every man, saving the priests being well contented." At the communion as soon as he perceived that Romish wafers were upon the paten, Bale rose from his knees and refused to proceed till bread was substituted. He then proceeded to Kilkenny, and vigorously set himself to advance the Reformation. Thus vividly he describes the woful condition of the unfortunate priests, both in life and doctrine:—"I saw many abominable idolatries maintained by the priests for their worldly interests. The Supper of the Lord was altogether used as a popish mass, with the old apish toys of Anti-Christ, in bowings and beckonings, kneeling and knockings. There wailed they over their dead, with prodigious howlings and patterings—as though their souls had not been quieted in Christ and redeemed by His passion, but that they must come after, and help at a pinch with requiems to deliver them (out of hell) by their sorrowful sorceries. As for their manner of celebrating mass, of all their occupations methinks it is the most foolish; for there standeth the priest disguised like one that would show some juggling play. He turneth his back to the people, and telleth a tale to the wall in a foreign language. If he turn his face to them it is either to receive the offering, either to desire them to give him a good word with *orate pro me*, *fratres* (pray for me brethren) for he is a poor brother of

theirs; either to bid them God speed with *Dominus vobiscum* (the Lord be with you) for they get no part of his banquet; either else to bless them with the *bottom* of the cup with *Benedictio Dei* (the blessing of God) when the breakfast is done." His description of the clergy themselves is still more caustic:—"Helper I found none among my clergy, but adversaries a great number. Much ado I had with the priests, for that I said the white gods of their making, (wafers) such as they offered to the people to be worshipped, were no gods but idols; and that their prayers for the dead produced no redemption to the souls departed; redemption of souls being only in Christ, of Christ, and by Christ. I added that their office by Christ's straight commandment, was chiefly to preach and instruct the people in the doctrine and ways of God, and not to occupy so much of the time in chaunting, piping and singing. Much were the priests offended, also for that I had in my preachings willed them to have wives of their own, and to leave the unshamefaced—. As for me, I continued quietly preaching Christ and salvation by Him to His people, and labouring to withdraw them from popish superstitions during 'that half-hour's silence' (Rev. viii. 1.) and those few years of rest that God's people here enjoyed under that blessed servant of Christ, King Edward."

Short, indeed, was the sojourn of this godly Reformer in poor Ireland. Edward was "taken away from the evil to come," and tidings of Mary's accession were received in Ireland almost as soon as of the king's dissolution. How faint a hold the Reformation had on the minds of the clergy at this time is but too clear from Bale's graphic and curious description of the terrible recoil with which but too many of them turned aside, like a deceitful bow, in the hour of Romish ascendancy. "On Thursday, 20th August, 1553,

the Lady Mary was proclaimed Queen What ado I had that day with the prebendaries and priests about wearing the cope, crosier, and mitre, it were too much to write. I told them earnestly, when they would have compelled me thereto that I was not Moses' minister but Christ's. I desired them not to compel me to His denial, which is, St. Paul saith, (Gal. v.) in the repeating Moses' sacraments and ceremonial shadows. With that I took the 13th chap. Romans, declaring to them briefly the authority of worldly powers. . . . On Thursday, 31st August, I being absent, the clergy of Kilkenny blasphemously resumed again the whole papism or heap of superstitions of the bishop of Rome; to the utter contempt of Christ and His holy word They rang all the bells in that cathedral, minster and parish Churches; they flung up their caps to the battlements of the great temple with smilings and laughings most dissolutely; they brought forth their copes, candlesticks, holy water, stocks, crosses and censers; they mustered forth in general procession most gorgeously all the town over with "Sancta Maria ora pro nobis," and the rest of the Latin litany. They chattered it, they chaunted it with great noise and devotion; they banquetted the day after, for that they were delivered *from* the grace of God into a warm sun. For now they may again deceive the people as they did aforetime with their Latin mumblings, and make merchandise of them. 2 Pet. ii. They may make the witless sort believe that they can make every day new gods of their little white cakes, and that they can fetch their friends' souls from flaming purgatory, if need be, with other great miracles else. They may now without check — and be at utter defiance with marriage, though it be an institution of God, honourable and holy There were some of them which boasted of this, and when they were demanded how they would, afore God, be discharged?

they made answer that *ear confession* was able to burnish them again, and to make them as white as snow, though they thus offend never so oft." What a "superfluity of naughtiness!" Bishop Bale had been too zealous a Reformer to remain unmolested when the bishop of Rome gained the ascendancy. He was ferociously assaulted by some popish priests and others who thirsted for his blood. They attacked his house, and before his own eyes murdered five servants, who risked their lives in defence of their beloved master. He succeeded in shutting the iron gate of his castle, but was forced to leave it by night with a military escort for Dublin. There also his life was hunted after by these bloodhounds, and he was again forced to seek refuge in flight. After many perils by land and sea, captivity and plunder, from "stout lubbers of priests," or from pirates, he reached Basle, where he found a peaceful retreat, till recalled by Elizabeth, who made his old age easy by the gift of a prebend in Canterbury Cathedral, where for many a year he advanced the Reformation by historic sketches of the Martyrs, or by controversial works, of which the most valuable are "The Image of both Churches," and "Yet a Course after the Romish Fox."*

It has been boasted that in Ireland Mary's reign was bloodless; but the absence of persecution may be easily accounted for during the *commencement* of her frightful sway, from the fact that nearly all the Protestants in Ireland were of English descent, and were then, *as they are to this day, the real garrison* of England in the sister island, and the surest friends of English government; if Mary had allowed her bishops to burn them at once, Ireland would have been lost to the British crown. But it is certain that if the Queen's life had been prolonged, the Marian persecution would have raged full as fiercely on the

* *Vocacyon of John Bale. Harleian Miscellany, vi., 411.*

Irish side of the channel as it did in England; for in the third year of her reign the Lord Deputy St. Leger was removed from office, because his enemies at Court had accused him of having formerly written some verses in ridicule of Transubstantiation. It was the first article of the instructions to the new Lord Deputy and Council, "that they should be ready with their aid and secular force, at the request of all spiritual ministers and ordinaries, to *punish and repress* all heretics and Lollards, and their damnable sects, opinions, and errors."* Soon after, the eagerly expected commission was issued by the Queen to her Irish bishops, but it miscarried strangely on the way. It was entrusted to the fiery fanatic Dr. Cole, Dean of St. Paul's, who was dispatched to Dublin expressly to see it carried into full effect. In those days of slow travelling he remained one night at an inn in Chester, where he was soon waited upon by the Mayor of the city, to whom, in fiendish glee, he told his errand: and opening a box took from it a parcel, which he held up triumphantly saying, "There is a commission which shall lash the heretics of Ireland!" Elizabeth Edmonds, the mistress of the inn was present; she was a Protestant, and her heart trembled for the fate of her brother, who was a Protestant residing in Dublin. With her woman's ready wit and devotedness, she hastily seized the parcel, while the Dean escorted his visitor to the door, and then placed in its stead a pack of cards, with the knave of clubs uppermost. When Dr. Cole reached Dublin, he instantly presented himself to Lord Fitzwalter, the Lord Deputy in full Council, and the Secretary was commanded to read her Majesty's commission; when, to the confusion of all, the pack of cards appeared! Dr. Cole solemnly declared that he had received the commission, and could not account for its removal from his custody. Lord Fitzwalter

* Phelan, 163.

seems to have been of the true Gallio school,—which has so often sent rulers to unfortunate Ireland, always ready to give “heavy blows and great discouragements to Protestantism,” and reckless of the mischief, if they can but hold office,—and he answered quickly, “Let us have another commission, and we will shuffle the cards in the meantime.” The baffled inquisitor returned with sorrow and shame for another commission which he obtained, but was detained by stormy weather so long on the English side of the channel, that it was happily superseded by the death of Mary. So much for the goodness of God in preserving Irish Protestants from the tender mercies of our last Popish Queen. The story of the good woman of Chester reached the ears of Elizabeth, who sent for her to Court, heard the recital with great delight, and settled upon her a pension of forty pounds per annum, a great sum in those days.*

The contest of which Ireland became the theatre during the reign of Elizabeth, is one of deeply painful, but most instructive interest. On the one side was the high minded Protestant Queen, endeavouring to emancipate a noble but barbarous people from their old vassalage of soul and body: and on the other was the Italian King-priest, who acted upon the old papal maxim:—

“He who would England win,
Must with Ireland first begin.”

To condense as much as possible, a record that runs darkly on in pain and sorrow—the 25th of May, 1559, shone with joyful splendour on the Protestants of Dublin, for on that day numbers were employed in defacing “all pictures and popish fancies” on the walls and windows of the Churches. Another memorable day was the 30th of August, in the same year, for then the beautiful English Liturgy was

* Mant's Hist. i. 250.

restored to Christ Church Cathedral, by the Lord Deputy and great officers of state, with a vast concourse of the clergy and citizens. When the whole assembly stood and sung "We praise thee, O Lord," the trumpets and cymbals sounded in unison, and sent forth glad notes of triumph. A beautiful marble statue of the Redeemer—crowned with thorns, and bearing a reed in the right hand,—was placed near the reading desk; and on the following Sunday, while the great congregation were listening with deep attention to prayers of faith and hope in their own tongue, so different from the mumblings of the Latin mass; blood was seen to trickle from the crown of thorns down the piteous face of the image! A frightful cry was heard that the Saviour of the world was sweating blood in an agony caused by these heretical prayers! The service was suspended. The Lord Mayor, and many others drew out their beads, smote their breasts, and prayed to the image. The Lord Deputy and privy council hastily retired, fearing that the shedding of their own blood would follow. Archbishop Curwen, with great presence of mind, examined the statue, and discovered a sponge soaked in blood placed in the hollow of its head. A monk named Leigh, and several others were detected as contrivers of the *miracle*. Thus "God frustrated the knavish trick," and on the following Sunday, the Archbishop preached the most practical and successful controversial sermons ever delivered. His text was 2 Thess. ii. 11, "God shall send them a strong delusion that they should believe a lie." After proving popery to be the predicted apostacy, he turned and "exposed the cheats who stood there with priest Leigh upon a table before the pulpit, with their hands and legs tied, and the crime written on their breasts." Upwards of one hundred Romanists were converted by that sermon, and the Church in England—as invariably happens—was greatly benefitted by the success of

the Irish Church: for Elizabeth and her clergy at once cleansed the English churches of images, although there had been much hesitation and debate previously upon the subject.*

Twenty Irish bishops were present in the parliament held in Dublin shortly afterwards, 1560, and only two of them, Walsh, bishop of Meath, and Leverous, bishop of Kildare, refused to abolish the usurped supremacy of the pope. They were deprived. Walsh retired to Spain where he died; Leverous supported himself by teaching in a school at Limerick. 'These were' two intruders forced upon the Irish Church by Queen Mary, and as even they died without having any part in the consecration of the Romish prelates, who, after a long interval, were by degrees introduced into Ireland, it is perfectly plain that the prelates of the Irish Reformed Church have received their episcopal succession in a regular and unbroken line from the ancient Irish bishops, and that the Romish bishops are—even upon their own principles—intruding schismatics.†

Most unhappily the same parliament enacted that wherever the minister had not the "use of the English tongue, he might use the common prayers in *Latin*!" What a mischievous attack upon the language to which the natives were so enthusiastically attached, that whenever a particular clan was in danger of total ruin from the English forces, the war cry which rallied their sinking courage, and drew volunteers from every quarter to the rescue was—*for the sake of the Irish language!*‡ The pope desisted this grand mistake with eagle glance, and quietly permitted the few English Romanists to attend the Protestant Churches, calculating that he could easily, at "a convenient time," exterminate the

* Ibid, i. 256. † King's Church History, 1209. Mant's Hist. i. 278.

‡ Leland, ii. 17, 522.

heretics by the aid of the fierce hordes of Irish natives, who were abandoned to his undisputed sway. The profound policy of this conduct was quickly evident, for as soon as ever Pius V. had fulminated his bull of excommunication against Elizabeth, the inflammable spirits of the wild Irish were instantly in a blaze and "*wars of religion*," never afterwards ceased to trouble her calm and safety.

Shane O Neil was the leader of the first crusade. He was a chieftain of most besotted habits, but subtle, courageous and indefatigable. He baffled the deputy both in arms and diplomacy, and eluded the still more dangerous attack of the law officers of the crown. He even ventured to London attended by a guard of young Irish soldiers, whose wild restless eyes, bare heads, flowing locks, saffron coloured vests, and strange armour, made quite as great a sensation at court, as if they had come from the most distant quarter of the globe. Even the sagacious Elizabeth was deceived by his consummate art. Instead of a dangerous, subtle and dark conspirator, she found him a man of unrefined, artless, and even awkward simplicity; of a demeanour so easy, so confident and unrestrained, as seemed to indicate a perfect consciousness of his own innocence; she dismissed him with presents and assurances of favour. This chief's career was compared by the papal party to a *raging storm*, so frightful was the desolation caused by his ravages through the north, and along the borders of the Pale, where he consumed castles and churches in ceaseless conflagrations. And yet he wanted *the grand qualification* for the leader of a crusade—entire submission to the priests;—so he was heartlessly cast off, like many a modern agitator, his dream of conquest was rudely broken, and he perished miserably.*

During the pause which succeed this revolt, a noble

* Phelan, 133.

effort was made by Walshe, afterwards Bishop of Ossory, and his friend Kearny, to supply the poor Irish with the word of God in their own language; and in 1571, Elizabeth strengthened their hands by the gift of a printing press and a fount of Irish types, "in hopes that God in mercy would raise up some to translate the New Testament into their mother tongue."* Then indeed poor Ireland heard papal thunder, and was blasted by its lightning! Pope Gregory XIII. issued a bull, in which he denounced Elizabeth as "hateful alike to God and man," and commended James Geraldine as a noble general, impelled by the zeal of God's house, and the desire of restoring the true religion, and exhorted all the faithful that discerning the seasonableness of the opportunity they should follow that noble general, and not "fear a woman who had departed from the Lord, and the Lord from her," and concluded by offering the inducement so irresistible to Romanists, "that you may do this work with the greater alacrity, we grant to all who shall follow or aid the said general, by arms, provisions or counsel, or any other means, *a plenary indulgence and remission of all their sins, such as is used for those who wage war against the Turks, for the recovery of the Holy Land!!!*"† The intrepid Jesuits, Saunders and Allen, with a body of their order came over to enforce this frightful commission. Gregory reinforced them by Italian banditti, whom by "indulgences" and pardons, he had induced to "leave their country for their good," led by Stukely, the Jesuit whom he created Marquis of Leinster and Earl of Carlow; and by a body of Spaniards; to whom he had promised Ireland though he treacherously designed, as soon as it should have been conquered by their aid, to revoke the

* Anderson's *Sketches of the Native Irish*, 51, 71. The Jesuits carried off that fount of type to Douay, from whence they supplied Romish Catechisms to the Irish!

† King's Church History, Ireland, 1262.

grant, and confer the country upon his own *illegitimate* son Jacomo Buoncompagno!*

The invaders landed in the beautiful bay of Smerwick, near Dingle. Saunders and Allen quickly visited their encampment and *hallowed* it with a mass! They built a fort, and when summoned to surrender, they said that "they held it for the pope and the king of Spain, to whom the pope had given Ireland."

When James Geraldine fell in a foray, Gregory conferred the command on his "well beloved son, Sir John Desmond, a person of *eminent piety* and bravery, bestowed on him by God, whose cause is concerned in this war." What proof of eminent piety and bravery had the new general given to the pope? With a shudder I record it. Saunders suspected Sir John of want of cordiality in the papal cause, and informed him that no confidence could be placed in him till he had given some unequivocal pledge that he would never be reconciled to the heretical government. The savage proved his sincerity by the *midnight murder* of his benefactor Henry Davers, an English civil officer of high character. He then flew to the rebel camp proclaiming his achievement, and was joyfully received by the Jesuit, who complimented him on the sweet *sacrifice which he had offered to heaven!* The Earl of Desmond joined the insurgent chief with a great force, but the rebels suffered a bloody defeat near Kilmallock, where the Jesuit Allen fell, grasping even in death the ensanguined papal banner. The Queen's troops vigorously followed up their victory. The Earl of Desmond was slain, and the second Irish crusade was at an end just before two Romish bishops—for to them has been always assigned the diplomacy of rebellion in Ireland—arrived with arms and ammunition from Spain.†

The Jesuit Saunders more truly "*Slanders*" says Fuller,

* Ibid, 788. Leland, ii. 267.

† Leland, ii. 288. Phelan, 165.

"died starved to death amongst bogs and mountains, justly famished for want of food, who formerly surfeited on improbable lies by him first forged on Elizabeth."* Edmund Spenser, the poet, had been rewarded for his services as Secretary to the Lord Deputy, by a grant of the ancient mansion of Kilcolman, and 3000 acres of rich land in the county of Cork. He loved the country of his adoption with no common affection, and the enchanting scenery of his immortal poem—the *Fæerie Queene*—is richly diversified with the unrivalled mountains, and valleys, and rivers of Ireland. There is a delicate truthfulness in his delineations which show his fine perception of the peculiar beauties of Irish scenery and his happy fidelity in conveying distinct ideas of them. Even the streamlet near Kilcolman, "Mullane," in his sweet strain, bids fair

"To run for ever by the muse's skill

And in the smooth description murmur still."

In prose also his sketches of Ireland are singularly accurate and beautiful. "And sure it is yet," he says, "a most beautiful and sweet country as any is under heaven; being stored throughout with many goodly rivers, replenished with all manner of fish most abundantly; sprinkled with many very sweet islands, and goodly lakes like little inland seas, that will carry even ships upon their waters; adorned with goodly woods, even fit for building houses and ships so commodious as that if some princes in the world had them, they would soon hope to be lords of all the seas, and ere long, of all the world. Also full of very good ports and havens opening upon England, as inviting us to come unto them to see what excellent commodities that country can afford; besides the soil itself is most fertile, fit to yield all kind of fruit that shall be committed thereunto. Lastly, the heavens

* Church Hist. v., 72.

most moist and temperate, though somewhat more moist than the parts towards the west." Hear his vivid description of the awful famine which visited Munster as the immediate consequences of the "religious war" pronounced so solemnly by an *infallible* pope as "necessary" for Mother Church :— "Notwithstanding that the same was a most rich and plentiful country, yet ere one year and a half they were brought to such wretchedness as that any stony heart would rue the same. Out of every corner of the woods and giens they came creeping forth upon their hands, for their legs could not bear them. They looked like anatomies of death. They spake like ghosts, crying out of their graves. They did eat the dead carrions, happy where they could find them ; yea and one another soon after, insomuch that the very carcases they spared not to scrape out of their graves ; and if they found a plot of water cresses or shamrocks, there they flocked as to a feast for a time, yet not able to continue there withal ; so that in a short space there was none almost left, and a most populous and plentiful country suddenly left void of man or beast."* This sagacious and friendly observer of Ireland and the Irish recommends as the grand panacea of those unutterable woes "Religion delivered and intimated with mildness and gentleness, so as it may not be hated before it be understood." He recommends, too, that some discreet ministers of their *own countrymen* should first be sent amongst them, who, by meek persuasions and instructions, and by their holy lives, might draw them to understand and embrace the true belief in Christ.

So far were these horrors from moving the iron nerves of the Roman pontiff, that within five short years Hugh O'Neil, Earl of Tyrone, was stirring up another "religious war" in the north of Ireland, at the very time, 1588, that

* View of the State of Ireland, 16, 98, 154.

the Spanish armada threatened our coasts. In the very first skirmish the Romish primate Magauran fell fighting the "heretic English with the carnal weapon," while another Romish bishop was in Spain soliciting aid and offering Irish hearts and hands to help the descent upon England! I have only time to tell that the new "religious war" far exceeded its predecessors in devastating fury and in duration. O'Neil was such a true son of the Church that he addressed the new pope, Clement VIII., as "Father of spirits on earth;" and obtained from him a bull bestowing upon himself and his followers "all the indulgences conferred upon those who fought against the Turks for the recovery of the Holy Land," together with a blessed plume of Phoenix feathers! The Jesuits and priests were more indefatigable than ever. As for the Romish bishops to arts of diplomacy they now added exploits in war. Bully Egan, the Romish titular bishop of Ross, fell in a bloody conflict, grasping his sword in one hand and his breviary and beads in the other, soon after he and two of his fellow titular bishops had thundered out a curse against all who should GIVE QUARTER TO HERETICS! A Spanish general and archbishop brought fresh forces from Spain, and nothing but Elizabeth's heroism—under God—preserved Ireland from annexation to popish Spain.

And yet, in the closing scenes of her life, the magnanimous Queen, when informed that God had given her arms the glory of completely reducing all the enemies of the crown of England in this island, after a perpetual contest of 440 years, proved her Christian charity by commanding her deputy, Mountjoy, to inform O'Neil that "in the great matter of religion she bore with him because she took it to proceed from his ignorance, and she *pursued none in those parts for religion.*" The foundation of the "*College of the Holy and Undivided Trinity of Queen Elizabeth, near Dub-*

lin," in 1591, shows how perfectly she acted according to the sentiments of the wise Lord Bacon, who maintained that "hand in hand with toleration, measures should be taken for the supply of some good preachers; especially of that sort which are *not scholastic, but vehement and zealous persuaders.*" This Protestant university languished for a while, but cherished by the care and bounty of our first Protestant Queen, it struck its roots securely amidst the papal storms; and cultivated as it was by succeeding princes, and watered by the dews of heaven; it has grown a stately Tree, under whose spreading branches science and literature find safe shelter, whilst its good preachers—not scholastic, but vehement and zealous persuaders—are the countless leaves which it bears for the healing of the nations.*

James I's. new oath of allegiance was expressly devised to test the loyalty of Romanists, without offending their religious scruples, for it merely exacted an admission of his being a rightful Sovereign, notwithstanding any excommunication passed or to be passed by the pope, and also a declaration against the doctrine that princes deprived by the pope, might be deposed or murdered by their subjects. Such a test was absolutely required, for treason was abroad as Clement VIII. had declared that the "Scotchman should never possess the throne of England, unless he consented to hold the three kingdoms as fiefs of the holy see." In fact Cardinal Allen—the wretched English pervert who had wept bitterly when he heard of the destruction of the Spanish armada—and the Jesuit Parsons, were actually engaged by the ambitious pontiff in moving the French and Spanish kings, as well as the influential Romanists of our country, to join him in conferring the British crown on the Lady Arabella Stuart, and the lady upon Cardinal Farnese, who was to be absolved

* Leland, ii. 350. Seq. Phelan, 224. Seq. King, 803. Seq.

from his vows to the Church! To fan into a flame the expiring embers of rebellion in Ireland, Clement despatched thither a bull, dated 7th December, 1605, pronouncing it to be as safe to sacrifice to idols as to be present at the common prayer; and promising a great force of Romans, Germans and Spanish by the next harvest, with great store of arms to resist their governors! *

Bellarmino and Suarez, the noted Jesuits, wrote astutely and vehemently against James's oath of allegiance. Dr. O'Connor, with much feeling and eloquence, shows that the unfortunate Irish remonstrated with the pope, and that the rejection of their remonstrance overwhelmed their posterity by the *penal code*. How can Romish agitators complain of the penal laws in the teeth of such an admission made by one of their own historians? Dr. O'Connor gives us a petition to the pope, signed by eleven Romish priests who were under sentence of death in Newgate, for treasonably refusing this oath in 1612. He says that two of their companions had already suffered death for this offence, and adds "they died in resistance to legitimate authority, and by the instigation of a foreign power." "The unhappy priests," he adds, "entreat of his Holiness, by all that is sacred, to attend to their horrible situation, and they beg of him to point out to them clearly, in what the oath for which they are condemned to die, is repugnant to the (R.) Catholic faith. My heart swells with mingled emotions of pity on the one side, and horror and indignation on another, when I contemplate the dilemma in which those wretched men were thus placed by the pride and ambition of their superiors! Before them was Tyburn, behind them stood armed with fulminating thunders and terrors, that grim disgrace in the opinion of their flocks, by which they would be overwhelmed as apostates, if they opposed the mandate of

* Butler's History of Catholics, i. 269. Phelan, 221. King, 855.

Rome! On one side conscience stared them in the face with St. Paul*—on another, a vicar apostolic menaced refusal of the Sacrament, even on the eve of death! This covered them with ignominy as apostates—that though frightful to humanity, was yet attended with posthumous renown. Religion indignantly wrapt herself in her shroud of deepest mourning before the idol of ecclesiastical dominion, when she observes the Roman court sacrificing to its insatiable ambition, the lives of so many heroes who were worthy of a better fate! perverting sacraments, which were instituted for the salvation of souls, into *engines of worldly passions*, and rendering them *subservient to the policy of those passions, and panders of their intrigues*. I can fancy a haughty pontiff on receipt of this petition, agitated by contending difficulties. I can fancy him seated under a crimson canopy surrounded by his scyophants. debating in a secret consistory whether those unfortunate men shall, or shall not have permission *not* to be hanged!

“ The blood of the innocent was now to be shed, or the deposing (of kings) and absolving doctrines, and all the bulls and decisions in their favour were to receive a deadly wound which no ingenuity could parry, no force could avert, no skill could cure. Barrister theologians! blushing beauties of Maynooth! do let us hear what middle course you would have devised under existing circumstances!...*a fortiori* your opinions would have been shaped by those of Paul V. who deliberately encouraged the unfortunate priests in Newgate, to suffer *death!* to be offered up as victims on the altar of his pride, rather than to resign his pretensions to the deposing power, or retract his decrees! Day passed after day and no answer was received, but that which might be collected from the sullen silence of impenetrable obduracy and unbending

* Romans xiii. 1. compare 1 Peter ii. 13.

domination! Both Sixtus and Pius V. had addressed their bulls with these magnificent titles, 'We, who are placed on the supreme throne of justice, enjoying supreme dominion over all the kings, and princes, and states, of the whole earth, not by human, but by divine authority,' &c. And now how could it be expected that in compliance with the petition of eleven beggarly priests, such magnificent titles should be resigned! No, said the scarlet cardinal, perish the idea! Let not an iota be yielded, else we shall loose our worldly dominion ... all the pride and the glory of the Vatican would then be swept away from off the face of the earth, and what would then be the fate of the thunders of scarlet cardinals, and purple monsignores?"*

Another Romish historian, bishop Berington, says that—so heartily sick were Romanists of their murderous revolts against our first Protestant Queen,—“many priests and laymen took the oath, and a ray of returning happiness gleamed around them. But a cloud soon gathered on the *seven hills*, for it could not be that a test, the main object of which was an explicit rejection of the deposing power of the pope, should not raise vapours there.” After stating the petition of the priests, he adds, “The Vicar of Christ would not condescend to explain. He could sit undisturbed in the Vatican, hearing that men were imprisoned and that blood was poured out in support of a claim which had no better origin than the ambition of his predecessors, and the weak concessions of mortals; he could sit and view the scene, and not in pity at least wish to redress their suffering by releasing them from the injunctions of his decree.”† This heartless policy was followed up by pope Urban VIII. in whose bull the following expression appears, which to use Wickliffe's words, proves him “true Anti-Christ” as usurping the prero-

* Columbanus ad Hibernos, No. 6.

† Memoirs of Panzani Introd, 68.

gative of the only Head of the Church, the Lord Jesus Christ. "Let your tongue cleave to your jaws, before that you attempt to infringe the authority of blessed Peter by an oath of that form! For the object of it is not merely to secure allegiance to the king, but to wrest from the *Vicar of Almighty God, the sacred sceptre of the universal Church!*"*

James consoled himself for this utter failure in securing the loyalty of Romish priests in Ireland, by weakening their power through the establishment of the colonies of English and Scottish Protestants, upon the half million of acres forfeited to him in Ulster. This was a real boon, for the following sketch from Spenser's graphic portraiture of the manners and habits of the native Irish, shows how little popery did in civilizing them during the four centuries of its absolute domination.

The Irishman gloried in wearing his hair in "*a Glibb* or thick curled bush of wild elflocks, which could be worn so low down over the eyes, as to form a perfect mask, which made it very hard to discern his thievish countenance. His frieze mantle was a fit house for an outlaw, a meet bed for a rebel, and an apt cloak for a thief. First, the outlaw being for his many crimes and villaries banished from the towns and houses of honest men, and wandering in waste places far from danger of law, maketh his mantle his house, and under it covereth himself from the wrath of heaven, from the offence of the earth, and from the sight of men. When it raineth, it is his pent house; when it bloweth, it is his tent; when it freezeth, it is his tabernacle. In summer, he can wear it loose; in winter he can wrap it close; at all times he can use it, never heavy, never cumbersome. Likewise for a rebel it is as serviceable: for in this war that he maketh, when he still flieth from his foe and lurketh in the thick

* King, 1396.

woods and straight passages waiting for advantages : it is his bed, yea and almost his household-stuff. For the wood is his house against all weathers, and his mantle is his couch to sleep in ; therein he wrappeth himself round, and coucheth himself so strongly against the gnats, which in that country do more annoy the naked rebels whilst they keep the woods, and do more sharply wound them than all their enemies, swords or spears, which can seldom come nigh them. Yea, and oftentimes their mantle serveth them, when they are near driven, being wrapped about their left arm like a target, for it is hard to cut through with a sword ; besides, it is light to bear and light to throw away ; and being (as they commonly are) naked, it is to them all in all. Lastly, for a thief it is so handsome, as it may seem it was first invented for him : for under it he may cleanly convey any fit pillage that cometh handsomely in his way ; and when he goeth abroad in the night in free-booting it is his best and surest friend ; for lying as they often do, two or three nights together abroad, to watch for their booty, with that they can prettily shroud themselves under a bush until they can conveniently do their errand : and when all is over he can in his mantle, pass through any town or company, being close hooded over his head, as he useth, from knowledge of any to whom he is endangered."

The highest praise of an Irishman of that day, says Spenser, was " that he was none of the idle milk-slops that was brought up by the fire-side, but that most of his days he spent in arms and valiant enterprises ; that he did never eat his meat before he had won it with his sword ; that he lay not in his cabin slugging under his mantle ; but used commonly to keep others waking to defend their lives ; and did light his candle at the flames of their houses to lead him in the darkness ; that the day was his night and the night his

day ; that his music was not the harp nor lays of love, but the cries of people and the clashing of armour : and finally that he died not bewailed of many, but made many wail when he died that dearly bought his death." Spenser gives the Irish credit for being " most comely men, of sweet wit, and good invention, and very generous withal ;" but he laments that Romish priests " lurking secretly in their houses and in corners of the country, do more hurt and hindrance to religion with their private persuasions, than all the Protestant clergy can do good with their public instructions ; and he points out that though there be good statutes made to controul these priests, yet they are not enforced, so that there is no law or order for their restraint."*

The Ulster Plantation was a great improvement upon former efforts at colonization. The average quantity of land to any one settler was only fifteen hundred acres, and residence was required of Protestant families and servants. James was delighted when he heard that the Corporation of London took large grants in the county of Derry, and engaged to lay out £20,000—a vast sum then—in building Derry and Coleraine. " Now," exclaimed he with the shrug of the shoulder, and the shuffle of the foot, which showed him to be specially gratified, " Now when my enemies shall hear that the famous city of London has a footing therein, they shall be terrified from looking into Ireland, which is the *back door* to England and Scotland." He unconsciously stated, what afterwards occurred for the city of Londonderry, saved England and Scotland from the miseries of civil war. Provision was made for ample glebes for the clergy and Royal Protestant schools for education in the new Plantation.† The English tourist who praises the comfort, industry, and peace everywhere visible in the north, notwithstanding its inferiority

* View of the State of Ireland, 47, 69, 152.

† Leland, ii. 430.

in fertility and beauty to the south of Ireland, where popery and beggary have been so long predominant, should give to the Gospel its own glory. Has not popery blasted the formerly fertile Campagna Romana, while Protestantism has raised the barren sands of Holland from the ocean wave, and enriched them so bountifully that

“Every rood of ground maintains its man?”

The introduction of English laws called a new class into importance. Lawyers became necessary to the rude natives, who were totally ignorant of the new rule of life; and those astute politicians the Romish priests quickly transferred their confidence from the powerless chieftains to the rising lawyers, and obliged their deluded followers to return clever advocates of Rome to parliament, and to raise a “Catholic rent” for their remuneration. The scale of contribution included three rates,—5s. for a gentleman, 2s. for a yeoman, and 4d. for a peasant, to be enforced, when needful, by altar denunciations. Such was the enthusiasm of the misguided Romanists, that 200 cows and horses were obtained by a friar’s sermon from one poor country congregation! The Lord Deputy—with an energy unknown to our days when the political power is so rampant—proclaimed this extortion as illegally devised by Jesuits and popish priests, and commanded the collectors to pay back to the contributors within ten days the sums already received. So the popish delegates who had proceeded to London to enforce their claims upon the king were forced to return home in disgrace, bitterly complaining “that the supply of their wants had been obstructed by his majesty’s deputy.”

And yet James’s abrupt introduction of English law amongst the wilds of Ireland gave such influence to lawyers as their advice became a matter of daily necessity, that the wily priests of Rome admitted them to a subordinate share

of their own political power, and were repaid by a vigorous and submissive co-operation. Such was the origin of the *alliance between the Romish Church and the political demagogues of the Irish bar*, which surviving the agitations of two stormy centuries continues to attest at the *present moment* the malignant sagacity of its founders.* However the wholesome supremacy of law opened a new prospect for Ireland, whose strange eventful history shows it to have been so long lettered and so long uncivilised. The peaceful arts shot up with the rapidity of a new country. The value of land increased, husbandry was improved, and buildings erected in the English manner. The flattering calm invited English capital. The linen trade rose into luxuriancy. Commerce began to look into our unexplored harbours; the customs were multiplied four-fold; the shipping a hundred-fold; and best hope of all, the three races which now occupied the soil were easily getting into the neighbourly habits and interchange of domestic relations, which showed that they were quietly coalescing into one people.† The Jesuits first broke this tranquility. A sketch of their illustrious antagonist, James Ussher, cannot fail of being interesting and useful. He was born at Dublin in 1580, and had the privilege of being nephew to the excellent primate Henry Ussher. It was from two pious aunts, who were blind from their birth, that our young Timothy “from a child had known the Holy Scriptures.” At ten years old he was savingly impressed by a faithful sermon on Romans xii., 1, “I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God,” &c. Then he first began to prize the Lord’s day “as a delight, holy unto the Lord, honourable,” and ever afterwards it was to him “the best of all the seven.” Two eminent scholars, Sir James Fullerton, afterwards ambassador to France, and Sir James

* King, 883. Phelan, 245—270. † O’Conor, Historical Address, i. 255.

Hamilton, afterwards Viscount Claudeboise, who had been deputed on a secret mission to Dublin by James, then kept a famous school in the city, and the wondrous boy attracted their notice, and obtained their diligent instruction. In after times whenever he was complimented upon his stupendous learning, this humble man of God ascribed *all the praise* to the good Providence which had given to his opening mind masters so wise and so kind. The Confessions of Augustine was the earliest Latin book in which he felt an interest, and often when ten years old he bedewed the volume with his tears while learning to understand the plague of the natural heart and its regeneration by trust in the Redeemer's atonement. At twelve he was master of chronology, and constructed a chart which marked the æra of every eminent person. Poetry had at this period peculiar charms for him, but he declined its fascinations in order to pursue more serious studies. At thirteen he became one of the first and profoundest scholars of the new University. In the following year his spiritual experience was much increased by solitary walks along the river Dodder, which then quietly meandered through its secluded valley. These seasons of self-examinations and meditation on eternal things "were so sweet to his soul that he thirsted for their enjoyment; and before approaching the Lord's Table he always sought this communion with God on the previous afternoon. One sin he especially lamented, that he loved his book so well that he relished the Monday which called him to his studies as much as the Lord's day which summoned him to fellowship with God. It cost him many a tear that he could not be more heavenly at the age of fourteen." When seventeen he one day met an assertion that the ancient writers of the Church of Christ were in favour of the Romish system; and suspecting that the quotations adduced were falsified, he resolved, in God's name, to read all the pondrous

folios of the Fathers *quite through* in search of their real meaning. During the following *eighteen years* he devoted a part of every day to this herculean labour, and learned to his perfect satisfaction that ancient usage, and apostolical truth, were altogether on the side of the Reformed Church of England. In his nineteenth year Ussher completely defeated in Bellarmine's controversies, a distinguished Jesuit champion named Fitz Symond, who ever afterwards called him "the most learned of un-Catholics." Scarcely had he reached his twenty-first year before he was importuned by many to enter the ministry, so rare were his gifts and graces, and so "precious was the word of God in those days" for want of faithful preachers. Just then the alarming news arrived that the Spaniards had landed at Kinsale, and that the destruction of all the Protestant clergy was determined on; he hesitated no longer to take the post of honour and of danger, "for he believed that to die in the Irish ministry was to die the next door to martyrdom." "Woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel!" This was the chosen motto of Ussher, and splendidly did it shine forth in his ministry. In season and out of season, on the Lord's day and on week days his voice was heard in the pulpit "speaking boldly, and as he ought to speak," in setting forth "the unsearchable riches of Christ." His periods of relaxation were devoted to visiting all the great libraries, and to the collection of rare M.S. So exalted was the opinion held by his countrymen of Ussher's learning and piety that he was unanimously chosen to draw up the articles of the Irish Church in 1615, and his noble fidelity to the cause of truth was manifest in the 15th article which pronounced the pope to be *Anti-Christ*; and in the article which declared that the *whole* of the Lord's day should be devoted to the service of God in direct opposition to James's scandalous "Book of Sports." "Them that

honour me I will honour" saith the Lord ; so Ussher was promoted to the bishopric of Meath in 1620, though he was so little of a courtier, that when summoned from his pulpit one day to wait upon the king, he quietly told the royal messenger " that he was then employed in God's business, and as soon as he was done he would attend upon his majesty."

It was a time of danger and of fear, for the Romish clergy were openly holding synods and conferences for organizing their newly formed communion in Ireland. Jesuits and friars abounded ; and O'Sullivan, a Romish writer, says that " the more frequently they were ordered to quit the kingdom, the more pleasure they took in flocking into it under all sorts of disguises ; some as merchants or medical men ; some as knights equipped with dirk and sword."* Malone, a formidable Jesuit, had raised a violent panic amongst the Irish Protestants by a fierce challenge to controversy, so artfully couched in a set of ensnaring questions, that refutation or even reply seemed impossible. The relief and encouragement given to the Reformed clergy by Ussher's prompt, perfect and courageous confutation of Malone was not confined to Ireland. It spread his fame through Christendom. His reply to the Jesuit's very first question won the battle. Malone had asked " In what pope's days was the true religion overthrown in Rome"? Ussher replied thus, " First, that we do not hold that Rome was built in a day, or that the great dunghill of errors which we now see in it was raised in an age, and it is therefore a vain demand to require from us the name of any bishop of Rome, by whom or under whom, this Babylonish confusion was brought in. Secondly, that a great difference is to be put betwixt heresies which openly oppose the foundations of our faith, and that *apostacy* which the spirit hath evidently foretold should be

* Hist. Cath. tom. 4, lib. i., cap. 17. King, 900.

brought in by such as *speak lies in hypocrisy*, 1 Tim. iv. 1, 2. The impiety of the one is so notorious that at the very first appearance it is manifestly discerned. The other is a *mystery of iniquity*, 2 Thess. ii 7. An iniquity indeed, but mystical, that is, cloaked with the name of piety.* His discussion with the famous Jesuit Rookwood followed his elevation to the primacy of Ireland in 1624. The Earl of Peterborough was a zealous Romanist, and excessively desirous to draw his amiable lady into popery. He yielded however to her entreaties for a discussion between Ussher and Rookwood. The former was only recovering from a very serious illness, caused by over exertion in preaching, but he instantly obeyed the summons; and in the Earl's magnificent library the two well matched champions disputed before the noble owners of the mansion, for three intensely interesting days. Ussher remained master of the field, for Rookwood stole away on the fourth morning leaving a note for Lord Peterborough, in which he gravely affirmed the "he had *forgotten* all the arguments which he had framed in his head, and thought he had as perfect as his paternoster; that he could not recover them again, and believed that this calamity was the just judgment of God upon him, for undertaking to dispute with a man of such eminence and learning without *the license of his superior*." Notwithstanding this sly hint at a *Jesuit miracle*, Lord Peterborough became a Protestant; and the lady whom, under God, he saved from the apostacy, forgot not Ussher in the days of his calamity. When Cromwell, the Dutch, and Cardinal Richelieu, offered the illustrious Irish prelate wealth and dignities, he quietly took refuge during the last ten years of his life, under Lady Peterborough's hospitable roof. There indeed he exemplified Wordsworth's beautiful sentiment

"The child's the father of the man."

* Answer to the Challenge of Malone, 1.

The intense love of study which marked his hours of childhood, drew him when his eyes were dim with age, to follow the course of the sun from room to room, that he might discern the words of his book. He had commenced his preaching with a remarkable prediction of the great massacre of Protestants ; he concluded it by presaging—in his farewell sermon, James i., 25, “ Sin when it is finished bringeth forth death”—that when the national sin was full, the Church of Rome would strike a greater blow than ever it did before. He also expressed his conviction that the Jesuits in disguise were authors of all the sects which then rent the Reformed Church ; and finally, that Rome, the mystical Babylon, would be suddenly destroyed in her full power ‘ while sitting as a queen, and boasting that she was no widow, and should see no sorrow.’ ” His beautiful humility was unchanged. When the most eminent scholars at home and abroad called him. “ Ussher the Great ; a breathing library ; a rich magazine of solid learning and of all antiquity ; the unanswerable defender of the orthodox religion ; the destroyer of errors ; in preachings frequent, most eloquent and powerful ; and a rare example of unblameable life ; ”—the aged man of God was casting himself at the foot of the cross and crying, “ Lord, in special forgive my sins of *omission* ! ” *

Meanwhile the Romish priests made a fierce struggle for State support and patronage in the education of the Irish poor. They had the hardihood to assure Charles I., on his accession, that “ no more expedient course could be devised for subduing this nation, and keeping it firmly in due allegiance, than to have the people instructed by those teachers whose goodwill to them is beyond suspicion.” They then darkly menaced him with mischief if their demand were rejected. “ Our rustics themselves declare that they are

* Lives of Ussher by Barnard and Parr, *passim*. Leland, ii. 459.

deterred from *murder*, revenge, robbery, and other violence more by censures of the priests according to the *canons*, than by the sentence of the secular judge.* Finding the legislature unprepared to establish "*National Board Schools*" in Ireland, the Romish priests organized a secret society, called "the Irish Union," which was cordially supported at Rome, Paris, and Madrid, and which obtained terrible power from altar excommunication, so secretly practised as to defy the civil authorities. That acute observer of Romish policy, Dr. Phelan, remarks, "If there ever was a weapon in the hands of man that deserved to be called *Satanic*, it is this papal sword of secret excommunication, which by one invisible and inevitable stroke cuts off its victims from the charities of the present life, and the hopes of the life to come. Wielded at such a crisis, and by beings who had but little in common with humanity, (but that gloomy ambition which yet seems to be less a natural vice, than an infusion from the author of the first rebellion on record,) its mysterious terrors may exercise our conjecture but they elude calculation." What a true and terrible description of Romish altar curses! Strafford foresaw danger when the *general election* called out the active energies of the Romish priests. "Popish *Jesuits*," he complains, "are very busy at the elections.....they charge the people, *on pain of excommunication*, to give their votes to no Protestant. I therefore purpose to question some of them, it being indeed a very insufferable thing, for them thus to interfere in causes purely civil, and it is of passing ill consequence in inflaming his majesty's subjects one against another, and in the last resort to bring it to a direct party of Papist and Protestant."† Yet Strafford soon found that his unfortunate master, with a papal envoy at his court, a popish minister in his cabinet, and a popish wife in his bosom, could not tolerate

* Phelan, 341—352.

† Ibid, 350.

active measures against the workers of his ruin. He had therefore the mortification of being forced to solicit the pope's agent, that he would be "pleased to restrain his monks *for the present*," or, if that was too much, that he would induce the continental courts "to give a deafer ear to their clamour!"* Strafford was recalled from the government of Ireland in 1640, and as soon as his firm hand dropped the reins of power, preparations for rebellion commenced by a profound calm,

"The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below."

Seven thousand disbanded Romanist soldiers, whose arrears of pay were undischarged, were at this crisis let loose in Ireland; and experienced officers dropping in silently but incessantly from the continent, were in readiness to marshal them for the approaching rebellion.

In the meantime the leading Romish priests and some select lay chiefs often met at an old Franciscan abbey, by name Multifernam, in the county of Westmeath. At the dissolution of monasteries this edifice had been purchased by a Romish alderman of Dublin, who restored it to the friars, by whose industry in begging it was refilled with all the gaudy paraphernalia which some lovers of the dark ages, who would sacrifice spirituality, utility and comfort to superstition and effect, desire to revive amongst us. Pictures of saints and their queen decorated the walls of the chapel. The Gregorian chaunt was proudly raised by a well appointed choir and a fine organ, crosses and candlesticks, copes and albs were abundantly supplied. There were also many spare apartments with suitable stores and offices for the ample entertainment of horse and foot. As the season advanced the visitors to the abbey for "spiritual retreat" increased so much as to alarm the more timid Protestants, who gradually

† Strafford's Letters, ii. iii. Phelan, 329.

quitted the vicinity. On the 23rd of October, 1641, known in the Romish calendar as St. Ignatius's day, but marked in our annals as the *Irish St. Bartholomew's Eve*, the carnage began. Immediately afterwards the order for a general massacre of Protestants was issued from the camp of Sir Phelim O'Neil, and a manifesto from the Romish bishop Mac. Mahon proclaimed the commencement of *another religious war*.*

The Rev. A. Clogy gives so graphic and pathetic a sketch of this little known portion of Irish history, of which he was an eye witness, that I quote freely from his heretofore unpublished narrative. "After a morning's mass, on Saturday, the 23rd day of October, 1641, the bloody and unparalleled grand and horrid Irish rebellion commenced; and here I confess my frailty, I am at a stand, like a man astonished, or a man that wine hath overcome, how to express any thing of it that is so beyond all expression, that was written in such large bloody characters in one instant, as if at a signal, without tears of blood, or exclaiming with Jeremiah:—'O that my head were waters, and and my eyes fountains of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people.' Certainly had he been raised from the dead, he had seen before him as ample matter of writing a second book of Lamentations in all the particulars thereof as in his first, for the desolation and destruction of God's people by the old Chaldeans and Babylonians, that were but types and shadows of the new, only with this material difference, that the people of God had note of their approaching desolation, as Nineveh had, by which they might have prevented and avoided it from the old, but we had none to rescue us from the new Babylonians, no more than the cities that God overthrew and no

* Phelan, 363.

man pitched tents against them ; as the Sicilian vespers and the massacre of Paris in 1573, by the same hand of Doeg, the Edomite, one day's warning might have saved thousands of lives of poor innocents, that knew not the right hand from the left. That bloody harlot, the mistress of witchcrafts, was so drunk with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus, that she made no discovery of the design, as Delilah did often to Samson ere he lost his eyes ; but surprised us (whilst our watchmen and sentinels were buried in sleep and security, or wrangling together, or sadly falling out upon the main guard,) with swift destruction by rapine, fire and sword ; without the sound of trumpet or alarm of war, destruction upon destruction was cried, for the whole land was spoiled, suddenly were our tents spoiled and our curtains in a moment. There were no people under heaven in a more flourishing state and condition, for peace and plenty, and all things desirable in this life, when on a sudden, we were turned out of house and hold, and stripped of all outward enjoyments, and left naked and bare in the winter, and on the Sabbath day put to flight, that had no place to flee to for a refuge, the land that a little before was like the garden of Eden was speedily turned into a desolate wilderness. We soon forgot prosperity when we fell into the hands of brutish men and skilful to destroy. O the multitude of cries that went up to heaven, that are joined with the loud cries of the souls under the altar ! (Rev. vi. 9, 10.) You will say, certainly our sins were great that opened the bottomless pit against us and brought up the frogs of Egypt against us, the old barbarous Irish and the old degenerate English of the pale. Truly sin, and sin only, hath a great influence upon the ruins of persons, countries and kingdoms, and if God did not overlook it sometimes, no person or kingdom could stand one moment ; as all persons and kingdoms

do know by comfortable experience. And by diligent search and inquisition into our ways, the iniquity of Sodom might be found in Ireland; pride, fulness of bread and abundance of idleness in her and in her daughters, neither did she strengthen the heart or hand of the poor and needy Irish, by using any means for their reformation from the errors of their ways and conversion to Jesus Christ, but rather indulging them by cursed tolerations in their abominable idolatries, barbarity and filthiness, to their destruction which proved ours at last, when every parish was allowed a popish priest, every diocese a titular bishop, and every city and county convents and colleges of *Jesuits* and friars, and of all orders of Roman colonies, as if they *kept them up of set purpose to plant England and Scotland with strange slips, when time and opportunity should serve them*.....And that in 600 years, specially since the glorious Reformation, nothing should be done for the poor Irish, and those old ragged Gibeonites have no benefit by our plentiful and rich clothing under the Gospel of Christ's righteousness, but given to vile affections, strong delusions, and a reprobate sense. Of all calamities and darknesses, the most fearful is that of the mind, and in the declination of the Church produceth saddest effects, to make them reap whatsoever they sow, and to eat the fruit of their doings. But besides all this, there was a sadder concurrence of stranger acts of Divine Providence than ever was observed before, or, I hope, shall again to the end of the world, to conspire against poor Ireland. For first our vigilant viceroy, the Earl of Strafford, being called away and committed to the tower of London, was executed a little before (May 11), his deputy Christopher Wandesforde was found dead suddenly in his chamber. Our King was wholly taken up with his Scottish affair. The parliament of England was very high in carrying on a universal refor-

mation of all orders of these that were thought to have corrupted their ways. Over Ireland two justices, aged and decrepit gentlemen, that had served Queen Elizabeth in the wars of Tyrone, and what is sadder than all these, many justices of the peace, more than ever before, and most, if not all, the high sheriffs in Ireland, at that time Irish *Jesuited* papists, and the whole of the posse commitatus, the power of the country put into their hands. So that by this conspiracy, as it were of all those sad emergencies in that juncture of time and hour of temptation for poor Ireland, the little flock of Jesus Christ was lost as sheep in the midst of these ravenous wolves, to be worried and destroyed at the first snap. And if the Lord, who in wrath remembers mercy, had not left us a very small remnant we should have been as Sodom and like unto Gomorrah. For how easy a matter it was for sixty armed men to have surprised the castle of Dublin, the gate whereof was kept by *one poor old fellow alone*, where Queen Elizabeth's magazine for 40,000 men was kept! But the Lord rebuked them, and the seed of the woman crushed the serpent's head the very day before the intended massacre, in stirring up the spirit of a renegado, one O'Connolly (whom I knew) to acquaint the lords justices with their great and imminent danger and of all the kingdom, though they scarce believed a drunken fellow speaking rather out of discontent than love to them. Yet they gave order to draw up the bridge before the castle gate and let down the portcullisses, and sent to the mayor of the city to take a band of men with him and to search the Globe inn, *over against* the castle gate, where he found all the conspirators, and brought in Mac Guire and Mac Mahon, the two leaders of the Ulster rebels, and laid them in irons. All their strength and hope lay in the surprisal of this place, without which they had neither arms for horse nor foot, nor ammunition; and

in full assurance of their attacking this place of strength they had persuaded and prevailed with the old degenerate English of the pale to join with them, which they never did before, in any former rebellion, but by long continuance amongst them, and conjugal affinity with them, becoming Irish in their habit, language, rude manner of living and *religion*; at last they became Irish also in their affections and actions with the old barbarous Irish, and as merciless as any the English found. They gave out at first they had orders from the king."

Leland informs us that the rebel chief, Sir Phelim O'Neil, produced a forged commission from the king, to which was attached the great seal, which he had cut out of a royal grant; by which he augmented his followers to thirty thousand men in one week. The unfortunate royalists at the sight of the great seal declared at once, that they were a "SOLD PEOPLE."* "Other leaders said," continues Mr. Clogy, "that they acted by the orders of their imprisoned deputy. Yea, those English and Scottish papists that were fled into Ireland that they might have popery to the full of their lust, till they surfeited upon it, and until it came out of their nostrils again and became loathsome unto them while it was yet between their teeth, as sweet as the quails were to the lustful Israelites, yet it was well chanced, the wrath of God fell upon them also as well as upon the Protestants at first, for they found no favour at last, like the answer which the Duke of Medina Sidonia gave in the case in '88, 'that his sword knew no difference between a (R.) Catholic and a heretic, but that he came to make way for his master.'" But the title which the rebels stuck to at last was this, that they were the *Queen's (R.) Catholic Army*. But they behaved themselves so cruelly that it was more likely that they had their commis-

* Leland, iii. 118, 119.

sion from Athaliah or Jezebel, or rather from her that sits upon a scarlet coloured beast, that saith in her heart, "I sit as a queen, and am no widow and shall see no sorrow, whose paramour is the angel of the bottomless pit, whose name is Abaddon and Apollyon."*

In the manuscript room of Trinity College, Dublin, there are many folio volumes of depositions given upon *oath*, and describing in the most minute manner the progress of this awful massacre in every county in Ireland. Sir John Temple, master of the rolls and member of the privy council at that time, gives us a few of those depositions;† but they speak volumes for the appalling sufferings of the Irish Protestants, and the inhuman barbarity of their persecutors. All Ireland, north, south, east, and west was simultaneously lighted up with the fierce flames which consumed their abodes, re-echoed their groans, and was crimsoned with their gore. The "Ulster Plantation" became "a field of blood." The very rivers were defiled with floating corpses. At Portadown bridge one thousand Protestants, men, women and children, were hurled headlong into the foaming river Bann, and those who swam to the opposite shore were shot down amidst yells of fiendish delight! In the county of Armagh alone four thousand Protestants were thus drowned! In the county of Cavan the high road for twelve miles together was stained with blood like a butcher's block! After the first fierce outbreak of the massacre had somewhat palled the fury of the persecutors, every variety of torture was resorted to in order to stimulate their ferocity. Popish children were taught to hack the quivering little limbs of Protestant children! Whole families were buried alive, and even the cry of the little child calling "Mamma, mamma!" out of his living grave, was hailed with a brutal shout of laughter by the cruel mur-

* Clogh MS. Rev. ix. 11.

† History of the Irish Rebellion.

derers, who heaped earth upon him until his voice was no longer heard by human ear! The shrieks of burning Protestants were actual music to the miserable bigots, who used to exclaim in extacy, "O how sweetly do they fry!" In a word, all the tortures inflicted upon the poor Waldenses; only fourteen years afterwards, were perpetrated in Ireland with frightful fidelity, even down to that *ne plus ultra* of Satanic malignity, the compelling Protestants, by the torture, to murder one another, and then despatching their unfortunate victims with their own hand!* The fugitives in Ireland were far more numerous and more wofully miserable than those who fled before their persecutors from crag to crag, and glacier to glacier amongst the snow covered Alps. Every hour troops of them came pouring into Dublin; some covered with tattered and travel stained garments, others only wearing a little straw mat twisted about the middle. Ministers mutilated and wounded, widows and mothers bewailing their dead, and many a maniac, whom grief or terror had bereft of reason, brought up each long train of mourners; all of them so "hunger-bitten" that they appeared like living ghosts. The ancient laws of Christian Ireland had enforced hospitality so strongly—"because the gospel commanded us to receive the sojourner, to entertain him and to relieve his wants;"—that no rath (or enclosed settlement) could be broken up suddenly, lest the traveller should be disappointed of receiving shelter with as much ease and freedom as the owner. Those benevolent laws had also taught humanity and justice, by making the worst offences punishable by fine and expulsion only, and by carefully guarding the rights of property down even to the bee-hive.† But the canon law of the Roman Church now ruled Ireland with a rod of iron.

* Ibid, 93. Compare Morland Hist. book ii., chap. vi., 360.

† Leland, i. xxxiii.—xxxv.

Its frightful enactments, *under anathema*, against "*buying from or selling to heretics, or cherishing them in house or land*," passed by pope Alexander III. and pope Martin V.* as well as the notorious third General Council of Lateran, decreeing "*the goods of heretics to be confiscated*,"† were so sternly enjoined by the Romish priests, and they so entirely seared the sympathies of their deluded followers, that these poor sufferers were pitilessly plundered of their effects, and even the Dublin Romanists refused them food and shelter, so that but for the extraordinary generosity of the Protestant citizens they would have miserably perished. The churches, houses, and even stables of Protestants overflowed with the poor fugitives, and so great was the mortality amongst them that the city church yards were all too narrow to contain their dead, and two large cemeteries were allocated to them north and south of the city. Historians of the day unjustly accuse the wretched Irish of rare and revolting barbarity in refusing burial to slaughtered Protestants. Why, the third and fourth General Councils of Lateran had expressly decreed that heretics should be refused burial, so the rebels only obeyed the canon law of Rome. Every atrocity in fact was dictated by their priests exactly according to the written decrees of their cruel Church; even the horrible assurance which they gave their deluded followers, that "*the bodies of such as died in this quarrel should not be cold before their souls should ascend up to heaven*," and that "*it did them good to wash their hands in the blood of Protestants*," were exactly the "*indulgences*" which so many popes had promised to those who should engage in "*the religious wars*" against the heretic kings of England! Hence, Bibles were especial objects of hatred, for as it has been well remarked, "*Romish priests*

* Hardouin Conciliorum Collectio, vi. ii. 1684; viii. 908.

† Labbæus, tome x. 1522.

are always against the Bible, for it is always against them." They were collected with shouts of delight, trampled upon, torn up and burned in heaps, amidst triumphant cries that "*it was hell fire that burned!*"*

Limited as my space is, I cannot refrain from given some notice of those who nobly gained the crown of martyrdom in this tremendous persecution. John and Anne Nicholson were offered their lives if they would burn their Bible, and join the rebels. John gave a shudder of abhorrence, but his wife bravely exclaimed, "Sooner than burn the Bible and turn against my countrymen, I will die upon the point of the sword!" Henry Cowell also preferred "death to the mass." Robert Echlin, a fine boy of eleven, courageously said, that "he could see nothing in popery to make him give up his own religion;" and Robert Prime in the extremity of torture, cried "Christ receive my soul!" All these were added to the noble army of martyrs, for whose blood Rome shall yet give account.†

Sir Patrick Dunson of Armagh, was one of the first martyrs of 1641. While five hundred rebels were furiously beating in his gate with axes and crowbars, Sir Patrick called his family around him, and with them sought grace and strength to be "faithful unto death." As the infuriated rabble poured into his room, he rose calmly from his knees, and when several ruffians with brandished knives called on him to go to mass as they did, or to submit to instant death, he firmly answered "I had rather be a door keeper in the house of my God, than dwell in the tents of wickedness." Psa. lxxxiv. 10. He instantly sealed the truth with his life blood. Thomas Pressick, a respectable tradesman residing in the old castle of Trim,—a very ancient and massive structure, erected in the reign of John,—was so beloved

* Temple, 53—59. 81—102.

† Ibid 103, 114, 121.

and revered for his piety and benevolence, that a number of Protestants fled to him for comfort and shelter in the first alarm. After barricading the castle gates and windows, the godly man entered into a turret to "pray to his Father which is in secret, and his Father which seeth in secret rewarded him openly," for as the rebels were burning down the house next the castle he came forth, and his friends "saw his face as it had been the face of an angel," and by his prayers and exhortations he so revived their fainting souls, that as the ferocious persecutors entered the castle, all were joyfully declaring their readiness to die for Christ and His Word. Pressick was offered his life if he would go to mass. "With God's help" was his firm reply, "I will never forsake Christ for fear of death." As they were driving him barefooted, and bleeding from a ghastly wound, down the red hot stairs, he loudly said "My Saviour! My Saviour! Thou hast endured more for me!" The Romish priest of Trim twice offered him life if he would recant, but the martyr undauntedly answered, "I have lived in the true faith of Jesus Christ, and in His strength I will die therein!" Then the "good and faithful servant entered into the joy of his Lord."

Amidst these blood stained scenes, welcome refreshment will be given to the aching eye, by regarding for a moment some of the merciful deliverances, vouchsafed to faithful confessors of Christ. Dr. Tate, a pious physician of Ballyhaise, fled with his wife and child towards Kells, on the first awful night of the massacre. They were separated in the darkness, and, overcome with fatigue and loss of blood, Dr. Tate knelt upon the earth and, in an agony of prayer besought the Lord to deliver him and those loved ones, according to His will—by life or by death. When he rose from his knees refreshed and comforted, a twinkling light caught his eye which guided

him to a house where an Irish surgeon, like a good Samaritan, "washed the wound, and stopped the blood by sovereign balsam, and bound it with a little linen cloth wherein he found great comfort, and placed him on a horse by which he was enabled to make his way to Kells, where he met his company and was refreshed." His wife bearing the babe in her bosom had been also marvelously saved. Overwhelmed with grief and fear, and having lost the power of nourishing her wailing infant, she had laid herself down under the cleft of a rock to get shelter from the piercing blast, and as she stretched forth her hands in prayer, to her unspeakable delight she touched a little vessel full of buttermilk, by which the babe was preserved.* The hand of God was still more visible in the providential deliverance of the wife of the Rev. Henry Brooke, a pious and zealous clergyman of Cavan. Just before the massacre he was summoned to London, whither she could not accompany him, being on the eve of her confinement. She was a woman of rare faith and singular benevolence. When all was consternation around; when it was highly perilous to remain in the country; and to relieve the miserable Protestants who fled from their dire persecutors, was almost certain death,—even then Mrs. Brooke remained tranquilly in her abode, incessantly ministering aid to the poor outcasts, and "the blessing of many that were ready to perish came upon her." One night the faithful Irish nurse rushed into her chamber, crying, "O madam! fly for your precious life, for there are some people now in the house who have sworn to kill you!" Mrs. Brooke sought the Divine protection, and then rapidly left the house by a private door, taking in one hand her little son, and in

* Thorpe Collection of Original Tracts on Ireland, i. (Dublin Royal Society Library.) Those valuable papers are not classed, so I can only refer to the volumes.

the other, a parcel in which the nurse had hastily made up some valuable articles. Just as she reached the bank of a torrent the moon rose in unclouded splendour. She paused, and was considering how she might cross the stream, when suddenly two savage looking men approached. They were armed with Irish short swords, and one of them, who by his dress seemed a rebel chief, shouted, "Are you *not* a heretic?" and at the same instant impetuously raised his sword to cut her down. Strong in a sense of God's presence and protection, the Christian lady drew herself up to her full height, looked him steadily in the face, and solemnly replied, "You dare not do it—God will not suffer you!" Again he raised his arm to strike, and again she undauntedly repeated the same words of faith and hope. A third time with a fierce gesture he pointed the sword to her breast, and swore that he would destroy the heretic babe in her womb. Again her sweet solemn voice exclaimed firmly, "Ah, no! God will never suffer you to commit so bad a deed!" Instantly flinging away his weapon, he murmured in softened accents, "I believe you!" and snatching up the wondering boy with one arm, with the other he helped the Christian heroine across the foaming torrent, and when he saw them on the right path, bade them farewell with earnest benedictions. Mrs. Brooke with difficulty reached a cottage where the good wife with womanly pity, though she dared not incur the priest's curse by admitting her into the house, took her to a retired corner of the farm yard, where, couched on soft hay and canopied by the blue sky, she gave birth to a daughter whom she named HONOR, in *honour* of the victory vouchsafed to her faith, and in dedication of her child to a life which should *honour* and "adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things." Her recovery was greatly accelerated by the happy state of her mind, and she was soon enabled to rejoin her

husband in London. The Christian name—Honor—still perpetuates the memory of this wonderful deliverance in each family of her numerous descendants, upon many of whom her mantle and her spirit have fallen. Henry Brooke, the celebrated poet;—Mrs. Wolseley, the authoress of many works which sparkle with piety and genius, and whose benevolent and successful exertions for the suffering Irish clergy, in the late awful famine, have ensured to her the blessing of many “who were ready to perish;”—William Brooke, Q.C., present Master of Chancery, one of the most eminent Christian lawyers of the age;—the Rev. R. S. Brooke, minister of Kingstown Mariners’ Church, a faithful, eloquent, and zealous Protestant champion;—the Rev. Sisson Cooper, and many other Irish worthies—still cherish the memory and emulate the faith, hope, and charity of an ancestress more illustrious for having been one of Christ’s faithful Confessors in that awful persecution, than if her name had been emblazoned in the highest rank of the peerage of her country. The Rev. George Creighton, rector of Virginia, was also one of those whom God “made to be pitied of those that carried him away captive.” On the night of the massacre, he tells us, that he was roused from deep slumber by the terrible tidings. Starting from his bed, he called his family to prayer, and then “encouraged them with all the good words of the Lord he could think of.” Soon after he was summoned to attend a large party of rebels who were collected in an adjoining wood. He went thither boldly, though he “looked for little good at their hands.” He was astonished to hear from their chief that they had “directions from the king to curb the Parliament of England, or that every (R.) Catholic in England who would not go to Church should be hanged before his own door on the following Tuesday!” The next day “the poor

stupid Irish commenced their holy war by profaning the holy Sabbath with plundering Protestants;" but so long as he had anything left he gave it to the poor persecuted people of God whom he lodged in his parsonage, "with plenty of hay to make them beds, and turf to give them fires." Even in this sore affliction he and his family "were enabled to see God's hand, and to hear His voice bidding them to sit still where they could do good and were undisturbed." The Romish bishop, though a dreadful drunkard, was a very zealous advocate of the papacy. He soon discovered and summoned poor Creighton to a meeting, at which he informed him that in the synod of Kells, "a law had been enacted confirming the piety and legality of the war, and providing that every one who refused to go to mass should be sent out of the country." "I pray you," said Creighton, "let me die in this parish; it may be that some of my neighbours will bury me." "I give you your choice," was the stern reply, "to go to mass or to gaol in Cavan." Some friend whispered, "you will be killed in the gaol;" but the brave Confessor of Christ answered firmly, "I choose going to the gaol in Cavan." Nothing could exceed the fury of the bishop at these words. "You will be obstinate" he stormed, "*I have converted three thousand!* If you go to mass, you shall be protected and want for nothing." The faithful man of God meekly replied, "I am not obstinate; when I see reason I will yield to it." He and his family were then consigned to a guard of rebels who "kept them in durance as malefactors." "A proud young rogue of a priest" visited him from time to time, and warned the neighbours to give him no relief, "for," said he, "Protestants are no Christians, and no better than dogs, and altogether unworthy of help." The Christian captive failed not to show the poor deluded people "how different the Protestant religion is which teaches to show mercy and to

forgive." God softened the hearts of the rebels so that they supplied his wants and preserved his life, when very many clergymen were barbarously murdered. At the close of his narrative he remarks that popish priests "*are proud without anything that is honourable ; covetous without industry ; and bragging without valour !*" and he devoutly thanks God "who gave him a heart to look on the spoiling of his goods with patience, and who gave him to be content to be made poor;" and he "rejoices that this is the work of His grace."*

Who has not heard of the good and great Bishop Bedell? Even Burnet's slight sketch of his life and labours places him in the foremost rank of missionary bishops ; while Dr. Monck Mason's admirable and copious memoir shows him to have been indeed "a burning and a shining light" to the poor benighted Irish, and gratifies us with the knowledge that they "were willing for a season to rejoice in his light."† The fact, as Mr. Clogy remarks, "that the very Irish rebels, the worst of men, had for him such veneration at last as to solemnize his funeral rites, which they never did to any other person of God's religion, shows they acknowledge that he was more learned than all their fathers ; holier than all their popish saints ; chaster than all their monks and nuns ; more beneficial to them than all their patrons ; more to be desired by them than all their confessors ; and to be loved and lamented more than all their teachers and leaders." Yes ! it was a strange spectacle to behold the rebel chiefs gathering their armed forces in sorrowful silence, and proceeding with the train of true mourners who bore the "Deposit of William Bedell" to its resting place ; to hear them respectfully requesting Mr. Clogy to perform the burial service, "promising that they would not interrupt in the

* Cavan Depositions, 1641. MS. T. C. D. Library, 2. F. 3, 4.

† Life of Bedell by H. T. M. Mason, L.L.D. Seeleys.

least ;” and then firing a general volley over the grave with the unanimous shout “ May the last of the English rest in peace ! ”—while the faithful Reformed priest Denis O’Sheridan, who sheltered his last hours, and all the other converts from popery stand weeping and unmolested round his open grave ; and the Romish priest, Edmund Farrelly, smites upon his breast and exclaims aloud, “ O sit animo mea cum Bedello ! ”—“ O may my soul be with that of Bedell ! ” In one pithy sentence Mr. Clogy gives the clue to this mystery, “ Because as the land of Zabulon and Nepthali, Galilee of the Gentiles, that was most oppressed by Jabin and the Midianites, and hence was most rude, and ignorant, and dark, until Christ came to bring spiritual light ; so of all the parts of the Christian world, Ireland being most rude and ignorant—through the oppression of the pope and his priests—this dear servant of Christ, in imitation of his Lord and Master, sought, by the *Scriptures translated into Irish*, to open their eyes and make them come to this light and to walk in it, and that speedily, lest the darkness come wherein no man can walk.”* Bishop Bedell learned Irish when sixty years of age ! An Irish Grammar, Catechism, and version of the Old Testament were the blessed fruits of his godly diligence.

From October 23rd, 1641, to September 15th, 1643—not two full years—*above three hundred thousand Protestants* were massacred or expelled from Ireland by the exterminating agency of the Romish priests !!! Almost all the English papist settlers heartily joined the Irish papists in this horrible persecution.† Does not this fact prove that popery, and not difference of race, is the true cause of party spirit in Ireland ? “ Having killed,” the popish priests “ took possession ” at the synod held in Kilkenny, on the next anni-

* Clogy, MS.

† Temple, 15, 25.

versary of the Irish Bartholomew's Eve, when it was decreed "That the possessions of the Protestant clergy, in right of the Church, shall be *deemed* the possessions of the (R.) Catholic clergy."*

That decree, which has to this very day been steadily acted upon, was also the developement of the execrable Canon Law of Rome, which on every Thursday before Easter, bitterly curses all who enjoy benefices and tithes, to the exclusion of the papal claimnants!† In the following year pope Urban VIII., not content with "highly applauding" (*non parum laudamus*) and rewarding the rebel chief Owen Roe O'Neil "*with full forgiveness of all his sins* for his constant zeal against heretics," fanned the fire of fanaticism into a fiercer flame by granting plenary indulgence and remission of all their sins, a supply of money and ammunition,—and, above all, by granting a *Jubilee*, "to the zeal of the (R.) Catholic warriors who were gallantly *rooting out* pestilent heretics!"‡ *Be it ever remembered that the popish Jubilee trumpet is seldom blown save as an "alarm of war" against Protestants.*

The papal cause was flourishing in Ireland, and the Protestants were sinking into despair at beholding the few English and Scottish soldiers sent over to quell the rebellion, absolutely begging food from the rebels, and melting away under a pestilence, caused by sheer destitution;§ when the guns of Dublin Castle announced the arrival of Oliver Cromwell as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He landed on the 15th August, 1648, with a formidable train of artillery and 12,000 troops; and his terrible military executions at the storm of Drogheda and Wexford, so appalled the rebels

* Mant, i. 573. † Bulla Cœnæ Domini, sec. 15. Compare M'Ghee's Laws of the Papacy, 58. 2nd Edition.

‡ Borlase, append. 59. Graham, Annals of Ireland, 153. Leland, iii., 208.

§ Despatch of Col. Knight. Thorpe Collection, iv.

that they surrendered their castles and fortified towns along his line of march, as soon as "he had brought down their stomachs with a few cannon shot."

The Romish bishops were dismayed at the destruction of their hopes. They met in the ancient and picturesque ruins of Clonmacnoise, upon the banks of the Shannon, and issued a "Declaration" very artfully adapted to excite the Irish to the highest pitch of fanaticism. Then for the first time a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland entered the lists of controversy with its Romish bishops. Cromwell forthwith published a "Declaration for the undeceiving of deluded and seduced people who do not wilfully shut their eyes to the light," in which, with characteristic vigour, he thus deals with their assertions. To their boast of *union* he replies "that any wise man shall think slightly of their pretended unanimity, for they resolve all other men's consents into their own without consulting them at all;" and adds, "By the grace of God we fear not, we care not for your union. Your covenant is with death and hell. Your union is that of Simeon and Levi. Associate yourselves and ye shall be broken in pieces; take counsel together and it shall come to nought, for God is not with you. I will give you *wormwood* to bite upon, by which it will appear that God is not with you. You say your union is against a common enemy. Who is it that created this common enemy? I suppose that you mean Englishmen. The English! Remember ye hypocrites that many Englishmen purchased with their money good inheritance from you or your ancestors. They lived peaceably and honestly amongst you, and gave you equal justice, and the protection of the English laws. *You* broke this union. *You* unprovoked put the English to the most unheard and most barbarous massacre, without respect of sex or age that ever the sun beheld,—at

a time when Ireland was at perfect peace, and when through the example of English industry and commerce the land in the natives' hands was better than if all Ireland had been in their possession and not an Englishman in it,—and yet then, I say, was this unheard of villany perpetrated *at your instigation* who boast of peace-making and union against this common enemy! What think you by this time? Is not my assertion true? Is God—will God be with you? I am confident He will not." To their bland invitations to Irish Protestants he replies in the same pungent strain:—"I tell them and you that it is not for the *fig leaf* of pretended loyalty they would fight, but in protection of men of such prodigious blood, who are ready whenever they get the power into their hands *to kick them off*; for your "Declaration" states the war to be "*Bellum prelatikum et religiosum.*" With equal sagacity and ability he demolishes their claims for revenue and rank. "I must tell you that you and your predecessors cheated poor seduced men in their weakness upon their death beds, or otherwise unlawfully came by most of what you pretend to—because you have made the ignorant believe that they are not so holy as yourselves, and that they might, for their penny, purchase some sanctity from you, and that you might bridle, saddle and ride them at your pleasure. Like the Scribes and Pharisees you keep the knowledge of God's law from the people, and then in your pride say 'This people that knoweth not the law is cursed.'" He then points out to them "a more excellent way," very earnestly exhorting them to imitate the Apostles, and to contend, not for temporal things, but "for the faith once delivered to the saints, by building themselves up in the most holy faith, not pinning it upon other men's sleeves; praying in the Holy Ghost, not mumbling over matins; keeping themselves in the love of God, not in the spirit of Cain, destroying men

who will not be of their creed ; waiting for the mercy of the Lord Jesus Christ, not cruel but merciful."

One of the chief means of Cromwell's extraordinary success was the care he took "to *understand* any unreasonable men with whom he dealt."* How thoroughly he understood the Romish priests of Ireland is evident from the closing words of this singular document. They must have told like his cannon shot upon the strong holds of Irish popery! "But alas! Why is this said? Why are these pearls cast before you? You are not to be charmed from using the instrument of a foolish shepherd. You are a part of *Anti-Christ*, whose kingdom the Scripture expressly speaks should be laid in blood, and ere it be long you must all of you have blood to drink—even the dregs of the cup of fury, and the wrath of God which will be poured out unto you. How dare you presume to call these men your flocks, whom you have plunged into so horrible a rebellion, by which you have made them and this country a ruinous heap—*your own numbers increasing with the wolves in the desolation you have made?* You have fleeced, and peeled, and poled them hitherto, and make it your business to do so still. You cannot feed them, you poison them with your false, abominable, *Anti-Christian* doctrine and practices. You keep the word of God from them, and instead thereof you give them your senseless orders and traditions. You teach them implicit faith in the Church, and they understand nothing in matters of religion. I have had few better answers from any papist since I came into Ireland than that 'they did not trouble themselves in matters of religion, but left that to the Church.' Thus are your flocks fed, and such credit have you of them! I tell you I shall not—where I have the power and the Lord is

* Unpublished Letter to his son Henry, in the noble MSS. collection of Sir William Betham.

pleased to bless me—suffer the exercise of the mass where I find you seducing the people, or by any overt act violating the law. As for the people what thoughts they have in matters of religion in their own breasts I cannot reach—but I think it my duty if they walk peaceably and honestly not to cause them in the same to suffer in the least ; but shall endeavour to walk patiently and in love towards them ; to see if at any time it shall please God to give them another and a better mind,—Give an instance of *one* man since my coming into Ireland, *not in arms*, massacred, destroyed or banished by me?—and I do declare that if people be ready to run to arms by the instigation of their prelates and clergy or otherwise, such as God by His Providence shall give into my hands, may expect that or worse measure from me, and I hope to be free the misery and desolation, blood and ruin, that shall befall them, and I shall rejoice to exercise the utmost severity upon them.”*

Let Dr. O'Connor's impartial pen describe the rampant and rebellious spirit of Irish Romanists, and their slavish subjugation to the pope at the period of Cromwell's visit. “Then the Irish,” he says, “declared for foreign influenced synods. They were rewarded with foreign honours, they were retained by foreign pay! Taught to prefer the *standard of the Vatican* to their own native harp, which had on so many occasions before united discordant interests and soothed the savage dispositions of popular discontent, they who were nursed in the bosom of Ireland acknowledged another Sovereign and another country. They passed in files before the (papal) nuncio's standard, grounding their arms as they passed, whilst the nuncio, with uplifted hands condescended to bless them ; and Irishmen became the mercenary slaves of foreigners, against the vital interests, the dearest feelings,

* Declaration, &c. Thorpe Collection, iv.

and proudest privileges of their native country. Where were the O'Neil's? Where were the O'Donnel's? Where the O'Connor's and the O'Brien's? Where was the pride of ancestry? Where the splendour of ancient renown? All, all—was sunk and swallowed into a gulph formed by one single proposition which is maintained to this very day, that *an excommunication even though it be unjust must be obeyed.*"* Dr. O'Connor also gives as a proof of the little friendly intercourse then held by the native Irish with the English colonists, that at an important interview between the Duke of Ormonde and the Romish titular bishop of Clogher, the former spoke in English and the latter in the Irish, and in this strange fashion they endeavoured to understand one another rather by signs than by words.† And yet Cromwell's vigorous Protestant policy prevailed so signally—doubtless from the Divine blessing on a national recognition of the Gospel—that peace and prosperity visited Ireland in an astonishingly short period. Agitation subsided. Balsam was poured into the bleeding wounds of the poor Irish, and food was put into their famished mouths. The fever of their imagination was allayed, and comfort was given to their desolate hearths. Multitudes of buildings for ornament, as well as for use, studded the country. Plantations of trees, fences, and enclosures sprang up with magical celerity. Purchases were made at high rates, and jointures were settled on marriages, as if the country had enjoyed a long peace; and the prosperous Irish showed their love for their English brethren after the great fire of London, by a donation of 30,000 oxen for the relief of the starving sufferers.‡

The most material part, however, of the interesting history of this period—that which is best worth knowing—that

* Columbanus, No. 4, 93.

† Ibid, No. 2, xlii.

‡ Lascelles Liber. Hiberniæ, i., 73—76.

which most imperiously demands the attention of every Irishman—that which it is impossible to read without emotion—that which will make Englishmen who are generous shudder, and Irishmen who are generous, as loyal as they are brave—is the vain struggle that was then made by the Irish Romanists to become loyal subjects of the British crown. At the restoration of Charles II., in 1660, there were only three Romish bishops in Ireland:—O’Rielly, titular of Armagh; Mc.Geoghan, titular of Meath; and the miserable old drunkard, O’Swiney, titular of Kilmore. Peter Walshe, a Franciscan friar in London, invited them to sign a loyal address to the king. They eagerly did so, and the great body of the Irish Romanists gave their signatures. In the following year the Romanists of Ireland agreed upon a *remonstrance*, in which they still more strongly declared their loyalty and “renounced all *foreign* power, be it either papal or princely, in as much as it may seem able to absolve us from this obligation, or give us leave to raise tumults, bear arms, or offer any violence to your Majesty’s person or government, being all of us ready not only to discover all treasons, but also to lose our lives in defence of your Majesty.” This loyal address was signed by 5 earls, 6 viscounts, 2 barons, 24 colonels and baronets, 60 gentlemen of property, and a large body of the second order of the priests. What was the result? Let Dr. O’Conor answer. “Pope Alexander VII. ordered them all to be *whipt upon their bare backs* before they could be absolved from the greater excommunication which this act of undivided allegiance, had incurred!!! The priests were deprived of their benefices, disqualified from all their functions, denied the sacraments living, forewarned that they would be denied Christian burial when dead, and summoned to appear within a limited time in foreign countries before courts of Inquisition, which were invested

with a power of inflicting perpetual confinement and even death! Tribunals which were in actual hostility to our government and our country! No priest was promoted by the pope without professing his abhorrence of the remonstrance!"* Priests Walsh, Carron and Harold, bravely and loyally withstood the papal tyranny, and rallied a goodly band of loyal Romanists in Ireland. The two former boldly visited the pope's nuncio, De Vecchiis, in London, and contended for the loyal remonstrance for three hours. De Vecchiis at each pause merely shrugged his shoulders and replied, "You think so—but his holiness thinks otherwise." At the close of the interview the nuncio proposed to obviate all difficulties by the pope issuing a bull to the Irish, commanding them on pain of excommunication to be henceforth faithful to the king. "Indeed, my lord!" exclaimed Walsh, "why that, if accepted, would make the king a vassal of the pope, and a very king of cards, and I hope his majesty has some better and surer means to rely on than a bull of excommunication." The nuncio shrugged his shoulders more impatiently than ever, looked at his watch, said that he was engaged to dine with the Queen at one o'clock, and left the loyal Irish priests to shift for themselves! Walsh was excommunicated for fourteen years by Roman bulls on account of his part in this loyal movement. He was called a heretic by the nuncio and the Irish bishops; his followers were called Valesian heretics, and summoned before the tribunals of the Inquisition in Flanders, Spain and Italy. The titular primate, O'Reilly, had studied cases of conscience in the Jesuit College of Louvaine and he extinguished Walsh by a curious artifice. He visited him in London, under "the mantle of religion;"—was it not in this case like the Irish mantle which Spenser describes?—and employed him to collect

* *Columbanus*, ii. Historical Address, 107.

Irish children for confirmation in his rooms. After many very friendly visits he thanked Walsh for his great civility, and asked what favour he could procure for him from Rome. The other replied, with a smile, that he wanted no favour from that quarter. O'Reilly gently remarked, "My dear friend, could not I absolve you from the nuncio's censures?" Walsh's indignation was on the brink of a precipice, but he restrained his passion, and simply said, "You know it in your heart, sir,—that these censures signify nothing." One day, however, as Walsh was finishing mass and kneeling with his face towards the altar, O'Reilly softly and suddenly stood by his side, laid his hand upon the kneeling priest and absolved him. It was in vain for Walsh to reject this absolution as a profanation, and to insist that no man could be absolved against his own will. O'Reilly could now give out that he had absolved the chief champion of Irish loyalty, and the immediate inference was that Walsh had submitted!

Carron was persecuted to death. The case of poor Harold casts so much light upon the fate of many a mysterious disappearance of piously-minded Romish priests, that I give it, as fully as I can. Harold was a priest greatly revered in Ireland for his sincere devotion, unblamable life, and, above all, for his ancient family, for he was descended from a long line of Danish kings. His zealous adhesion to the loyal remonstrance did it vast service. He was summoned before the pope's nuncio at Brussels, but excused himself, until he was affectionately invited thither by a new nuncio, named Airoldi. This cunning courtier opened a correspondence with him upon the antiquity and origin of their respective families, which he declared must have sprung from one common stock—a gallant crusader. He soon perceived that poor innocent Harold dwelt with delight upon this rapturous subject of family antiquity, and he made this

family pride—the besetting sin of an Irishman—the means of his ruin. Harold was warmly invited to Brussels to shake hands with his name sake, and to travel with him to Rome. Rome! Jerusalem! Never did words sound with sweeter melody than these in the ear of Harold, except the enchanting name of Airoldi; to visit the tombs of the martyrs! to kiss those sacred spots which were consecrated by the blood of a Peter or a Paul! to enter the Mamertine dungeon, to walk under the arch of Titus!—to fancy himself exposed with a Polycarp to tigers in the amphitheatre of Vespasian! Alas, poor Harold, where is all this to end? Bewitched by a magical reverie, Harold began now to hope that he might have been destined to restore peace by reconciling the loyal Romanists of Ireland to the pope; and as one foolish fancy often begets another and a worse, he thought that he might bring over Walsh and the other remonstrants to this whimsical opinion, which originated in his family pride! He unbosomed himself to Walsh, who endeavoured thus to dissuade him. “Do you imagine that an Italian courtier will surrender to your simplicity? Do you not know that in resisting the political censures of the Roman court you have committed the sin for which there is no redemption? You have obtained a safe conduct from our primate. What of that? Many safe conducts have been offered to me, with inducements to go and *justify* the remonstrants before foreign tribunals; yet here I am safe in Ireland, and here I will remain.” Harold’s heart was with his cousin at Brussels, and thither he would go. At parting Walsh accompanied him to the water’s side, and said as he clasped his friend’s hand, “I grieve to take leave of you. Something tells me that we shall never meet again. Remember Savonarola.” “Savonarola! Savonarola!” cried Harold with a start of horror, “Surely you don’t mean to say that they would put me to

death?" "I mean to say that you are not acting wisely in making the experiment. Don't you know that in the Netherlands, in Spain, and Italy—wherever the discipline of the Council of Trent is received—a bishop can denounce you to the holy office—the Inquisition—without alleging a cause?" For a moment Harold's resolution failed him. But he reflected that his hairs were silvered over with age—that he was innocent save of loyalty, and unlikely to be committed to a state prison: so he quitted Ireland, and in due time, presented himself at the palace gate of the affectionate Airoidi. As the poor simple priest was ushered into the great man's presence through a long suite of apartments between two rows of splendidly attired livery servants, his heart swelled with ecstasy at finding a Harold so illustrious. The rooms hung with tapestry were reminding him of the princely origin of his ancestors, when to his utter dismay on arriving at the door of the library where Airoidi sat, he saw a little squinny vulgar Italian, who, lifting up his head from a paper he was reading, and without stirring from his chair, with scornful frown asked whether he did not know that he was *excommunicated*. Thunderstruck, Harold tried to explain, but was haughtily ordered to retire to a Franciscan convent, and never to dare approach the palace without a certificate of absolution. Unfortunate man! He found himself betrayed, friendless, penniless and alone. In sheer despair he knocked at the gate of the Franciscan convent, and asked in Latin for his supper and his bed. Instantly recognized, he was importuned to retract. It was with difficulty that he obtained one night's respite, and on the following morning he was tormented into signing a modified retraction with the clause, "saving my allegiance to his most serene Majesty King Charles." This submission was forwarded to Rome, and returned with the remark, that it was

"artful and captious." Airoidi detained him for two years as a prisoner in the convent, where his health was completely broken by the slow tortures of the austerities cruelly imposed upon him. His misery at length moved the superior of the convent to permit him to retire to a French convent, but just as he was taking his place in a public coach Airoidi seized upon him. "I am old and infirm, and it will not become you to oppress me in my old age," said the poor captive. "Go," said Airoidi, "I care not for your pretences, go to your convent, and remain there for the rest of your days." He was never heard of more, and in his unhonoured grave was buried the loyalty of the Romish priests of Ireland; for scared by papal curses, overawed by menaces, deprived of their livings, expelled from their country, driven to hide themselves in holes and corners in London, or imprisoned by breach of faith in foreign lands, and above all discountenanced by the British government which, *as at this day*, laboured with suicidal policy, to bolster up popery in Ireland, the loyal priests shrunk from a contest with Rome in which they had no support, but on the contrary were overwhelmed by power at home and abroad.* In fact, popery was now so fostered in Ireland by the British government that Peter Talbot, a Jesuit, who had been appointed by the pope as titular archbishop of Dublin, had the hardihood to appear before the council in full pontificals, and he obtained some hangings and plate from the Castle to celebrate a particularly splendid mass! No wonder that the Lord Lieutenant, Lord Essex, compared the unfortunate country "so rent and torn to the carcass of a deer abandoned to the hounds, where every dog pulls and tears what it can for itself." The ostensible excuse for this popish policy was that the proportion of Protestants to papists, by Sir William Petty's calculation,

* Ibid. No. 5 and 6.

was as one to fifteen.* What a bright reason for making bad worse!

Yet few and scattered as the Irish Protestants were, they were cheered by the glorious constancy of the seven Bishops, and the dauntless bravery of not a few descendants of Cromwell's "Ironsides," who had obtained settlements in Ireland as the reward of distinguished services, or as compensation for arrears of pay, and who had echoed the exclamation which burst from Cromwell's lips as rising in his stirrups he caught a glimpse of the "Golden Vale" of Tipperary, "Truly this is a country worth fighting for!" The French refugees also, who had sought in Ireland "Freedom to worship God," and had been welcomed by the Protestants as spiritual brethren, received into their houses, made free of the Corporations, and generously supplied with money—in one town £500 were collected for them—now made common cause with their persecuted benefactors. These were the men who encouraged and aided the native Protestants in the heroic struggles for civil and religious liberty, and the English interest, which shed a romantic lustre over this period of Irish history. In respectful silence they listened to the treacherous overtures of James II, though from woful experience they knew that "the kisses of an enemy are deceitful." With admirable patience they bore with the vexatious litigation of "Innocent papists," and "Discontented gentlemen," which incessantly dragged them into the law courts, where Romish sheriffs and packed juries were not their only grievance, for "files of musketeers not seldom filled the benches appropriated to Protestant lawyers, holding matchlocks to their very noses, which sometimes went off amongst them," and a Romish judge could coolly refuse redress, saying that "the law knows nothing of fire

* Lascelles *Liber. Hiberniæ*, i., 80, 81.

arms!" With astonishing calmness they saw the troops visited by priests, "who swore by St. Patrick's shoe-buckle that if the Protestants did not go to mass and be doctored with holy water and wafers, they should be discarded and loose their arrears of pay"—a menace soon fulfilled by the new Lord Lieutenant, the Earl of Tyrconnel. They even quietly submitted to be disarmed, though "in the search their money was often mistaken for arms," and though they knew that the priests were interdicting, under a fine of 7s. 6d. or excommunication, the appearance of their people at mass without being armed with the murderous Irish dagger and half-pike "which were not designed to fight with butterflies."

As soon, however, as William and Mary were proclaimed, the Protestants took the field and concentrated their forces in the north, chiefly in the fortified towns of Enniskillen and Derry. The exploits of the Enniskilleners were very brilliant. Several times they routed the best troops of James, and upon one occasion pursued the flying enemy so far that Col. Wolseley, seeing his men almost sinking with exhaustion, commanded a halt, but was answered by one unanimous shout of "*Advance!*" He instantly complied, and gave as the order of the day the electric words "*No Popery!*" which so revived the soldiers that they vigorously continued their march and gained such a signal victory that during the remainder of the campaign they kept undisturbed possession of the country for several miles around. The siege of Derry exhibited an indomitable resolution and unflinching bravery in Irish Protestants still more beneficial to their country, and more mortifying to the Romish party. When governor Lundy had declared that there was not ten days' provision in the town, and proposed surrender, nine 'prentice boys shut the gates, Lundy was expelled; the Rev. George Walker and

Lieut. Henry Baker were appointed joint governors; and all with one voice gallantly resolved "to die upon the walls rather than to surrender." James, in person, with the choicest of his French veteran troops, hotly pressed the siege. Pestilence and famine raged within the walls. Governor Baker and 3200 men were cut off, and even cats, rats, and mice were eagerly purchased as food! Day after day, week after week, and month after month wore tardily on. Some efforts were made to relieve the devoted town, but each failed more disastrously than its predecessor, still the watchword remained, "No surrender!" and the mere mention of surrender was prohibited under pain of death. When ammunition failed, bricks covered with lead were used for cannon balls, and "plenty of powder, as well as abundance of the late King James's livery, were obtained in the lively sallies which breathed the men of Derry." When Marshal De Rosen cruelly drove a multitude of poor Protestants, men, women and children, under the walls to perish by sword or famine, he was forced to let them depart unharmed, for a lofty gallows was instantly erected upon the walls for the execution of French prisoners. Eighteen clergymen daily took their turn in preaching, praying and labouring on the walls, "thus giving God the greater honour, in whose Almighty hand no instrument is weak, and in whose presence no flesh must glory." On the memorable 30th of July, 1690, governor Walker assembled the people to pray for deliverance, and in his sermon reminded them that they were "in no more danger than the Israelites at the Red Sea, and comforted them with the assurance that He who, in Christ, fought for them hitherto, and so marvellously preserved, would not give them up as a prey to their enemies, as their safety was of great consideration to the Protestant religion at this time." Although they had only two days' provision left, and it was

the hundred and fifth day of the siege, those resolute confessors of Christ thanked God and took courage. As they left the house of prayer a squadron of English ships appeared in the offing. The Mountjoy led the van, and dashed against the huge boom which the enemy had drawn across the lough. It was broken by the shock, but the ship ran aground amidst the triumphant shouts and brisk cannonade of the foe, and a cry of anguish which rose to heaven from the walls. Then the gallant ship righted suddenly while firing a broadside, and Derry was mercifully delivered from the 20,000 men who had so long besieged it. It is but too evident that the bravery of those gallant men was the sole means of preserving Irish Protestants from total extermination by the execrable canon laws of Rome, for James II. on his public entry into Dublin, cast himself at the feet of the Romish titular primate, in the very street as a most slavishly obedient son of the Church. By his act of attainder he pronounced rebels two thousand Protestants, men, women and children, and stripped them of their property. His base coinage, of which two thousand pounds were scarcely worth thirty shillings in intrinsic value, nearly ruined the rest. Such as appealed to his mercy, "were condemned accordingly." More than five Protestants were prohibited from appearing together in Dublin, on pain of death. The Churches were closed, and the principal clergy were committed to prison. The French troops had but lately imbrued their hands in the blood of the Huguenots, and their commander Boisseau boasted that he would "as soon blow up all the Protestants in their very Churches as he would a child in its cradle." The Jesuits governed James—body and soul. To them he gave the University, and it was with immense difficulty that the provost, Dr. Michael Moore, preserved from their unholy hands Ussher's noble library,

which had been purchased for it by Cromwell's officers during the civil war. It is still preserved there an inexhaustible treasure to the Irish clergy. It should be ever remembered to their honour that the Fellows boldly refused to admit amongst them James's popish nominée, "from the obligations and the oaths they had taken, and the interest of their religion which they would never desert." They were immediately expelled; their property was seized; their chambers were converted into prisons, and their chapel into a magazine. With equal fidelity the Dublin clergy, when it was proposed to them at a meeting to seek safety by escaping to England disguised in the Irish frieze mantle, unanimously resolved that they would "remain with their flocks—fully depending upon the protection of Him who stills the wind and the raging of the seas."

The Lord in great mercy shortened these evil days. William III., with a singleness of purpose, undaunted bravery, and generosity of spirit which have never been rivalled in history, poetry, or the legends of chivalry, came over to the rescue of the Irish Protestants. In the battle of the Boyne, 1st July, 1690, William was ever foremost amidst the various changes of the well-fought field, and the Protestants of Ireland performed prodigies of valour. The French refugees lost their gallant leader, Cailmotte, but as

"He fell with his feet to the foe

And his face to the sky;"

he cheered on his men by the cry "To glory my sons!—to glory!" One of the most brilliant charges made during the engagement was when the English cavalry, though led on by the king, was forced from the ground, and William riding up to the Enniskilleners, asked them "What will you do for me?" Without waiting for a reply they advanced, received the enemy's fire, and then followed him with

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irresistible impetuosity to the charge. By this crowning victory, William III. has for ever endeared his memory to the sound Protestants of Ireland, whom, under God, he saved from "Popery, slavery, and arbitrary power, wooden shoes and brass money."*

To secure the exclusion of Irish Romanists from political power in parliament and from offices of trust, a special oath was framed for Ireland, by which all candidates were bound to protest against Transubstantiation, and to swear that "the invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary or any other saint, and the sacrifice of the mass are superstitious and idolatrous."†

* * * * *

One hundred years after this total overthrow, the papacy proved that it was "scotched, not killed," in Ireland, for it secured a commanding political position by obtaining the extension of the elective franchise to Romanists. Henceforth no Lord Lieutenant dared to imitate the decided policy of the Earl of Chesterfield, who crushed an incipient rebellion in 1745, by privately warning the chief agitators that in case of an outbreak they should find him another *Cromwell*: and who strenuously urged that the surplus in the Irish treasury—rare event!—should be divided between the Protestant Charter Schools, and the location of foreign Protestants in Connaught and Munster, "in order to civilize the inhabitants, and teach them three things to which they were utter strangers; that there was a God, a king, and a government!"‡

The Romish historian Plowden, confessed that giving this political influence to Romanists made a breach in the

* Thorpe Collection, vi. vii. viii. Lascelles, 85—91. Anderson's Sketches, 110.

† 3 Gul. and Mar. cap. 2, sec. 5.

‡ Lascelles, 107. M. O'Connor's History of Ireland, 241.

fortress of Protestantism, which rendered it impossible to hold out, and he candidly acknowledged that "the establishment of this influence would give a footing to stand upon in every future application to the crown or parliament."* Irish patriots now arose—"Patriotism," says Dr. Johnson, "is the last refuge of a scoundrel!"—buoyed up by the political power afforded by the papacy. They mystified the English, by artfully raising "religious cries and grievances," though the penal laws were merely suspended over their heads to prevent treason and rebellion."† To disarm suspicion of ulterior designs of the papacy, they unblushingly reiterated the ignorant or audacious assertion of Burke, that there was "no essential difference between Romanism and the national Church of England!" Then as now some of the more troublesome were quieted by places and pensions, and "found the Castle of Dublin their Castle of Indolence." Enough however remained true to their party to accomplish their mischievous work. Here is a full length portrait of Grattan, their leader:—"Strangers and posterity may imagine this extraordinary man from the description of Virgil's Sybil without her youth, or beauty, or sex, or from the weird sisters in Macbeth, not altogether toothless, but single fanged: his eyes deeply sunk in his head, with aquiline nose, and long prominent chin; small in stature; limping in his gait, with a form bent almost double when he spoke—famous for understanding, as well as personal and political courage—advancing towards his audience with noiseless step, with oracular voice, uttered in hollow whispers or undertones; in solemn emphasis and measured pauses, accompanied by mystic gestulations and a smile of scorn and ruthless denunciation; there distilled from his lips the sarcasms of a whole country's in-

* Historical Review, i. 464.

† Thorpe Collection, xii. Report of Lord's Commissioners.

dignation, which had been dissembled or smothered throughout ages of wrongs, and was now first recovering expression and a tongue."*

Is the race of these Irish patriots yet extinct? Maynooth College was their first grand victory. It was gained at a crisis of infinite peril to the existence of the Romish Church in Ireland; for the doctrines of grace held by the Jansenists were making rapid way amongst the French priests; and as the inevitable consequence great degree of freedom from the papal sway was exercised by the Gallican Church. This might be safely tolerated *for a while* in France, but the far-sighted court of Rome trembled at its first appearance in Ireland—the bonâ fide property of the pope, which he had always claimed the privilege of giving or taking away as he pleased!—the country which had cost him so many jubilees, and bulls, and indulgences, and religious wars!—the country in which “the best drest heresy, since that of the Arians,” was ready prepared with its heretic king to attract speedily, and to welcome joyfully Irish priests and people holding doctrines and views so far Protestant as to draw down upon them the frightful maledictions of the famous bull “Unigenitus!” Now as 348 out of the 478 Irish scholars educated abroad were instructed in the colleges of France, there was every prospect of Jansenism spreading amongst them; and then the pope might bid a final farewell to the Emerald Isle! † So Dr. Troy, the titular Archbishop of Dublin, “on behalf of himself and the prelates of the Roman Catholic communion in Ireland,” addressed an humble memorial, dated January 14th, 1794, to the Lord Lieutenant, representing “their conduct as never having suffered the reproach of disaffection,” and that they had “been often complimented for inculcating the sacred precepts of charity and obedience to the laws, and

* Lascelles, 118.

† Wylie. Papacy, 553.

“veneration for his Majesty’s person and government;” complaining of the loss of their Colleges and of the contagion of *sedition and infidelity* to which Irish scholars were exposed in France; declining admission “to the University of Dublin, well adapted as its mode of education might be—as not applicable to the ecclesiastics of a very *ritual religion*, and by no means calculated for the *austere discipline*, so indispensable to the character of a Roman Catholic clergyman: that without them he might become *a very dangerous member of society*,”—and then pleading the indulgences and privileges *already* accorded to Romanists as an encouragement for “asking license for the endowment of an *academy* for educating Roman Catholic clergymen.”*

Enough for the loyalty professed by the prelates who framed this Jesuitical document—the real charter of Maynooth—that Dr. Doyle frankly admitted that until the death of the last of the Stuarts, the Pretender had always nominated his fast friends to the titular sees in Ireland, and that England with all her gold could never discover the secret! † It is with horror and sorrow we see the English government once again rivetting upon miserable Ireland, the iron yoke of popery just as it was likely to be shaken to the winds. The required license was given, and ten thousand pounds granted—entirely on false pretences—for a College designed to raise teachers of a system which all the officials of government had *sworn* to be “superstitious, idolatrous and damnable?”

It was *expediency* that dictated this suicidal policy, for the Romish agitators, acting on their anti-Christian maxim that “England’s calamity is Ireland’s opportunity,” had skilfully availed themselves of the consternation caused by the loss of our American possessions, and the threatened

* Plowden, ii., 446.

† Phelan, 348.

French invasion, to organize many armed associations, calling themselves citizen soldiers, whose officers wore green uniforms, with buttons bearing the harp and cap of liberty, instead of the crown. French delegates had regularly visited the country, and raised a republican spirit to fever height. Some Protestant barristers of ability, but of infidel principles and desperate circumstances, had been craftily induced for large fees privately paid to them, to join the Roman Catholic committee as disinterested patriots, and by varnishing over the incipient rebellion with the semblance of liberty, they induced many Presbyterians of Ulster to join their ranks. The north rung with Grattan's declaration that "the Irish Protestant never should be free until the Irish (R.) Catholic should cease to be a slave." Then the "United Irishmen," said one of the seditious demagogues, "arose once more from their lethargy, to raise their degraded country!" Who confirmed this ill-omened union in treason by a very clever pamphlet, proving that popery was favourable to republicanism, by showing that the ancient republics of Florence, Pisa and Sienna, were established and governed by Roman Catholics, as well as those then in existence of Poland, Venice, Genoa, Ragusa, Lucca and Marino, and the Romish cantons in Switzerland? The identical Dr. Troy, whose "fig-leaf of pretended loyalty" hid from the eyes of the British government the national sin of their patronage of idolatry! Did this "message of peace to Ireland" create gratitude and loyalty amongst the Romish prelates? The very reverse: they hailed the concession as a triumph wrested from a defeated enemy. They instantly availed themselves of their College, and admitted fifty students, who were soon increased to two hundred;—and its first president, Dr. Hussey, titular of Waterford, published a most seditious pastoral in the following year, in which he attempted to

prove popery admirably suited to a republican form of government !*

This boasted fraternity was a mere mask to conceal a deeply planned conspiracy for "the extermination of heretics" enjoined by Romish canon law. Amongst the united Irishmen there was another and an infinitely more dangerous society called *Defenderism* composed of Romish bigots who, by secret oaths, pass words and signs, had banded themselves under a curse to destroy Protestants, and to aid every true brother ! The notorious priest Quigley, whose subtlety, foreign intrigues and singular activity proved himself a genuine son of Loyola, was the prime conductor of this horrible society. Its committees of assassination were incessantly sitting, and murder was perpetrated after murder with appalling frequency and mystery. We shudder at hearing that one of their leaders calculated their first proscribed list at *thirty thousand* persons doomed to calumny, persecution and death ! Informers were hunted down with more than blood hound sagacity and certainty. A friar, by name Phillips, was suspected of being an informer, and he was drowned near Belfast. One of the committee which had procured his assassination was placed as a juror on the coroner's inquest, and succeeded in securing a verdict of suicide ! Jurors were also subjected to this reign of terror, and seldom dared to convict a criminal, no matter how clear his guilt. Large sums of money were raised ostensibly for securing emancipation, but really for corrupting the English troops, and Dr. Hussey's visit to the camp became alarmingly frequent. Fully nine-tenths of the Romish soldiers in the militia were enrolled amongst the rebels ; and they were taught to evade the oath of allegiance by the Jesuit mental reservation which would have astonished Pascal himself,—

* Plowden. *Historical Review*, ii., 372. Musgrave, *Irish Rebellion*, 94-128.

“As long as I live subject to the *same* government!” Even Romish servants were obliged to admit assassins at the dead hour of night to the very chambers of their slumbering masters! The Lord Mayor of Dublin was to have been murdered by his own servant, and a body of ruffians whom he was to have admitted at midnight, and the miserable wretch absolutely drew the charge from his master’s pistols in order to make assurance doubly sure. Twenty thousand Romish servants, male and female, were engaged in Dublin alone to bear their own part in this terrible tragedy; fulfilling literally the worst species of persecution foretold by our Redeemer (Mat. x. 36.) as the heritage of his people—that “a man’s foes shall be they of his own household.”* Was there ever a more Satanic secret society than Defenderism? It exists to this day under the strange title of *Ribbonism*, and its diabolical nature is unchanged. Tidings were received by the leaders of the conspiracy, February 1, 1798, that the French expedition might be soon expected, and redoubled exertions were made to goad the miserable people into rebellion. The confession boxes of the priests were frequented by multitudes. Temperance became the order of the day, and a sullen silence was rigidly observed on politics, but it was observed that the mountains were constantly studded with fires, whose luminous appearance by night and waving mist-like smoke by day served as telegraphs throughout the country. Not a movement could be made by the troops without such indications of their course. How truly Shakspeare represents this delusive calm as the presage of tremendous commotion!

“ But as we often see, against some storm
A silence in the heavens, the rack stands still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death; anon the dreadful thunder,
Doth rend the region ———”

* Musgrave, 58, 131—157, 221.

The hurricane of rebellion burst forth in wild havoc upon the woful night of the 23rd of May. The stoppage of the mail coaches was the concerted signal, and the Protestant inhabitants of the towns along the principal high roads were suddenly roused from slumber by poor breathless fugitives, who wounded and nearly naked, pointed with tears and groans to their burning habitations, around which crowds of rebels were discerned moving round the fires and rending the still sweet atmosphere with savage, heart-freezing yells, as often some fresh victim fell beneath their murderous pikes. The horrible carnage which followed, and spared neither sex nor age of "the heretic clan," reminded the Presbyterians of Ulster so vividly of the atrocities of the Irish Bartholomew's Eve that they discovered—before it was too late—that "*a religious war*," and not a revolution, was the true object of the Romish agitators. Some surrendered themselves, and were mercifully pardoned by Government, and the rest joined their loyal brethren who had formed a true union with Churchmen, and enrolled themselves in armed defensive associations which were named "Orange Lodges," in honour of William III., Ireland's great Protestant deliverer, and in resolution to maintain, with their life blood, the noble Protestant principles of the glorious revolution of 1688, with unwavering allegiance to the British crown, and *no surrender!**

Orangemen then as now were stigmatized as ferocious bigots, sworn to wade knee deep in Romish blood. Never did Jesuit fabricate a fouler calumny. In the book containing the *rules* of the society it is distinctly stated as the duty of every Orangeman "faithfully to protest against all the doctrines of the Church of Rome, which are not to be found in the Bible: by all lawful means to resist the ascen-

* Ibid, 74, 218, 292.

dency of that Church, its encroachments, and the extension of its power ; but always to abstain from any uncharitable words, actions or feelings, towards his Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen." He is warned that "the glory of God and love of man, the honour of his Sovereign, and the good of his country, should be the motive of his exertions ; and the Holy Bible the rule of his life."*

"The very head and front of their offending hath this extent and no more," that from the day of their organization up to this very hour the united and firm front which the numerous Protestants of Ulster have thus maintained, has served as a rallying point and a support to all the Protestants of Ireland, so that—under God—it proves an insuperable obstacle to domestic treason or foreign invasion. This was quickly proved when General Humbert landed at Killala, 22nd August, 1798, with a formidable band of veteran soldiers, most of whom had served in Italy with Napoleon, and the rest were from the army of the Rhine, who during the previous winter had, at the siege of Mentz, slept beneath snow four feet deep. It was in vain that Humbert and his gallant officers paid respectful attention to the Bishop and Protestants of Killala and protected their property, with the remark, "*I suis chef de brigade non pas de brigands ;*" and angrily told the Romish priest who modestly asked for the Bishop's library because he "was fond of reading" that "the library was as much the Bishop's own property then as it ever was." It was in vain that they flattered Protestants for their bravery and conduct, and styled them "*our friends the enemy ;*" while they treated the priests with open contempt, refused to trust them as interpreters, and disdainfully said of the multitudes of miserable Romanists who applied to them for clothes and arms "*If you only go to the window*"

* The Orange Institution, 13.

and cry 'stop thief!' every one of them will take to his heels!" It was in vain that the French scoffed at the bigotry of the Irish "who offered to take arms for France and the blessed Virgin," and expressed their amazement at finding the pope in Ireland, after so lately chasing him out of Italy. Despair of success was painted in their faces at finding the Protestants uniformly loyal; and that though repeatedly defeated by overwhelming multitudes, they rallied and joined their Orange brethren and the royal troops on the borders of Cavan, where the French were forced to surrender, being utterly deserted by their discontented Irish allies.*

The assertion that political hostility to Orangemen caused this barbarous massacre of Protestants is refuted by the simple fact that there were no Orange Lodges at all in the county of Wexford at the commencement of the rebellion, and yet that no where else did the Romish priests so perfectly realise the character given of them by Cromwell as "men of prodigious blood;" and no where else were such crafty measures taken for "the extermination of heretics." Red tape necklaces were worn by Romish children to distinguish them from Protestants in the expected massacre; at the very time that the Romish priests and their flocks were lulling the magistrates and clergy into a fatal security by surrendering damaged arms, and volunteering to take the oaths of allegiance! It was entirely owing to the fanatical hatred against Protestants, kindled in them by their priests, that the unfortunate rebels fought against the royal troops with such fury, that during three whole weeks they kept possession of the county. The priests were every where to be seen assuring the rebels that it was the will of God that they should root out heresy; exhibiting musket balls which they declared had struck without wounding them in battle,

* Lascelles, 148, seq. Bishop Stock's Narrative.

and promising them that they could, miraculously, discomfit the heretic troops by throwing sand or chaff at them! At the battle of Ross not less than thirty thousand rebels approached the town with terrific yells. They were led by a great number of priests, arrayed in their vestments and bearing crucifixes in their hands. Such was their fiery fanaticism that though whole ranks of them were swept away they were succeeded by fresh ranks, wave after wave swelling onward like a rising tide. They were repulsed, but left two thousand dead upon the field. On the march from Gorey to Arklow the priests kept up the ferocity of their twenty-five thousand followers by chaunting a mass at every halt, and assuring them that they were fighting the enemies of God! And whenever their courage failed in battle many priests were at hand "often horse whipping, and even threatening the runaways with swords and pistols!" Keane, "the blessed priest of Bannow," whose benediction was believed to have such miraculous efficacy that it could enrich a harbour with vast quantities of codfish, distributed many thousand amulets, called scapulars, amongst the rebels, to protect them from the enemy. He refused to give his benediction, except to the zealous crusaders whose pikes were stained with heretic gore! Prophecies, visions and miracles, were profusely supplied to keep up the fanatical frenzy of the multitude.

When considerable distrust and dislike began to rise against the French for eating meat on Fridays, and for scoffing at the superstitions of the Irish, priest Keon contrived to reconcile the parties by narrating a vision which gratified the vanity of the French, while it exactly suited the credulity of the Irish, who, from infancy, have been always so trained to worship and invoke the Virgin, that the veriest savage could be checked in crime by an intimation that he

was going to "*kindle a blush on the cheeks of the Virgin!*" With true "Hibernian intrepidity of face," Keon addressed a vast concourse, and in solemn accents told them how the blessed Virgin had flashed upon his wondering eyes one night in France and weeping celestial tears—each drop a brilliant diamond—warned him to go to the relief of her suffering children in Ireland ;—how she visited him a second time, but then also failed in exciting his patriotic feelings ;—how at her third visit she gave him a violent box on the ear, which convinced him that her Holiness was serious, and sent him running to the French directory to solicit the aid of those most renowned heroes of France, whose expedition could not fail to bless the Irish, as it was undertaken by the advice and sanction of the Queen of Heaven ! The crafty priests, trading also on the ignorance of their followers, prepared scapulars or amulets of *Asbestos*, the incombustible fossil stone ; and gravely submitted them to the flames with the assurance that the benediction just pronounced upon them had rendered them fire-proof, and would guarantee their lives in battle ! Few bodies of slain rebels were found without those scapulars, beads, crucifixes, prayers ; devoting themselves, body and soul, to the holy war ; and printed oaths which pledged them by the Redeemer (!!!) and the Virgin, to burn, destroy and murder all heretics, up to their knees in blood !!!

How awfully this dread agreement with death and hell was kept at Scullabogue ! Nearly two hundred Protestants, men, women and children, were burnt there alive in a barn. As the poor victims in the death struggle forced their way through the blazing roof, or door, or window, they were savagely tossed back into the flames by the pikes of their murderers ; whose leaders, in compliment to their devotion to the papacy, were called "*True bred Romans!*" When a

mourning Protestant visited the awful ruins in quest of the remains of a friend, he found many bodies blackened and consumed, resting in the attitude of prayer. Were they not martyrs whose glad spirits had joined Cranmer, and Latimer, and Ridley, and all their English brethren in the abode of the blessed? Even the woful massacre of ninety eight Protestants on Wexford bridge, was made an act of Romish devotion! A black flag embroidered with a cross surmounted with the letters M. W. S.—*murder without sin*—during five successive hours preceded every party of prisoners, and before the ferocious pikemen perpetrated each murder, they knelt down and prayed with great devotion! After Thomas Cleary had murdered his master, Mr. Turner, on that terrible day he confessed that he had received absolution from priests Ryan and Murphy, who ordered him to fast from meat three times a week for three months as a sufficient penance! A nominal penalty upon a poor Irishman. The sufferings of the victims so moved the pity of a rebel captain that he ran breathlessly to the Romish bishop, Dr. Caulfield, and implored him by the mercy of God to come and stop the massacre. That “True bred Roman” was sitting pleasantly over his wine, and handed the humane rebel a glass, with the unconcerned remark, “It is no affair of mine. The people must be gratified!!!”*

In justice to the Irish character, which is so instinctively generous, noble, and self-sacrificing, I gladly record a few facts which show that even in that period of unbridled popery and furious fanaticism, the poor Irish Romanists were not all vile. When Richard Watters, a brave yeoman of Killeslin, was placed on his knees by a party of rebels, and told that he had but three minutes to live, Patrick Hickey, a young student for the priesthood, flung his arms around the

* Musgrave, 318—535, 564, 583.

doomed Protestant and cried, "I'll die for my friend! Shoot me in his place!" Touched by such true friendship, the rebels liberated Watters, who soon afterwards in his turn saved the life, not only of his friend, but also of the foe who had chiefly thirsted for his blood. He lately died as he lived a sound Protestant,—blessing the God of all his mercies for the grace which enabled him to spare his Romish enemy and save his Romish friend.

Hannah Meek, of Ballygran, Limerick, was one Sunday encountered by a rebel as she was going to her parish Church. When she told him that she was going to the house of God to pray for herself and for her country, he was much moved, and conducted her safely to the Church and home again through the rebel camp, asking as his recompense her fervent prayers. The Rev. Roger Owen, rector of Camolin, was one of the first prisoners made by the insurgents of Wexford. He was offered life and liberty on condition of becoming a Romanist, but in the true spirit of a martyr he "preferred death to the mass." He was then stripped of his clothes, dressed in rags and driven to Wexford gaol, amidst the brutal taunts and blows of the excited rabble, but he possessed his soul in such patience and was so upheld by the Redeemer's supporting arm, that when, on reaching the gaol gate, a savage fellow with a rude blow of a pike, and a loud laugh of scorn ordered him to "say mass;" he quietly knelt down on the pavement, and in such a distinct and audible voice fervently offered up the Lord's Prayer that his ferocious persecutors were over awed, and in respectful silence committed him to the gaoler.

The prison was crowded with Protestants, and religion was their only crime! Words can but faintly describe their sufferings:—their only food potatoes and water of the worst kind and in scanty supply; their bed the floor; and their

heads shorn and covered with the horrible pitch cap, which, when removed, tore out every single hair by the roots with an agony so intense that brain fever and insanity generally followed. To heighten these horrors the blood-thirsty mob often thundered at the gate demanding the prisoners for massacre; and although the rebel leaders succeeded in restraining their fury, the poor prisoners had slender hopes of life, for the over crowded state of the prison, the intense heat, and the miseries they endured, were generating fatal pestilence amongst them. Still Mr. Owen, by grace, "fainted not" in his godly resolution, "but though his outward man was perishing, yet his inward man was renewed day by day." His beloved sister being acquainted with the gaoler, privately visited him, and by her entreaties and tears obtained permission to convey the poor captive to her own home on condition of surrendering him when called for; "and I am certain you will keep your promise" said the generous Romanist, "for I never knew you to tell a lie, and your truth will save my life!" Miss Owen's tender care revived her brother, but after a few short days of reprieve a party of pikemen, covered with dust, and exhausted with their rapid march, loudly knocked at her door, and rudely demanded their prisoner. With practical piety and admirable self-possession she remembered that it was written, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst give him drink—and the Lord shall reward thee." (Rom. xii., 20. Prov. xxv., 22.) So she kindly spread refreshments before them. When they rose to depart, desiring still further to soften their hearts towards her brother:—

"Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage

But music for the time doth change his nature."

She took her guitar and played and sung many of the charming old Irish melodies which have such entrancing

power over the Irish heart. At length they reluctantly departed with their prisoner. The delay caused by his sister's Christian hospitality saved his life, for just as they caught sight of Wexford bridge the last party of prisoners had reached it, and immediately a cloud of blinding dust was raised by the infuriated multitude rushing with tremendous yells to see the last scene of the terrible tragedy. A friendly Romanist cried out to the party, "Run boys, or you will be late for the sport!" and in the confusion of the moment he contrived to extricate Mr. Owen from their ranks and to convey him into his cabin. On the next day, June 21st, the roaring of cannon announced the royal troops, and Mr. Owen came forth from his refuge as one alive from the dead. Some days afterwards he was present when a magistrate boasted of having detected a priest as implicated in the rebellion, from his having given protection to some Protestants. Unable to over rule the determination to prosecute the priest, Mr. Owen left the room, and on the same night conveyed the humane rebel to his own parsonage, where he kept him safely till a pardon could be obtained. The priest's gratitude appeared in his bequeathing to his preserver a piece of ground near Camolin, which still bears the name of "The priest's field." This faithful Confessor of Christ lived to see a numerous family, one and all, faithfully labouring to promote the Gospel for which he had been contented to die; and to behold with his own eyes his eldest son, Col. Owen, honoured throughout Ireland as conductor of its most flourishing Sunday School; and his youngest son, the Rev. Frederick Owen, foremost in the ranks of the able controversial writers and faithful parochial ministers who are the ornament, and, under God, the strength of the Church in Ireland.

Many other interesting facts are still fondly cherished

in Wexford as evidences of Christian spirit in the people of God during that awful persecution. In Selsker Church yard there is a tomb over a Protestant martyr bearing as its inscription our Redeemer's dying prayer for his murderers,—“Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.”* Mr. George Carley having a strong presentiment of his approaching martyrdom, devoted himself to prayer and reading the Bible. Whilst their Romish neighbours were barbarously destroying all of him that was mortal, his pious wife remained on her knees in prayer for the murderers. She escaped unharmed, and with her own hands raised over his bleeding corpse a grassy mound by which she constantly sat with her work “*for company*,” while calmly waiting her own final release from earth. William Morgan, Mr. Meadows, and several other pious Protestants regularly offered up the morning and evening service of the Church in the prison ship off Wexford, and found it inexpressibly comforting to their souls. Three of them suffered and the rest were saved. Edward Steacy, his eight children, and six grand children, were also seized by the rebels. They were offered life on condition of becoming Romanists. They rejected the temptation, and the poor old man was shot through the body, but his life was mercifully preserved. George Taylor when urged to turn Romanist nobly replied “I know too well the liberty wherewith Christ has made me free, and I will stand fast in it. If you take me to the mouth of a cannon for the truth, I will seal the testimony of my Redeemer with my blood; for, *through His grace, I will not deny Him that never denied me!*” In his prison sufferings he consoled himself by tracing with a pin on the walls, door, and window cases of his cell,

* The inscription is this, “Sacred to the memory of Wm. Daniell, one of the unfortunate 98, who suffered on Wexford bridge, June 20, 1798, aged 44 years. ‘Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.’”

the soul-reviving words, "Salvation! Oh the joyful sound!" As the rebels were driving him along in the last party to the fatal bridge he was repeatedly ordered to "bless himself" with finger and thumb in the Romish manner, but he firmly said, "I cannot bless myself; but I can pray to God to bless me, and you can do no more." Taylor and some of the other prisoners desired to receive the Sacrament from Mr. Wilson, a clergyman in the gaol, before they died. The request was received with yells of fury and cries of "Pike him! pike him! he wants a minister!" When the martyrs reached the bridge they literally waded in blood, and knelt down in pools of gore, while commending their souls to God! Six of the party were successively transfixed with pikes and hurled into the river. There was but *one* between Taylor and death, when succour came and he was spared to glorify God in the land of the living.*

The horrible part which the Romish priests acted in those bloody scenes is evident from the fact that the Lord Chancellor of Ireland in the very next session of Parliament opposed the continuance of the grant to Maynooth, because "Dr. Hussey, its president, had been the author of a diabolical pamphlet that went to commit (R.) Catholics against Protestants, and to excite a rebellion in the country;" and because "some (R. C.) priests were to be found at the head of the rebels deluding them to outrage, and others were silent observers of crimes, sanctioning them by not timely expressing their abhorrence of the enormities, and exhorting their flocks against the treasons of the day." He concluded by declaring the "Maynooth seminary to be a *useless expense to the public*," and all the peers of Ireland, with but *one dissenting voice*, after serious deliberation, affirmed his motion.† Nearly

* Taylor's Narrative of the Irish Rebellion, 174, seq. Lanktree, Biographical Narrative, 86, seq.

† Dublin Evening Post, April 18, 1799. Beacon Light to Maynooth in 1799, 8.

forty of the Maynooth students fought in the foremost rank of the rebels.* Here was a golden opportunity given to the British Cabinet to retrace its Romeward path by withdrawing State support from this idolatrous seminary. The continuance of the grant and the removal of the honest Lord Chancellor and the Chief Justices, and Chief Baron, from the office of *Trustees*, which enabled them to examine into the working of the system, and to control it; and their appointment as *Visitors* merely to hear appeals, in direct opposition to such a vote of the Irish parliament and at such a period gives signal and melancholy proof of the utter inability of the Protestants of Ireland—unless cordially and bravely supported by all their sound hearted brethren in the empire—to give an effectual resistance to any aggressive onslaughts of Irish Romanists whose political power at such periods is invariably raised to colossal height and irresistible strength by the consolidated energies of every Romanist, and infidel, and heretic in the land, as well as by all the foreign influences in the court and in the cabinet, which can be made to bear upon timorous or time serving-statesmen. The Maynooth grant was then considered an “*Irish question*,” with which the people of England had nothing to do; so that the Prime Minister was so far from repealing it that he actually engaged in a private treaty with the Romish prelates of Ireland to ascertain the terms on which they would accept an ample State endowment for themselves and their priests as compensation for their political aid in effecting the *union* between Great Britain and Ireland! That treaty failed mainly from the difficulty raised to giving our (Protestant?) government a voice in the appointment of Irish Romanist bishops! †

But blood-stained Maynooth? Maynooth pronounced guilty of rebellion and treason by so many peers of Ireland

* Musgrave, 148.

† Columbanus, No. 6, pref. v., 141.

and solemnly sentenced to destruction by its Lord Chancellor? Murderous Maynooth was maintained by the State to cast firebrands, arrows and death, around the land! If there has been any change in Maynooth, is it not for the worst? If any transformation of its nature, is it not into one infinitely more dangerous? In 1798 it *was* the prowling Irish rebel disguised with "glibb and mantle," and armed with pike and dagger. In 1853 it *is* an enormous infernal machine, plied by the Satanic sons of Loyola, and hurling desolation and death, spiritual, and moral, and physical, to the remotest bounds of our mighty empire! To the proof: look at their system of training and discipline! Romish children are bound to go to confession "As soon as they are able to discern good from evil, and are capable of malice." This ingenious mode of extracting from the very heart strings every secret bias and capacity as well as of extorting every act and word from the memory, must be repeated "at least once every year, *or the sinner cannot hope for salvation*; but those who consult their eternal interests will have recourse to it as often at least as they are in danger of death; or undertake any act incompatible with a state of sin, such as giving or receiving the seven sacraments.*

What an unerring means of discovering in its germs the character so essential to the Maynooth priest—the overweening self-sufficiency—the bloated pharasaical superciliousness—the readiness to give a knock down blow as well as well as a knock down argument—the saucy air which promises that most distinguished trait in a Romish controversialist, hardihood of countenance—the biting wit so valuable in disconcerting an antagonist, and turning the laugh against him—and the fiery eloquence so powerful in swaying the multitude. All these qualifications may be easily discerned

* Cat. Concil. Trid. Sac. Pœnit. iii.

by the experienced priest in the smart boy who kneels so often before him in the confessional, "so stout and 'cute, never reddening or stumbling whether he is right or wrong, and grounding an argument on half a word." When such a boy is *designed* for the priesthood he is sent from farm work (Irish priests are almost universally taken from the plough) to some village pedagogue who "must worship the very ground the priest walks upon, or his reverence ceases to be propitious, torments and perplexes him." Thus the priestling learns a sufficient smattering of Greek and Latin, logic and controversy, and imbibes an immitigable and intense hatred to England and her Church from the infamous calumnies—unblushingly palmed upon him as history—against Elizabeth, William III. or Cromwell—"the Man of the Sword." As for the Protestant landlords his blood boils in his veins against them as mere robbers and plunderers, when he hears from some incendiary friar such an appeal to his pride and poverty as this—"Look there! look around you my boy; those mountains, these vallies, as far as you can see, were once the territory of your ancestors; but they were unjustly despoiled of it! Meanwhile the unfortunate lad constantly hears from his family "What a darling of a priest he'll make when he gets the robes on him;" and grave calculations upon "what a good parish may be worth;" and he often greedily longs to realize those "gay dreams," and to "cut the Queen's mutton at Maynooth." At seventeen he is examined by his bishop, who, if he finds him "able to practise logic with the right hand, and to beat that again with the left hand," and otherwise qualified, sends him hot to Maynooth as "his subject until he is permitted to transfer his obedience."* And now begin the rigid discipline and subtle studies which almost infallibly sear his conscience,

* Phelan, i. 2. Christian Examiner, xi. 686. Phelan's Digest, 250.

blight his sympathies, and enslave his intellectual liberty, but which are equally certain to render him a singularly powerful agent of the papacy and a terribly dangerous foe of Gospel truth. His cell has the desolate look which so chills the heart in the convents abroad. The narrow little window permits but a few faint and flickering rays to fall upon his coffin-like iron bedstead, which is surmounted by a ghastly crucifix, and supported on either side by a solitary chair and table. From 5 A.M. in summer, and 6 A.M. in winter to 10 P.M., with few and far between broken intervals of recreation; mass, and mortification, and study, occupy his mind in dull routine, and are attended to in profound silence, during his six or ten years sojourn. Even during his meals friendly conversation is perfectly prevented by the monotonous tones of some fellow-student reading aloud the lives of the saints, —*such saints!* When he takes his walks abroad one of the argus-eyed deans keeps a bright look out after him, and not a single book can he read, under pain of expulsion, without having first submitted it to the inquisitorial inspection of the dean. Even newspapers are utterly prohibited, and his correspondence with home is entirely at the mercy of his superiors! The iron yoke of this ecclesiastical tyranny is rendered perfectly spirit-crushing by the painful uncertainty which shrouds his future prospects from the fact that it is optional with the bishop whose “subject” he is, to allow him to remain at Maynooth, or to blast his character, and to alienate his family for ever by dismissing him without a hearing, without an inquiry, without assigning any cause! While he is being manufactured into a mere machine by this stern discipline, the Maynooth student is daily undergoing the very course of study which adapts him to his future work of mischief. Rhetoric and classics occupy his two first years, and he is during that period thoroughly drilled into the

catechism of Christian doctrine, which most sophistically states and supports the *ordinary* doctrines which the papacy thinks safe for the laity ; and by " fine distinctions " and perverted texts labours to exonerate them from the *ordinary* accusations of Protestants.

Here I cannot refrain from quoting the masterly argument by which the Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Whately, sweeps away this Maynooth refuge of lies, and proves popery to be decidedly *idolatrous* :—" It is said that when the Romanists offer up their prayers before a crucifix or before a piece of bread, they do not design to worship a piece of wood or a piece of bread as such, but our Lord Jesus Christ as represented by the one, and as actually present in the other. If they intend to direct their worship to the one true God, they are not guilty of a breach of the first commandment ; but this does not clear them of the charge of infringing the *second*. Will it be said that idolatry consists in worshipping a piece of wood as such—as a mere piece of wood ? I would ask in reply, who then ever was or can be guilty of it ? The most gross minded Israelite that ever offered up his prayers before a golden calf, implied by that very act his belief that it was something more than a mere piece of gold, and that there resided in it a certain divine intelligence. If therefore a Romanist adores the true God under the form of bread which he holds to be the real literal body of Christ, or if in worshipping before a crucifix, he attributes a certain divine sanctity to the image, as if some divine virtue were actually present in it, (and that this is done is plain from the preference shown of one image to another,) he is clearly as much guilty of idolatry as the Israelites in worshipping the golden calf, or the brazen serpent, it being thus only that any one *can* practise idolatry."*

* Essays on the Errors of Romanism, 27.

The whole of the third year is devoted to Logic, in all its sophistical subtleties; and the fourth year sees him versed in the infamous casuistry of Thomas Aquinas, and giving his energies to mathematics, physics and the French language. He then rises to the divinity class, in which, during the rest of his course, he is practised in composition; thoroughly initiated into the abominable mysteries of the confessional; and skilfully drilled for his future "war with the saints:" while year after year he is lectured in the dogmatic theology of Delahogue, the moral theology of Bailly, and the theory and practise of canon law of Cabassutius.* Here he remains as sub-deacon, deacon and priest till he becomes master of the penetrating and microscopic insight into character, and of all the possible varieties and circumstances of crime which may make him "a prudent and a pleasing conscience-keeper."† Now he knows as "pat as his Pater Noster" the NINE conditions needful to make an oath or promise binding, failing any one of which it may be *withdrawn*, as Dr. Lanigan, the titular bishop of Ossory, quietly remarked to Major Brien when taxed with falsehood for having given his pledged vote to another!‡ Now he can distinguish how far a man may wilfully indulge in sin without forfeiting the favour of God! He can point out when a lie is only *amphibology*, and when theft ceases to be mortal sin, and how far the four ranks of society, from the beggar to the Queen, or a husband, or a master, may be plundered innocently!§ But I must forbear, for my very *ink would blush* while describing the obscene abominations which defile the pages of these favoured Maynooth class books. Some idea,

* See VIII. Report of Com. Irish Education Inquiry and Appendix, 407.

† This versicle guides the Romish priest in his vile scrutiny. Dens vi. 123. "Quis, quid, ubi, quibus auxiliis, cur, quomodo, quando."

‡ VIII Report Com. Ed. In. Appendix, 355. § Bailly Theol. Moral, ii. 233.

not hurtful to the purity of a Christian mind, of their loathsome turpitude may be gathered from the directions to the confessor, to "proceed from general to particular questions, from *less shameful to more shameful things*, not beginning from external acts, but from thoughts such as—has not the penitent been troubled inadvertently with bad thoughts? Of what kind? What bad sensations followed, &c."*

If all remains of moral sense have been irretrievably corrupted in the unfortunate student during these protracted and foul investigations at Maynooth—and they must be his unceasing business till death—and if he has thus become a case hardened sneering profligate, it is equally evident that any drops of the milk of human kindness yet in his composition, are turned into the poison of asps by the Maynooth theology and canon law, and he leaves the "Royal College" an intolerant, fiery and crafty persecutor of his Protestant fellow-subjects, and a rank rebel against his Sovereign. What else can be the result when it is solemnly impressed upon him by the professors that "schismatics, even though they err not in doctrine, by the mere fact of their schism, are excluded from the Church, and are out of the pale of salvation;" and that "the Church retains her jurisdiction over all apostates, heretics and schismatics, although they no longer appertain to her body; just as a military officer has a right of decreeing *severer punishment against a soldier who deserts*, even though his name may have been erased from the military roll?"† He is easily instructed from the bull Unigenitus how these "deserters" may be known; for it curses all those who maintain with the Jansenist Quesnelle that "the grace of Jesus Christ is necessary to every good work, and without it not only nothing is done, but

* Bailly vii. 366, iv. 483. Delahogue De Penit, 168.

† Delahogue, De Eccles. 17, 404.

nothing can be done (John xv. v.)—that Faith is the first grace, and the fountain of all others (2 Pet. i. 3)—that all other means of safety are contained in faith as in their germ and seed, but this faith is not without love and confidence (Acts x. 43)—that in vain do we cry to God, my Father! unless the Spirit of love be that which cries (Ro. viii. 15)—that God crowns love only: he who runs from any other impulse or motive runs in vain (1 Cor. vi.)—that there is neither God nor religion without love (1 John iv. 18)—that he who does not lead a life worthy of a son of God and a member of Christ, ceases to have God in his heart as his Father, and Christ for his head (1 John ii. 22)—that the Lord's day ought to be sanctified by Christians for reading works of piety, and above all of the sacred Scripture (Acts xv. 21)—that the sacred Scripture is for *all*, and that to take it from the hands of Christians is to close the mouth of Christ against them!! (Acts viii. 28, Matt. v. 2.)*” With equal care he is perfectly drilled in the canonical mode of pursuing and punishing those spiritual deserters—a system so cruel and crafty that the blood runs cold as we consider even a few of its regulations. In the decrees and canons of popes and general councils which he receives and obeys as implicitly as a faithful Christian receives Holy Scripture, he learns that he must “bring heretics, however unwilling, to salvation by *force*!”—that “the Church is to *persecute* them!”—that “they are to be *coerced by arms*!”—that “*faith is not to be kept with them*!”—that a massacre of excommunicated persons perpetrated through zeal for the Church has *not* the guilt of murder!!” He is now instructed that the Church can justly claim aid from the kings of the earth against its heretic enemies, and the fit punishment which ought to be inflicted on heretics by pious princes is

* Bullarium Romanum. Tom. X. 340.

indicated by the example of Nebuchadnezzar (Dan iii., 29,) who, as soon as he was *converted* (?) changed his fury against the people of God into fury against their enemies !!* The 27th canon of the third General Council of Lateran, which first startled Christendom by its fierce blast against heretics, and the horrible third canon of the fourth General Council of Lateran, which set Europe in the flame which consumed the poor Albigenses, and which kindled the fires of Smithfield, now become binding on his conscience as duties imposed upon him by his *infallible* Church.† See the nature of those bloody statutes, and tremble for the tranquillity of poor Ireland! The former curses heretics, and delivers them over to the secular power to be “legitimately punished,” and also devotes to perdition all who afford *counsel, assistance, or shelter* to them; whilst the latter enjoins all secular powers, princes and magistrates, to *exterminate* from their jurisdiction all the heretics who are branded by the Church, under penalty of being, after one year of contumacy, deposed from their territory and offices in favour of (R) Catholics, who having exterminated these pestilent persons may take possession of their kingdoms and property; and every Romish bishop must once a year at least, personally or by his archdeacons, visit any parish infested by heresy, and compel the faithful, on oath, to discover heretics that they may be *canonically* punished; or he must be deposed and make way for a true bred Roman, “who both will and can confound heresy!”

So the Maynooth priest believes in his conscience that our beloved Queen and all her officers, from her prime minister down to the magistrates’ clerks, are absolutely accursed by the pope; and her crown and their property justly belong

* Corpus Juris Canonici. Dec. P. 2. Caus. 22. Quæst. 2—Caus. xxiii. Quæst. v. † Cabassutius Lib. v. cap. xv. M’Ghee Church of Rome, 72.

to such Romish powers as may be able to extirpate all the heretics in the empire "by whatsoever names they may be called," says this celebrated canon, "having indeed *their faces turned different ways, but their tails bound together; for from their folly they agree in the same thing!*"* Startling news this for friend Bright, Sir James Graham, &c., who "speak smooth things" of Maynooth! This is not all: Romish canon law abounds with decrees of *infallible popes and councils*, declaring the bishop of Rome to have arbitrary control over all the princes of Christendom. He is considered—we shudder at the blasphemy—"God on earth!"† "He can do all things that God can do!"‡ So Innocent III. boasted that his mitre and his crown showed him to be "the vicar of Him who hath written on His garment and on his thigh, King of kings, and Lord of lords; and a Priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec!" That *infallible* pontiff illustrated his sovereignty over temporal powers from the creation of day and night, the sun and the moon. "The day," said he, "is the spiritual establishment, and the sun is the pope. The night is the secular authority, the temporal kingdom, and the moon is the king who rules it; and as the moon is seven times larger than the earth, and as the sun is eight times larger than the moon, therefore the pope is ($7 \times 8 =$) 56 times greater than any temporal king!"§ Passing over the great Maynooth authority, Thomas Aquinas, who maintains the horrible doctrine that it is "*necessary to salvation to be subject to the Roman pontiff!*"—and Boniface VIII. establishing that anti-Christian principle, and grounding upon it the slavish subjection of the earthly sovereign

* Labb. Coucil. Tome, x. 1522. xi. P. i. 148.

† Gratian Ci. Dist. 93 "Papa Canonic Electus est Deus in terris."

‡ Philippi Decii Sup. Decret. Lec. ii. De Constit. P. 6. "Papa omnia potest quæ potest Deus!"

§ Decret Greg. lib. i. tit. 33, cap. 6.

to the spiritual power ;—and Gregory VII. who “ shattered so many royal diadems by the priest’s lance ;”—and the ominous declaration of Leo. X. that whosoever doth not obey the pope “ *must die the death !* ”* I ask any unprejudiced reader how can a Maynooth priest be loyal to our Protestant sovereign when the canon laws of the Italian communion teach him, as the necessary consequence of the above anti-Christian principles, that “ whatever decrees of princes are found injurious to the Church are of no authority ;” and that oaths obstructive to the liberty of the Church are not to be kept ; for all oaths of a priest must be taken with the reservation, “ saving the right and authority of my superior ? ”† Surely the canon laws thus taught *under the patronage* of the British government absolutely constrain the miserable priest—most conscientiously—not only to be a rebel himself but also to be the cause of rebellion in all under his influence !

Who has not observed with wonder and horror the amazing skill of Irish priests in the dreadful art of altarcursing ? Here again it is only justice to them to show that Maynooth is the fountain from whence these bitter waters flow. Here they learn to wield papal thunderbolts with a vengeance ! The distinctive powers of the various deadly weapons about to be trusted to their hands are minutely made known to them from the lesser excommunication—a mere flash intended to dazzle and terrify—up to the greater excommunication whose blighting effects upon the superstitious are thus vividly described by the Romish historian, Dr. O’Conor, “ He stands as a blasted oak, struck by the lightnings of

* Barrow. *Suprem. Introduc.*

† M’Ghee, *Church of Rome*, 78. “ Maynooth students are taught that the State can make no laws for the Church ; that no body of men, however high their station in or out of Parliament, can meddle in Ecclesiastical affairs, or touch *one fibre* of their jurisdiction.” *Columbanus*, No. 6, 72.

heaven—shorn of his honours, palsied, and parched in his career !”* Thus it is that the priests of Maynooth are *clothed with curses as with a garment*. The various forms of cursing heretics are enough to freeze one’s blood with horror. They are so marvelously minute in devoting to eternal misery every part of the body, from the crown of the head down to the toe-nails, and every act of the accursed person, “whether in house or stable, garden or field, in highway or in wood, in eating, drinking, or sleeping; in hunger, thirst, fasting, working, resting, or blood letting, in living and in dying !”† The notorious bull “*Cænæ Domini*,” curses with diabolical bitterness and ingenuity every heretic, the heretic book he reads, the horse he rides, the dog which guards him, and the cock which awakens him, the money in his pocket, the hemp, steel, and other materials of his work, as well as the work itself, and every Romanist who may aid or pity him ! Listen to Dr. O’Conor—an impartial witness—as he describes this execrable bull, which is fully enforced at this very day in unhappy Ireland by the Maynooth class-books,‡ and by the Maynooth priests :—“The bull *Cænæ Domini* is annually published with awful solemnity at the Vatican each Maunday Thursday by the pope himself reading it in his pontificals, and concluding the lecture by throwing down his burning torch and quenching it in token of everlasting damnation to all those who dare to resist its twenty-seven excommunications, each of which branches out into as many more, the absolution from each being reserved alone to the pope exclusively, except in the last moment of life (in articulo mortis) and that in our own times.”§

* The memorial line denoting its effects is terrible,—“*Os, orare, vale, communicio, mensa negatur.*” M’Ghee Laws of the Papacy, 43.

† Martene De Antiq. Eccles. Rit. ii., 903.

‡ M’Ghee’s Laws of the Papacy, 129.

§ Columbanus, No. 6, 183. Bullar. Rom. Tom. v., P. iii., 393.

Dr. O'Connor casts a dreadful light upon the effects of these altar denunciations in Ireland by showing that persons thus excommunicated may "be murdered, provided that the murder is not perpetrated from private pique, but from pure zeal for the good cause of the Church, and provided that the murderer applies for an 'absolutio ad cautelam,' a maxim that, being ill understood, gave rise to many pious murders."*

But is not the Bible read at Maynooth? Cannot the merciful precepts and example of the Redeemer which shine resplendent in the Sacred Volume warm into life, even at Maynooth, the Christian charity which breathes so sweetly in our own Church service, as it calls us on our bended knees to beseech our Heavenly Father, for Christ's sake, to have mercy upon all Jews, Turks, Infidels and Heretics, as well as upon our personal enemies, persecutors and slanderers? Alas! alas! there is as little hope of such a salutary change of heart in Maynooth as there is of finding health for a languid invalid in the papal town of Terracina. Around him lie scenes of such surpassing loveliness as beautiful Italy alone can produce. Magnificent groves of the orange and the olive, the cypress and the myrtle, stud the picturesque hills, and the charming vales are spangled with gorgeous flowers and emerald pastures, divided by the superb cactus, and encircled by a sea and sky "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue," and the glorious Appennines

"——— which like giants stand

Sentinels o'er that enchanted land."

But "the place is curst" for pestilent vapours, make travelling through it highly perilous, and to sleep in the open air is almost certain death. Such is the noisome atmosphere which envelopes the Bible at Maynooth! The students receive two lectures weekly on some difficult chapter of the

* Columbanus, No. 7, iii.

Bible, and once a month a scholastic disputation takes place, when they must argue on the text against each other, but always bound to give the interpretation by which the Jesuit commentators Menochius and Maldonatus torture it into a popish sense, and “wrest it unto their own destruction.”*

Listen to Maldonatus wresting to a persecuting sense the merciful injunction of our gracious Redeemer in His parable of the tares and the wheat to leave the wicked to the judgment of the great day. (Matt. xiii., 29.) “There are some who abuse this place to prove that heretics ought not to be punished or slain; yet heretics are more deserving of death than murderers and robbers, as it is more wicked to kill and rob the soul than the body; and the Householder does not *absolutely* forbid the tares to be gathered up, but only interdicts their extirpation lest the wheat should be rooted up with them. When, therefore, there is no danger to (R.) Catholics, why wait for the harvest? Surely Calvinists, Lutherans, &c., are the tares denoted here to *be speedily rooted out of Christendom and burned* when it can *be safely executed*, and when the Roman pontiff—the representative of the great Householder—gives the command; for of that time he and not his servants—the princes, and the zealous priests of the Church—is the proper judge, though by a *good and pious impulse* they eagerly desire to exterminate the pestilent intruders!” He then proceeds to lay it down as as an (anti)-Christian duty that princes and priests should never ask the Householder to permit both (heretics and (R.) Catholics) to remain together until the great harvest, but should zealously importune him for permission to go and pluck up the tares; and they should be always so ready to do it that they should rather require restraint than incitement to that pious office from the Householder in Rome!!

* 2 Peter iii. 16. VIII. Report, Irish Educ. II. Append. 414.

The notes on the Douay Bible are equally pestiferous and equally ingenious in putting "darkness for light." They pronounce "the prayers of heretics as the howling of wolves" (Mark iii. 12)—that "the Church is not to be blamed for putting them to death" (Mark ix. 55)—that "they and their successors are thieves and murderers" (Mark x. 1)—that they are to be judged, condemned and punished by bishops (2 Cor. x. 6)—that "the bishops should have great zeal and hate against them, and should slay them" (Rev. ii. 6, 20)—"that the blood of heretics is no more the blood of saints than that of thieves and murderers." (Ibid. xvii. 6)—The cunning craftiness too by which the very worst errors of popery are unblushingly bolstered up by notes on perverted texts, which if taken fairly without the context inculcate the very contrary, would almost provoke a smile, but the subject is too solemn and too sad. Fancy Transubstantiation and the sacrifice of the mass indicated by the fatted calf in the parable of the prodigal son!—and the kissing the pope's toe, and the loading him and the clergy with goods and possessions vindicated by the ardent charity of the primitive Christians who laid their money at the apostles' feet (Acts iv. 34)—and the words of the angel forbidding St. John to worship him (Rev. xix. 10) perverted by a long and insidious note into an argument *for* the adoration of angels!! and the exemption of priests from taxes proved from the *payment* of tribute by our Lord!! (Matt. xvii. 26)—and an equally valid argument that the monks, &c., should be supported in idleness, tortured out of the text "If any man will not work, neither let him eat!!" (2 Thess. iii. 10).*

But the most mischievous and audacious enterprise of Romish commentators is their never varying assumption that the Roman communion is the only true Church Catholic, out of

* McGhee Notes of the Douay Bible.

whose pale there is no salvation. That able logician, the Archbishop of Dublin, makes the following highly valuable remarks on this subject :—" Romanists claim the title of *Catholic*, and Protestants have usually in language conceded this claim. But I think that in so doing they manifest too exclusively the harmlessness of the dove, and leave the wisdom of the serpent entirely with their opponents. The title of Catholic, when used as distinctive, implies the exclusion of all others from the character of loyal member of the society which Christ founded—of the holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints—as it is expressed and explained in the Apostles Creed. It implies in short that all others are heretics or schismatics. That the term *papist* is a term of reproach (though I do not insist on its being employed) I can never admit. A " term of reproach " is one which implies *something disgraceful in the opinion of the party to whom it is applied*. Thus heretic in its ordinary sense implies the holding of some erroneous tenet; it is consequently a reproachful term. But papist implies simply one who acknowledges the authority of the pope; and those to whom it is applied do openly acknowledge his authority. Let it not be thought that this is a trifling ' question of words and names.' It was a wise maxim laid down and skilfully acted on by some of the leaders of the French revolution, that ' names are things.' Great is the practical effect in a debate or controversy of suffering to pass unnoticed and to become established such terms as *beg* the question, and virtually imply a decision on one side."* The truth is, that the Bible is not really studied in Maynooth, as it is virtually a prohibited book in the Roman Church, for the first and second novel articles of Pope Pius IV.'s creed bind each of its members to admit human tradition to an equal place with

* Essay on the Errors of Romanism, 327.

the word of God, and also oblige him to admit the Scriptures only according to the sense which the Romish Church holds of them, and to interpret them according to the unanimous consent of the fathers!!! A course notoriously impossible, for the Romish Church has not—though tempted by the reward of £40,000 offered to her by the Rev. John Gregg—produced her infallible interpretation; and the fathers!—they do not agree with themselves, much less with one another. Besides their eighty ponderous folios, Greek and Latin, would take “the wealth of Cræsus to buy, the patience of Job to peruse, and the life of Methusaleh to master.” The fact is, that the opinions of the Jesuits Menochius and Maldonatus, and of the Douay Commentators are craftily taught in Maynooth *through the medium* of the sacred volume—“the voice is Jacob’s voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau”—while the students are exercised in the most adroit way of perverting the texts usually urged against their system by Protestants. What does the *liberality* of our Protestant government supply in place of the Bible? The Breviary in four thick volumes—one for each season of the year—which must be devoutly studied for nearly two hours daily, under pain of mortal sin. That vile production of the dark ages is full of “old wives fables,” which must make the priests either scoffing infidels or credulous bigots. It contains choice stories of St. Nicholas who used to fast twice a week before he was weaned!—of St. Peter Nolassus, in whose infant hand a swarm of bees built a honey comb!—of St. Margaret de Crotona, “whose body to this day, fresh and uncorrupted, unhurt and fragrant, is worshipped with the greatest devotion, and continually blooms with miracles, by which the Roman pontiffs being much moved, liberally granted many indulgences to *increase her worship!*”—of St. Francis de Paula, who, having been

thrown overboard by heathen sailors, bravely crossed the straits of Scilly, astride on his cloak!—of St. Giovanni Nepomuceni, the martyr of the confessional, whose body being disinterred for canonization, three hundred years after his death, exhibited his *tongue* alive and *blushing* celestial rosy red at the glory about being conferred by the pope upon it!—of St. Philipppo Neri (Dr. Newman's patron) whose heavenly love so swelled his heart that it broke and elevated two of his ribs, and whose fervency in performing mass used to lift him into the air and shed a marvellous light around him!—of St. Mary Magdalen “who tortured her body with the hair cloth, stripes, cold, want, watchings, nakedness, and every kind of punishment, but who so burned with the fire of divine love that she was compelled to cool her breasts with cold water!”—of St. Rose de Viterbo, who recalled her aunt to life, and who was saved from being detected in a pious theft because the stolen bread concealed in her bosom was turned into *roses*!—of St. Denis, who after having been beheaded, magnanimously carried his head in his hand for two full miles!—of St. Peter d'Alcantara, over whose sacred head a snow storm spent its rage in forming a solid and stately dome for his protection, and whose divine love burned so fiercely that he used to rush stark-naked from his cell into the open plains, lest his body should be consumed!!!* The glowing descriptions of beautiful virgins, the passionate tenderness of the addresses to them, and the details of the melting softness of those sweet ladies—though chastising their fair and unpolluted flesh severely, and feeding at times solely upon *five pippins of citron in a day*,†—far exceed “the thoughts that breathe and words that burn” of the vilest French novel. What a demoralising preparation for the

* Breviarium Romanum, Pars. Hib. 487, 615, 666; Ver. 611, 720, 740; Autum, 347, 466, 498.

† Ibid, Æst. 773.

confessional, where the demure young priest, Breviary in hand, is *supposed* to have his passions so subdued by "reading his office" that he sits the very impersonation of Shakspeare's

"Figure trenched in ice,

All ice himself, whose very kindness freezes ;"

whilst he puts those shockingly indelicate questions which suffuse a maiden's cheek with so painful a crimson ! But the prophetic character of popery is "the Mother of harlots." * Rev. xvii., 5.

Still worse is the abominable idolatry which pervades the Breviary. The Virgin and all those apocryphal saints, and even the material cross are in turn appealed to in its prayers by the wretched priest as his best hope of refuge, in language which represents the merciful Saviour—who groaned, and bled, and died for us on calvary—as a vindictive Judge to propitiate whom he must seek as many mediators as possible, although it is written "There is *one* God and *one* Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus."† O this "offence is rank, and smells to heaven," because it *deifies* dead men and dead women exactly as the ancient pagans deified their departed heroes ! For the pagans acknowledged that the *gods* whom they worshipped had been *men*, only they fancied that after death their souls had merited by earthly achievements, and obtained as their reward a power and influence over the course of nature ; an ability to hear the addresses of thousands and millions

* Paul IV. and five other popes enacted laws against the *seduction of women in the confessional*, but were forced to *drop* the prosecutions ; for so numerous were the accusations that nearly every confessor, by his panic-stricken and melancholy look bore the brand of guilt upon his brow !!! Gonsalvio sanc. Inquis. 185. Llorent. 355.

† 1 Tim. ii., 5. The Virgin is invoked as "Refuge of Sinners," "Ark of the Covenant," "Gate of Heaven," and implored to "loose the chains of our sins," and to "receive us in the death hour!!!" Pars *Æst.* liii.—xc.

calling upon them in all parts of the world at the same time ; and an acquaintance with the secret dispositions of mind in all that invoked them which entitled them to divine worship. Now as the Almighty has declared Himself to be "*a jealous God*," just as unwilling to have His honour impaired as if He were jealous of it; and as He always treated as *idolatry* the conduct of the pagans in thus praying to dead men, surely the miserable priest of Maynooth who daily, through his Breviary, invokes all these dead men and women and "*their Queen*,"—in the same posture, at the same time, in the same place, and even in the same form of words, as he invokes Almighty God,—is palpably guilty of that abominable sin which God hates and has ever punished in those who support as well as in those who practise it ; and yet *our Protestant country splendidly maintains idolatrous Maynooth !*

But there are other thunder-clouds behind these thunder-clouds. Jansenism penetrated the College at its foundation ; and one of its professors, in answer to a question, observed, "That the merits of the saints compared with the merits of Christ, were no more than as a drop of water compared with the ocean." The conversion of several students to Protestantism was the consequence.* However Dr. Murray, late Romish titular archbishop in Dublin, and his fellow prelates were too closely identified with the Jesuits, to permit such a hopeful state of things to continue. They established a Jesuit College at Clongowes, only six miles off, and made its principal the wily Jesuit Dr. Kenny of Palermo, vice-president of Maynooth, 1812, till by the "Sodality of the Sacred Heart" and "the Retreat" regularly performed for five days together, twice a year,—in September and at the ordinations,—he had thoroughly petrified the miserable students into "the staff in an old man's hand, which is moved according to his pleasure," and

* Evidence of Rev. J. Cousins, VIII. Report Irish Educ. Inquiry, Appen. 355.

into "a corpse devoid of voluntary motion," according to the horrible scheme of Loyola, for securing "the blind obedience" so needful to carrying out the crafty measures of the society for the preservation and extension of the papacy.* So with all our well-grounded hostility to that atrocious order, *our Protestant country splendidly maintains a monstrous Jesuit seminary at Maynooth!!* What a triumph to the Jesuits? By the aid of heretic England they seized the absolute and safe control of the education and training of the priests of a land famous for the genius and eloquence, and missionary zeal of her sons! With what intense gratification, not unmingled with scorn at our egregious folly, they see the papal army annually re-inforced by whole troops of their enthusiastic Irish allies who have been for so many years highly fed, clothed and drilled at the cost and charges of the enemy! We are not, however, to suppose that the rigorous rule of the Jesuits ceases to be exercised over these young priests, even when they are under the immediate command of the titular bishops, whom they must always approach with *bended knee*, and whose very *insinuations* they must blindly obey under pain of grievous sin for which they cannot be absolved!†

It is true that those general officers of the pope are *sworn* "to defend the Roman papacy and the royalties of St. Peter against every man, to observe with all their powers, and to *cause others to observe* all the decrees of the pope; and to *persecute and fight against* (to the utmost of their power) all heretics!"‡ It is true that all beneficed priests of Rome are pledged foes to gospel truth and must perforce incessantly inculcate each and every abomination of popery, for by the

* Ibid, 327, 383, 411.

† Morriſſy's Development of the Irish Inquisition, 115, 157.

‡ Pontificale Romanum. Pars. i. 24. "Hereticos, Schismaticos, . . . pro posse, prosequar, et impugnabo."

creed of Pope Pius IV. they are *sworn* to oppose the *free* use of the Bible, and to maintain Image Worship and Saint Worship, and Auricular Confession, and Transubstantiation, and Wafer Worship, and Seven Sacraments and Indulgences, and papal Supremacy and Canon Laws, and Decrees of General Councils, (including the murderous Lateran), and the Trent doctrine of *Justification by Works*, and the Superabundance of Human merit,—all of which directly increase the priests pelf and profit, by making them masters of the living,—as well as the dreadful Purgatory, which makes them masters of the dead!*

It is true that they leave Maynooth no longer Irishmen, but Roman Churchmen,—mere stoics, “men without a tear,” whose sympathies are no longer with their country or their kind, for let them take oaths of allegiance as they will, they are “only loyal upon paper”, says Dr. O’Conor, “because they hold the discipline of the Council of Trent to be as binding as the doctrine of the Seven Sacraments, and that discipline grants to the pope powers which clash with the oath of allegiance;”† and their unnatural celibacy prevents them, says Lord Bacon, “from giving hostages for good behaviour to their country, whilst it renders them more cruel and hard hearted, good to make severe Inquisitors, because their tenderness is not so often called upon.”‡ It is also true that Maynooth priests are vigilantly and jealously watched by their zealous rivals, the Friars, who prowl about Ireland incessantly, and settle thickly down and organize all their “holy guilds and confraternities for extirpating heresy,” in any “mission” where the priests are remiss or overmatched; and this they do in direct dependance upon their Father-Generals at Rome, and in direct defiance of

* See the bull “*Injunctum Nobis*,” Bullarium Romanum, Tome iv. P. 2. 204.

† Columbanus, No. 6, 81.

‡ Essays viii, p. 38.

"the Protestant priests" who soon share the fate of poor Harold. And yet with all these potent means of making the priests "Gospel-proof," the sagacious sons of Loyola are so determined to secure their important 'vantage ground in this part of the British Empire, that every successive year all Irish priests are summoned into *Retreat*, and Maynooth College swarms with them during the vacation,* that, to use Dr. O'Connor's startling language,—“in the midst of much external devotion, they may gradually proceed to *make a false conscience* to themselves, and extinguish the light of reason.” All this deadly iniquity is perpetrated at the *cost* and with the *sanction* of our Protestant country!

Such being the enormous power and perfect organization of popery in Ireland, supported by the “physical force” of vast multitudes of poor ignorant excitable beings, carefully trained up in ferocious hostility towards “Saxon heretics,” and crouching like tame tigers under the whips of their mighty and mysterious priests, we may easily imagine that that the Reformation struggle, so nobly carried on by the Irish clergy during the last forty years, is by far the most interesting part of the modern history of Ireland. The narrative is replete with soul-stirring incidents, often displaying the hero's unflinching gallantry, and the Martyr's unfailing devotion. None but heavenly motives, and none but heavenly strength, could have nerved our modern Reformers for the awfully unequal conflict, and made them more than conquerors through Him who loved them, and who sent them forth to their poor benighted countrymen, “to open their eyes and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they might receive forgiveness of sins, and an inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in Him.”† Such a spectacle

* VIII. Report Irish Educ. Inquiry, Appendix 383. † Acts xxvi. 18.

is worthy of the admiration of men and of angels! It redounds amazingly to the glory of God, for the singular interpositions of His Providence in raising up and sustaining suitable agents, during the rise and progress of the new Irish Reformation, as manifestly display the Sun of Righteousness, "casting His bright beams of light upon His Church" in Ireland, and scattering the opposing powers of darkness—as the morning light, dispelling the mists upon its mountains, proves the lustrous presence and the irresistible power of the glorious orb of day.

By the fifth Article of the Union, the English and Irish Churches were perfectly incorporated in 1800, as "The United Church of England and Ireland," and the Irish clergy being thus placed in a position of security and of influence, which they had never before enjoyed under British rule, and partaking in the spiritual revival which then began to bless their English brethren, gradually formed Societies for the extension of Scriptural knowledge in their miserable country. Their first efforts were feeble indeed, for they were made for the collection in England of *worn out Bibles* for the use of the Irish poor. But God "did not despise the day of small things," and He "gave more grace," so that very encouraging success crowned their "work of faith and labour of love."* Scriptural schools multiplied so fast under the fostering care of the clergy, and the liberal support of the State and of the Protestant public—supplied by the Kildare place and London Hibernian Societies—that in 1831 there were no less than 300,000 poor Romanists daily and joyfully receiving instruction in them, exclusive of the many thousands taught in the Sunday schools which gave weekly instruction to upwards of 200,000 children.† Churches in-

* Rev. S. Madden's Memoir of Rev. P. Roe, gives much interesting information on this period. † Rev. Dr. Martin's Defence of the Irish Clergy, 5.

creased from 600 to nearly 1600, and many a ruined temple was restored to beauty and to blessing. The grand Reformation doctrine "Justification by Faith only," was profoundly and eloquently advocated in the Irish University, by its far famed Divinity Professor, the Rev. Dr. O'Brien,—now Bishop of Ossory,—the Divinity Students heard the "Gospel's joyful sound" in place of dry dissertations on "Moral Theology or Dogmatic Theology," and when they ascended the pulpits of their native land the Gospel "trumpet did not give an uncertain sound, so all prepared them to the battle," and "earnestly contended for the Faith which was once delivered unto the Saints."

The Irish speaking Romanists were now zealously sought out in their wild mountain and island homes; for, chiefly by the enlightened patriotism of that eminent benefactor of Ireland, the Dr. H. T. M. Mason, the fatal mistake which had placed their language under a ban, and had consequently excluded them from the blessings of the Reformation—was thoroughly exposed, and the Irish Society began in 1818 to tread in the steps of good Bishop Bedell, and to circulate the Holy Scriptures amongst the native Irish in their own beloved tongue. Never was a measure more admirably suited to advance the Gospel in Ireland; for the native language is rich in poetic imagery, deep pathos, and vivid expression. The Irish word for widow is "Woman of tears," that for reconciliation is "Second Friendship," and that for Gospel is "The Story of Peace." The Bible then with its high Oriental imagery and exquisite pathos, irresistibly captivated the hearts of the poor Irish who eagerly learned to read it *when* they could—before work hours, or in the short intervals of labour, or at night; and *where* they could—in the depths of a bog, or of a quarry or under a hedge, or on the top of a house, or by the blazing splinter of pine wood in their own poor hovels. The inde-

fatigable labours of the Rev. Robert Daly,—now the beloved and venerated Bishop of Cashel,—and of the excellent Rev. Robert Winning, a Presbyterian Minister—now the Incumbent of Kingscourt,—extended "*The Irish work*," as the poor natives fondly called it, throughout the land, and hundreds of thousands for the first time heard in their "own tongue the wonderful works of God," for the Romish Church had never during its centuries of despotic sway, given an Irish version of the Bible to the Irish people!!!

The first direct Missionary movement was made, 1824, by the Rev. Richard Murray—now the amiable and venerable Dean of Ardagh,—and Askeaton, Co. Limerick, was the scene of this new enterprise. Doubts of its reality and forebodings of failure were at length exchanged for warm congratulations, and for still more cheering determinations "to go and do likewise," when it was found that hundreds of Romanists had openly renounced popery under Mr. Murray's faithful exposure of its soul destroying errors, and his equally faithful exposition of "the truth as it is in Jesus;" when it was found that not one of these converts died a papist, and when it appeared that scattered over the Empire as they soon were by persecution, they every where "adorned the doctrine of God their Saviour in all things," as true Protestants and loyal subjects. In the Canadian insurrection, three of these Irish converts were the first to volunteer "to fight for their Queen." This commencement of direct missionary enterprise, received a strong impetus from the cordial support of Bishop Jebb, a prelate whose memory is precious to the Church, from the rare learning, and piety, and purity of principle, which brightly adorned his character. The Rev. A. J. Preston, Curate,—now Rector—of Kilmeague, also did the Church and State infinite service at this eventful crisis. The Forty Shilling franchise, had borne disastrously upon

the Protestant yeomanry of Ireland, for it proved a powerful temptation to the short-sighted landlords, to increase their political influence by subdividing their estates into small allotments, amongst hordes of squalid Romanists. The Protestants were fast emigrating in disgust, and in many rural parishes like Kilmeague, the congregations had dwindled down to the clerk and sexton. Mr. Preston mourned over this crying evil, which was the more hopeless in his case from the vicinity of Maynooth College and the Jesuit seminary at Clongowes. Never was there a more striking instance of the irresistible might which Matthew Henry ascribes to "prayers and pains!" The young Curate by his persuasions induced a few stray Protestants to settle near him. He then took a tract of land at his own risk, and on it located some families who were just leaving Ireland. The minister and the parish got a good name. He was a second Oberlin, and Kilmeague gradually became another Ban de la Roche, possessed of a smiling village, fully frequented Church, and a flourishing scriptural School. The success of the colony became a great fact. It was admired throughout Ireland, and still better it was imitated, and thus many a "Sweet Auburn" was saved from realizing the Irish poet's lamentation:

"Princes and Lords may flourish and may fade,
A breath can make them as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, its country's pride,
If once destroyed, can never be supplied."

But "*Maynooth soon began to be felt*," as Mr. Wyse complacently observed in his history of the (R.) Catholic Association. The atrocious Ribbon society reappeared in desolating fury. The deepest mystery shrouds this diabolical conspiracy, but from the various Parliamentary inquiries which have been made upon it, we learn that it is exclusively composed of Romanists,—that it extends into England, Wales and

Scotland,—that its prime movers are *unknown* persons of superior rank and skilful tactics in organizing the system—that secret committees determine what crime should be perpetrated, and by what strangers to the locality—that the great object of the conspirators is to establish Romanism, and to *exterminate Protestants*, and that by a *general massacre* if practicable—that their secret oaths and pass words are all branded with deadly hate to Protestants—and finally, that they “firmly believed *the prophecy*, that though they might be repelled twice by the army, yet when they had met a man who was to come to them from heaven, and to sprinkle them with *holy water*, then the military should fall before them even if they held up only *straws* as the arms with which they fought!!!”*

That Romish priests are behind the scenes of this sanguinary secret society is only too evident, not merely from its exact conformity to Romish canon laws and to their own previous conduct, but from the proved facts, that the threatening notices which invariably precede an outrage, have been in a great many instances, traced to the Romish *National School masters* of the vicinity, who are notoriously under the arbitrary control of the priests;†—that when upon the *discovery* of the conspiracy, a Romish bishop, (Dr. Doyle) wrote a pastoral against it, he merely used the mild remonstrance of Eli—“Why do ye such things? Nay my sons!” and absolutely “wished Ribbonmen (*unconditionally*) health and benediction,” instead of blasting the Society for ever by fulminating against its members, “great thunder claps of excommunication.” This course was pursued by all the Romish priests.‡ Again the difficulty of obtaining evidence on this

* Phelan and O’Sullivan’s digest of Evidence on the state of Ireland, 33, 42. Compare Report of Outrages (Ireland) Committee 1852, Evidence of Capts. Fitzmaurice and Warburton. † Report of Outrages (Ireland) 1852, 9.

‡ Phelan and O’Sullivan’s Digest of Evidence, 272-275, 305.

and other criminal matters in Ireland, and their consequent impunity, can be directly traced to the priestly confessional. The pain of mind attendant upon being the confidant of a guilty secret, is completely removed by communicating it to a priest, in confession, and as the latter is so far from making it a condition of absolution that information shall be given of the crime, that he actually absolves the man fully determined upon perpetrating it; we cannot wonder that the name of "*informer*" should be so odious in Ireland as to endanger the life of him that bears it. It is impossible to over-rate the sinister influence which the emissaries of Rome thus exercise over the administration of justice in Ireland. The Rev. Dr. O'Sullivan narrates a thrilling instance of its Satanic effect. A criminal under sentence of death seemed moved with sorrow for his guilt, and expressed his readiness to give information which might be important to the peace of the country, which was then the scene of atrocious agrarian outrages. A priest entered the cell and was left alone with the doomed man, who after obtaining "all the consolations of his Church" appeared perfectly at ease, and quietly said to his mortified visitors "that he had made disclosures to the priest, and it would be for him to disclose what he thought fit; but that he, the prisoner, would not communicate to them any further information!"* This is not all. A Romish priest, eminent apparently for his peaceful character, when a Ribbonman,—who felt his conscience burdened by the oath which pledged him to a *general massacre* of the Protestants in Ireland, by "holding himself to be ready to wade knee deep in the blood of the heretical clan, whenever occasion required,"—applied to him

* Phelan and O'Sullivan's Digest, 272—274. If a confessor be asked concerning a truth which he has known by confession, he must answer that he does *not* know it, and can confirm the same by an *oath*!!! Dens Theol. vi. 159.

at confession for advice; instantly threw aside the subject as beneath his notice, and as not implying sin, with the slighting remark—"Oh, that is a general thing!" Still more, a distinguished *M. P.* who gloried in being the man of the priests, has been known in addressing a body of upwards of 20,000 Romanists, to begin his speech by throwing the Ribbon sign and answering it with the countersign; and to end it by giving the Ribbon pass word with its appointed answer, amidst thunders of applause!!!*

The lighted turf conveyed with breathless speed in one night of 1838, through above *one half of Ireland*, from one Romish house to another is believed to have been a telegraphic experiment, to know how far the Ribbon order for a midnight massacre of Protestants could be effected! This appalling statement of the Romish priests' guilty connivance in the murderous Ribbon society, is but too fully confirmed by Dr. Doyle's declaration, that "if a rebellion were raging from Carrickfergus to Cape Clear, no prelate would fulminate an excommunication." If they were contented to remain passive spectators of murder and treason, we might be satisfied with their conscientious adhesion to a system which our *Protestant* country maintains by supporting Maynooth; but ah! my reader, those "vassal slaves of bloody Rome" are forced into deadly activity, by their execrable canon laws. Listen to Dr. Doyle, "We will never cease whilst our tongues can move, or our pens can write, to keep alive in the whole empire, as well as in our own people, a sense of the wrongs we suffer, and to exhibit to an indignant world all the

* Deposition of an Ex-Ribbonman, sworn 9th June, 1835, before three beneficed Clergymen of Cavan, (one of whom was a Magistrate) from whom I received it. The London "Standard" published this atrocious Oath in 1835 or 1836. Its other clauses are—to obey Ribbon Superiors,—to convey their orders twelve miles,—to support their Church,—defend their brethren in Courts of Law,—and to vote for a Romish Candidate.

privations we endure. Our fetters are too galling are too closely rivetted, our keepers are too unfeeling remain silent, or to permit them to enjoy repose."* conduct could we expect from priests appointed under the influence of a foreign and a hostile sworn "to persecute and fight against heretics?" discovery made by a candid Romish priest, of the secretly cherished aim of the Maynooth priest the pope must have the nomination and appointment Catholic monarchs to these realms; that Ireland tributary to him again; that the bishops and priests reinstated in their glebes and Church livings; that forfeited estates must be restored to the right owners Established Church must be (R.) Catholic; that a tics in the land must be exterminated, and their confiscated; and that the nation must be purged from and the remains of heresy!!!"†

To gain this ambitiously desired pinnacle of success by consolidating their vast political strength, their concessions wrung from Government, as well as to attract attention of their unfortunate dupes from religion by keeping their prejudices at the boiling point incessant agitation, the Romish priests fabricated after grievance, and religious cry after religious astonishing ingenuity, and absolutely contrived the most persecuted of mortals, whilst in reality driving all before them, and privately congratulating another on their astonishing success in the acquisition of power! When Pastorini's prophecies, clearing "that bishop of Rome" from being Anti-christ; and "that Luther, the apocalyptic star which fell from P would be extinguished in 1821, after blazing 306

* Phelan and O'Sullivan's Digest, 151, 314.

† Morrissey's Development of the Irish Inquisition, part ii, :

became "flat, stale and unprofitable:" then Prince Hohenloe's mock miracles created a perfect frenzy of devotion to Rome. They in turn lost credit, but popular attention was instantly engrossed by a passionate demand for (R.) Catholic emancipation, which was ably supported by Ribbon outrages in every direction. Then as each grievance was quashed by concession, a new cry echoed shrill and startling, "from Carrickfergus to Cape Clear." The demolition of Scriptural Schools, the abolition of Church Rates, the extinction of Tithe, the repeal of the Union, Tenant Right, and last, not least—Religious Equality, has each, in its turn, "frighted the isle from its propriety." Listen to Dr. O'Connor's description of the pernicious results of the cold, cruel, and callous policy, pursued by these Roman Churchmen:—"When I contemplate these matters in silent sorrow, and revolve in my mind the calamities they have occasioned to my country; when I reflect that the Irish always prospered as long as they were not tampered with by *foreign intriguers*, that their lands improved, their capital increased, their towns, villages, and cities, became more comodious; that plantations adorned their country seats, the golden harvest waved amongst their vallies, and cattle fed on their thousand hills, as the reward of national piety and peace; and when, on the other hand, I consider the frightful solitudes occasioned by so many rebellions and *religious* cries, which had no foundation in fact; men sowing in anguish, and reaping in vexation, children starving, women desparing, *famine, pestilence, and war*, indiscriminately assailing the innocent with the guilty, ships no longer animating the dreary waste of *depopulated* shores; when I consider all this, and take into account the *vile and cowardly sycophants*, by whom those religious cries were raised, and the viler *Inquisition maxims* to which all the manly energies of our bravest heroes and stoutest hearts, were compelled to

bend, I look back with regret to honest *Columbanus*, and I ask indignantly, the *pulrahan* beating high at my heart,—Cannot we have the religion of our ancestors, as Columbanus had it?"* Columbanus had protested, A.D., 602, against the usurpations of pope Boniface IV. and had assured the arrogant pontiff that the Irish clergy would admit no doctrine which could not be proved by the WRITTEN WORD OF GOD.†

The Irish clergy of our day have nobly vindicated their succession in doctrine, as well as in descent from the Primitive Irish Church, by maintaining the same grand principle, against the concentrated hostility of the intruding priests of the Italian communion. The very first result of the fatal "Emancipation Act" of 1829, was a deadly onslaught upon the Bible. So early as 1824, pope Leo XII. had issued an encyclical letter, in which he stigmatized the Bible society as "strolling with effrontery throughout the world, turning (by translating it into the vulgar tongue) the Gospel of Christ into the Gospel of the devil;" and that wretched "Man of Sin" quoted pope Pius VII., who also had denounced this "most wicked novelty" and exhorted (R.) "Catholic bishops to turn away the flock from poisonous pastures!!!" Twenty-seven Romish bishops, including Doyle and Murray, recommended that Letter as "replete with truth and wisdom;" reminded the Irish people of the rule established by the Council of Trent, which prohibits the perusal of the Bible in the vulgar tongue, without the written sanction of the competent authorities;‡—and declared that Bibles in the vulgar tongue, "have been and for ever

* Columbanus, *Ad Hibernos* No. 3, 95.

† "Thorough Irishmen are we. . . Men that receive nothing beyond the teaching of the Evangelists and Apostles." King, *Church History of Ireland*, 300.

‡ *Sacros. Trid. Concil, Index, Expurg. Regula*, iv.

will be *execrated and prohibited* by the Church, and therefore frequently consigned, (by her order) *to the flames!!!*”*

Melancholy were the *Bible-burnings* that followed this Anti-Christian pastoral. Let one remarkable case suffice us. A Maynooth priest entered an Irish teacher's cabin, and savagely asked the woman of the house for the devils that lived there,—her husband, and the Irish Bible! The former was, fortunately for himself, absent, but the monster deliberately took down the Irish Bible from its honoured shelf, and cast it into the flames! While page after page was being consumed, the teacher's aged mother, who had often rejoiced at hearing from her son's lips “the story of peace,” sat rocking herself back and forward in an agony of grief, and from time to time with a fresh gush of tears she gave utterance in Irish to the following lamentation, which is still more pathetic and expressive in the language in which it was spoken:—“Oh God! Oh God! Now is burned the Book of books, the father of all good stories; there were in it stories from Heaven, stories from Angels! Oh yes! and stories of Jesus; stories of His apostles and saints; and amidst all was the dreadful! but oh! the joyful for sinners! the story of the crucifying Friday! Oh! its burnt; its burnt; the Book of my soul, the Book of my heart, the Book of my Saviour!” Surely the finger of God is visible in the fact that the priest was drowned a few days afterwards; and that the poor Irishwoman's cry reached the hearts of many of the ladies of Ireland, who formed, in 1833, an association for sending as readers amongst the natives, a number of tried and pious frieze-coated Irish converts, who should, without observation, go forth to the mountain's top and valley's depth to replace all the destroyed Bibles, and to expound to their delighted hearers “the way of God more perfectly.” (Acts xviii. 26.)

* Encycl. Letter, *Coyne*, Printer to Maynooth, 1824. Stanford's Hand Book to the Romish controversy, 232.

Miss Mason, sister of Dr. Mason,—the steadfast and able secretary of the Irish Society,—undertook the guidance of the newly-formed auxiliary ; and the Christian love and sympathy which supported and hailed its first infantine steps on Irish ground, have grown with its growth, and strengthened with its strength. In 1833 Miss Mason and her friends collected £355 0s. 2d., and employed four readers ; but in this, its twentieth year, she has, by God's blessing upon her zealous labours, realised to the "Ladies' Irish Association," £2,086, and sent forth sixty-five readers, besides raising £395 for the relief of persecuted readers and converts. Those readers are selected, trained and superintended by the clergy. If their services to the new Irish Reformation have been many and great, their sufferings in its cause have been many and grievous. Their first ordeal—the altar curse—is far harder to be borne than the "canonical punishment," which a too generous use of the priest's horse-whip not seldom inflicts upon their bleeding shoulders. The following simple stanzas, written by an Irish reader, faithfully depict their sufferings and their consolations, when the priest's curse causes their "own familiar friends to lift up the heel" against them.

THE IRISH READER'S LAMENT.

An exile at home I must dwell,
None dare to converse or make free;
From the reach of all men I'm expell'd,
No share with my people for me.

The Priest all his power has exerted,
His craft o'er the world prevails;
All men from my face have deserted,
Not one to accost me remains.

Each man to me seems to be dumb,
That once for my health did inquire;
Their friendship they all do resume,
And their language it seems to expire.

My cabin is lonesome at night,
No foot-sound I hear at the door;
My friends who were once my delight,
Will visit my cottage no more.

My spouse who was tender and kind,
Her affections were faithful and free,
She's gone and has left me behind,
For in death she is severed from me.

Two orphans of mother bereft,
Yet tender in years to controul,
Are all the companions that's left
Their forlorn sire to console.

But yet, through the Gospel of glory,
I search for the truth there foretold,
And read for my babes a story,
Once wrote by the Prophets of old.

I am nourished by Christ's invitations,
Who calls on the weak and oppress'd,
And says, to a world of nations,
Come to me, and I'll give you rest!

Listen to Dr. Doyle's description of the horrible success of the Maynooth priests' crusade against the English Bible, which had less attractions for the poor Romanists:—"I heard of a poor man in the county Kildare, who, *if* I gave him a Bible approved of by the Church, would venerate it more than anything he possessed; but having been favoured by the lady of his master with one of the Societies Bibles, *without note or comment*,* accepted it with all the reverence which the fear of losing his situation inspired; but behold! when the night closed and all danger of detection was removed, he, lest he should be infected with heresy, exhaled from the Protestant Bible during his sleep, *took it with a tongs, for he would not defile his touch with it*, and buried it in a grave, which he had prepared for it in his garden!! Should a pious old lady of the society ever read this anecdote, the hair of her head will start up, the frightful picture of popery will pass before her eyes, and she will rehearse devoutly the prayer of the Gunpowder Plot. Yet I do admire the orthodoxy of this Kildare peasant, nay I admire it greatly; and should I happen to meet him I shall reward him for his zeal!!"†

When the Irish clergy were urged in 1831 to join the Romish priests in a newly modelled system of national education, surely they acted nobly and faithfully in rejecting the godless scheme which was devised by Dr. Murray and his Jesuit allies, for wresting the Bible from all Romish children in the Irish schools; and whose rules, one and all, were most Jesuitically framed for the total extinction of the rising Reformation.‡

* "Aye, there's the rub!" It wanted the Douay notes, which make black popery to appear bright Christianity. † J. K. L. Let. on Edu., p. 39.

‡ See the Rev. John Elmes's truly eloquent and unanswerable work,—*Irish National Education*—Hope & Co., London, 1853.

The whole political power of the papacy was exerted in this great struggle, and as the English people paid little attention to that "Irish question," the Romish priests gained the day. Oh melancholy triumph!—Angels wept over it!—300,000 little children were rudely dragged back into the gross darkness and bondage of popery just as they were emerging into Gospel-light and liberty! All State support was withdrawn from the Scriptural schools, and an annual grant—averaging upwards of £100,000—erected in direct opposition to them, more than 3000 "*National Schools*," in which the priests take *religious* care that "the Bible should not be made a primer for every shoe-less urchin, lest," said Dr. Doyle, "*the devil should play his pranks with the children by means of the Scriptures!*"* So Sir James Young in a late debate, gloried in the fact that the Irish National Schools never made one single "*proselyte*" out of the millions of children who have passed through them!† The Irish clergy "in much patience" struggled bravely to support Scriptural schools open to poor Romanists, chiefly from their own resources, but their fidelity evoked such a storm of papal persecution as well nigh proved their destruction. During the following five years the priests, by the aid of their hireling lawyers—"the dark lanterns of Dublin bar," as Dr. O'Connor calls them—mercilessly compelled the people to cease the payment of tithes. When the poor priest Morrissey was similarly treated on account of his independence of spirit, he exclaimed, "*Oh! horrid contrivance, to starve a man to death, as he cannot be burned by the faggot, or nailed up to the wall in subterranean caverns under the feet of inquisitorial monks and friars!*"‡

Dreadful were the sufferings which ensued, but God

* Dub. Uni. Mag. i. 596.

† "Daily Express," April 28, 1853.

‡ Development of Irish Inquisition, p. ii., 182.

mercifully mitigated them by an English contribution of £50,000. Then the famine grew more intolerable, and God again touched a sympathetic chord in the heart of England. At a great meeting held in Freemason's Hall, December 3rd, 1835, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London gave their testimony to the character of the Irish clergy, while they were in prosperity "as a body of whom before the late commission of the House of Lords witnesses of different religions and politics had borne concurrent testimony as to their moderation in exacting their dues; their kindness shown universally to all their parishioners; the respect in which they were held even by those who did not profit by their ministry; their zealous attention to their spiritual duties; their Christian charity in expending, in many instances, affluent incomes in relieving the necessities of the large population around them without regard to religious distinctions; and their great activity as visitors of the poor in the deepest recesses of the most remote districts of Ireland, where there was no eye to watch their acts of charity, and no praise to recompense them but His eye who watches all the exertions of His ministering servants, and that approving conscience which anticipates the sentence that shall go forth at the great judgment day." The good Prelates then presented a different picture, exhibiting glebe houses fortified with bolts, bars, and bullet-proof planks, as if in a state of siege, or dilapidated and open to the elements, as even straw could not be obtained to make them weather-proof;—large families without shoes to their feet, or butcher's meat on their tables;—families scattered abroad amongst friends, or engaged *for their food* as teachers; sons re-called from the University to labour in the fields; insurances given up; credit stopped; persons owing three years tithe themselves, prosecuting the clergy for small sums; and some of those

faithful men of God, after "suffering the loss of all things," cruelly murdered like the martyr Irwin Whitty. They then pointed out some of the more delicately touching features of the picture, and showed that the Irish Rectors had borne their afflictions in silence, and without a murmur; that though they had parted with their servants, and sent away their children, they had forborne, (wherever it was possible,) from dismissing their Curates, or diminishing their scanty salaries; that amidst all their privations, mental anxiety, and in many cases personal danger, they forsook not their posts, and were so far from soliciting private charity, that the committee charged with distributing the fund previously contributed, found more difficulty in prevailing upon the sufferers to accept assistance, than they had in obtaining means to supply their wants. The Bishop of London then called earnestly on the English nation to "prevent Protestantism from being starved out of Ireland, for that was the avowed policy of those who had so wantonly withheld their just dues from the clergy of the Protestant Church." Sir R. H. Inglis, a champion of the Church, "good at need," then solemnly adjured the nation "not to sacrifice as a peace-offering to any incarnation of evil the Church in Ireland; and he reminded the English clergy that "there is no Church of Ireland, the Church being one and indivisible on both sides of the channel." The Rev. H. Melvill next pointed out as justice due to Ireland, that since England first planted popery there, she should now maintain and extend Protestantism in it, as a person *repenting of having given poison to a man would keep a physician by his bedside*, and concluded with these memorable words:—"Again and again I tell you that Protestantism is the *real* object of the present attack. *Our enemies are endeavouring to eject Protestantism by ejecting its ministers.* This is the project of furious priests and factious

demagogues, and our call to you is to resist this project and assist the Protestant clergy to roll back the tide of furious opposition. If I could call up to your view Martyrs and Confessors—if I could crowd this building with the forms of those who in by-gone days made a rampart of their bodies against the encroachments of popery—with what awe and veneration would you gaze upon the noble company! How would you gather, from beholding Cranmer, and Ridley, and Latimer, fresh ardour in withstanding a religion which gave to the flames so illustrious a group! I know that the memory of the Martyrs wakes the pulses of a holy indignation, and that the breathing of their names, like the trumpet peal of a righteous war, sends the throb of a high resolve through this assembly. If ye could now be spectators of Martyrdom, would ye not, hand to hand, and foot to foot, and shoulder to shoulder, rush against the familiars of an Inquisition, and snatch from the scaffold, or rescue from the stake the victims of intolerance? But call ye nothing Martyrdom but the being dragged on a hurdle and wrapped in flames? I call it Martyrdom that a man should be forced to behold the wife of his bosom—a tender and perhaps a fragile thing—faint with hunger, unable to procure for her the scanty morsel which, if procured, she would strive with loving violence to force back upon himself. I call it Martyrdom that a Minister of Christ should be compelled, for the sake of his religion, to behold in his children the hollow cheek and sunken eye, which tell too eloquently the tale of want; and that day by day they should come around him for bread, and he have nothing to give them but his tears and his prayers,—I call this Martyrdom. Oh—it were easier, God helping, to nerve one's-self for the stake than for a famished and outcast household! And if you would be stirred by the spectacle of Martyrdom; if you would spring forward to

break down the scaffold, and extinguish the fire, and snatch away its victims; prove this day, by your sympathy and your zeal, in endeavouring to extricate the present Martyrs from their difficulties, that the Spirit of Protestantism, if it have laid long dormant, has not been extinguished, but that there are yet staunch and true men in England, who in the hour of her Church's peril will count their religion dearer than their substance, and who having received from their fathers a charter of faith stained with the blood of the holiest and the best, would rather dye it afresh in the tide of their own veins, than send it down, torn and mutilated, to their children."*

Those truthful and powerful appeals awoke the Protestants of Britain. They arose as one man, and rushed to the rescue of their suffering brethren. The time-serving ministers of the crown no longer presumed to parley with the court of Rome; they hastened to advance one million sterling to the Irish clergy on account of their arrears of income, and, by the sacrifice of one-fourth of her revenues and ten of her bishoprics, the Church in Ireland was placed in the safe and satisfactory position of being directly supported by the landlords (of whom nine-tenths are Protestants) and thus collision with the poor misguided Romish peasantry was for ever at an end. How much good was thus educed out of evil, by Him who "moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform!" What a mighty impetus was thus given to the new Irish Reformation! Ever since the Church Temporalities Act of 1836, the "true-bred Romans" of Maynooth have been unable to raise a national "cry" against the church in Ireland. They have, therefore, made the floor of the Parliament House their battle-field, and by the aid of "the dark lanterns of Dublin Bar," the Roman stiletto often inflicts a grievous wound upon the Church. Thus when the

* Report of Public Meeting at Freemason's Hall, Dec. 3rd, 1835.

Irish Poor Law was enacted, the rate was equally divided between landlord and tenant, *except in the case of the clergy*, who, though landlords to the amount of their rent-charge, were made liable to the full rate, *i.e.*, to *double* the taxation levied off of every other description of rent!* We have great reason for thankfulness that such true-hearted Protestants as Napier and Hamilton, Whiteside and Verner, are members of the House and ever at their posts to watch and to expose the wily assaults of the foe. Meanwhile the brilliant light cast upon the mysterious machinery and canon laws of Romanism, by the speeches and publications of the Rev. Drs. Martin, O'Sullivan and Mc.Ghee; by the splendid controversial triumph of the Rev. Dr. Gregg; the successful missionary labours of Rev. Messrs. Nangle and Gayer, Coneys and Norman, created a perfect frenzy amongst the emissaries of Rome, who saw "their craft in danger to be set at nought."

How did our sapient statesmen endeavour, 1845, to appease the Irish monster meetings which shook the empire by their uproar for repeal of the Union? Simply by raising the annual grant to Maynooth from £8,000 to £30,000, and by conferring upon it the magnificent boon of £30,000! They fancied that they could thus change the spirit of the priests of unchangeable Rome! Hear Dr. O'Connor on this point:—"Rome! good reader, what a scene presents itself to our minds! Often have I strolled into St. Peter's church, when thousands of footsteps moving on its marble pavements

* For example, a rate of 10s. in the £1 (unhappily a frequent case in Ireland) being deducted off the *year's* income, sweeps away the whole half-year's income in which it is payable; and if the clergyman die soon after paying that enormous tax, his widow and orphans cannot recover any part of it. See the reports of "The Clergy Temporary Relief Fund," Rev. C. Wolseley, sec., for many harrowing cases of distress, little inferior to that of 1835. The Irish tithe rent charge is less than the *eightieth* part of the produce of the soil. Bishop of Ossory's charge, 1845, p. 251.

were echoed from its lofty nave, whilst the dome seemed to swell expanding to the sounds of the choir, and deep organs accompanied by the finest voices in the world, seemed to fetch music in aid of religion from the heavenly abodes. I have entered the same church when profound solitude invited my steps to the unfrequented tombs; then my mind, over-awed by the sanctity of the place, turned away even from its stupendous architecture, and I wandered pensively amidst ranges of marble pillars, and under gilded domes, to the secluded tribunals of conscience, to Rossi's statue of Justice, and to Bernini's statue of Death! What a theatre for the eloquence of religion! In one tomb lies the body of Chrysostom, in another that of Gregory Nazianzen; farther on the tombs of the Martyrs. Oh! that one day in the depth of this awful solitude a general council were to open its proceedings with the hymn of Invocation, 'Veni Creator Spiritus!' and that the voice of a Massillon could then be heard, rolling from pillar to pillar, and echoing from tomb to tomb, *denouncing the abuses of spiritual power, and restoring the original honesty and simplicity of Christian truth, by planting them in the hearts of their teachers!—the priests—a hopeless theory!*"*

The duplicity of the priests in fomenting the insurrection of 1848, and retiring from it as soon as it became dangerous, threatened to destroy all public confidence in them, and yet at the general elections of 1852 their political power was greater than ever! Listen to Sir F. B. Head describing the working out of their astute policy, from their own published speeches, letters and journals, as well as from the evidence collected by himself. Doubtful electors were served with Ribbon notices curiously garnished with rude sketches of coffins, death's-heads and cross-bones, pistols, &c., and

* Columbanus, ii., Vicarial Excursion, 76.

"Vote as the priest bids you, or—" was their warning. The altars rung with priestly denunciations of landlords, "by whom fearful murders and outrages have been committed against the laws of God," and the excited multitude were informed that "any law at variance with the laws of the Church, in matters spiritual, is no law at all, and should be evaded and disobeyed;" and the landlords were assailed with the fierce personal address, "*You shall not murder even legally.*" Then came the dark hint, "*You know what to do with those who will not vote with you, as for me I will not administer the last sacrament, if they were dying, to any person who shall vote for the present Government.*" Or plainer still—"I will pitch the *silk* into them," with orders for a plentiful "preparation of blackthorn sticks and arms, which must not be spared against those who vote against the people." On nomination days numbers of priests proposed and seconded their candidates in speeches of such thrilling power and inflammatory tendency as this:—"What has shrivelled the brow of youth into the wrinkled features of age? What has sucked away the strength and muscle from the manhood of our country, and left our strong men as sapless skeletons staggering with hunger like drunken men through our streets? What has converted into quagmires the grave-yards of the island, oozing with the flooded rottenness of the uncoffined dead? What has swept away over the stormy waves of the western ocean myriads of our peasantry, the bone and sinew of our native land? What has melted away in a few short years *three millions* of the Irish people, and left poor Ireland a howling wilderness? The voice that cries in the wilderness of Irish desolation, answers and says—'It is *landlord-despotism and want of tenant-right* that have turned Ireland into a wilderness, and made the Eden of the west—the Niobe of nations!'" Then in a spirit

of "stormy cheer" the hustings were set in a roar of fierce merriment by sarcastic allusions to:—"Ben Disraeli, a converted Jew—a gentleman whose ancestors were on visiting terms with Nebuchadnezzar, when his majesty returned from grass!" Or to Lord Derby:—"The sign of the scorpion is again in the ascendant. This ruthless slave driver adds a new knot to his whip and says, 'I will chastise you with scorpions.'" Or to him "who helped to puff the castle bellows to forge chains for our bishops!" But the burden of every priest was "Let the people send to Parliament fifty, or even forty members as an *Irish Brigade*, and so sure as to-morrow's sun will rise, so sure will the charter of tenant-right be conceded, and the monstrosity of the Protestant (Church) Establishment disappear from the face of an outraged world; for the two great parties—whig and tory—are pretty nearly equally matched, and it will be easy for us in their struggles for power to step in between the belligerents, not to give either the mastery over the other, but to defeat them again and again, and by these repeated defeats to teach them that no party can reckon on the retention of power for twelve months without rendering to the (R.) Catholics of this realm full justice"—that is, perfect ascendancy. Disloyal allusions were rife enough, but craftily kept within the bounds of the law—such as, "some assert that there is not to be found an Irishman who would not fight for the Queen of England in case of *invasion*. I venture to assert that I speak the feelings of the majority of my countrymen—that were *Anti-Christ* to land with an army of devils and 666 visible on his forehead, I would say, 'Bravo, son of his Satanic majesty! go on with your hoofy legion, and *down, down with the bloody old British empire!*'" The "real tug of war" was on the days of polling. Then the sturdy sons of Maynooth, marshalled mobs, snatched recusant voters

from military escorts, "careless of the Queen's cloth," watched the booths, paraded about the streets, and to *quiet* the uproar announced, from time to time, the state of the poll!* Well they triumphed, and returned "The Irish Brigade," which routed the late ministry, and is slavishly served by the present government, but is itself in utter bondage to the priests, who declare that any renegade of the band deserves to have "the flesh torn from his cursed bones with scourges!"† Now as the Romish priests are serfs of their bishops, who in turn are sworn vassals to the pope, bound to keep his secrets, and blindly to obey his commands, we have the Rev. Dr. Martin's sagacious prediction of the consequence of increasing papal political power exactly fulfilled. The King-bishop of Rome, by the adamant chain of motive and obligation that hangs from his throne, and that binds to him the whole body of Romish clergy—from the metropolitan down to the curate, from the father-general down to the mendicant monk—and through them the whole Romish laity, now drags captive, by the connecting link of the Brigade, the British empire—something like the imagination in Homer of a chain let down from the sky, and holding all inferior *deities*, who though beings of power and weight, are yet wheeled to every extremity of space by the swing of omnipotent Jupiter!‡ So the rich endowment of Maynooth has recoiled upon the cruel and selfish statesmen who thereby doomed Ireland to popery for ever; and it is daily becoming to the British empire what

* Fortnight in Ireland, 254 seq. † Carlow Sentinel, Jan. 15, 1853.

‡ Speech at a meeting of the Brunswick Club, Nov. 4, 1828.

Professor Donovan, of Maynooth, thus divulges the anti-Christian nature of the power of these *inferior deities*,—"In the minister of God, who sits in the tribunal of penance as his legitimate judge, the penitent venerates the *power and person of our Lord Jesus Christ*, for in the administration of this as in that of the other Sacraments, the PRIEST represents the character and discharges the functions of *Jesus Christ*!!"—Catech. Council of Trent, 260.

Rome is to the world—the instrument of corrupting it and enslaving it to the foretold and foredoomed “Great Apostacy;” as well as the seed-bed of sedition and treason!

A recent visit to Maynooth with two English friends painfully heighten these convictions. After passing through many squalid and dismal rooms and halls, we were startled by discovering two very splendid ranges of buildings of fine mediæval architecture. They were raised by the £30,000 grant from our *Protestant* country, and the projecting coin stones show that another grant of similar amount is expected for the completion of a square, which will then be one of the most superb of any University in Europe, and suitable to our empire! The sombre shades of evening were fast falling as we entered the chapel, and as the students flitted past in long black gowns like unearthly shadows, and prostrated themselves in adoration before the crucifix on the high altar, our “spirit was stirred in us when we saw the place wholly given to idolatry.”* We left the chapel mourning over England’s national sin, and longing to show some poor student “the truth as it is in Jesus.” Two young men approached us and seemed disposed to friendly converse, but when reminded by the grim porter that accompanied us, that they were “only that day entered as freshmen, and not acquainted with the rigid rules of the place”—they disappeared in evident consternation. My English friends often asked what part of the expense of the magnificent new buildings, or of the maintenance of these 500 priestlings was contributed from private funds, and were as often triumphantly answered—to their intense disgust—that every

* This horrible idolatry of the cross is awfully evident from the *Missale Romanum*, p. 189, “*Ecce Lignum Crucis in quo Salus Mundi pependit! Chorus. Venite Adoremus! Postea Sacerdos solus portat crucem ad locum ante Altare præparatum et genuflexus ibidem Eam locat: Mox, depositis Calceamentis, accedit ad adorandam crucem ter genua flectens antequam Eam deosculetur!*”

farthing is defrayed by our *Protestant* Government! As we were passing the gates a smart young priest encountered us, and one of our party kindly and respectfully offered him a religious pamphlet on the shipwreck of the Amazon steamer. The priest started, "looked him through and through," and asked, "What is the subject of this treatise?" When informed, he said, "I know nothing about that shipwreck, for we never see newspapers in Maynooth." He was again affectionately urged to accept the book, but suspiciously said, "Pray how is the subject treated—historically, chemically, or mechanically?" He was gently informed that it was related *naturally*; but he still hesitated to accept the gift, and asked, "With what motive do you offer me this book?" "For your improvement." was the unwary reply of the good-natured giver. With a gesture of supreme disdain the unhappy man cast it from him, with the words, "Go—improve yourself with it!"

We have seen how the Jesuits seized the education of the Irish priests and of the Irish populace, under the zealous patronage of the late Archbishop Murray, who openly acknowledged that he held Jesuits in the highest reverence.* Their triumphant mastery of the middle and higher classes in Ireland, has been as adroitly and as completely gained. The brilliant accomplishments and extensive range of scientific and classical knowledge imparted so blandly in their Irish colleges and schools, are singularly suited to attract the imaginative and intellectual Irish, and to bring them under the Jesuit (Anti)-"Christian doctrine." Their college at Clongowes, though long quietly managed by "a good simple old Pole," is now of such importance that a special railway train takes visitors to the summer examination—which is a grand affair.. The last examination at Dublin (Gardiner's-Row) College was a very pleasing spectacle to the

* VIII. Report Irish Educ. Inq. 410.

visitors, who knew nothing of the vile effect of Jesuit training on the heart and conscience. The grand drawing-rooms were crowded with priests and gentry, and a singularly "comely, fresh complexioned father," summoned class after class into the rooms, and examined them with an amiable and paternal grace of manner, a vivacity of expression, and a skilful management of subjects that gave excessive interest to an exhibition so generally dull. Every thing by turns and nothing long. After Algebra came a fine piece of declamation—The First Murder. After Euclid a curtain was drawn aside and, with the accompaniment of an organ, the Witches' song in Macbeth was exquisitely sung by a multitude of voices. Then followed curious experiments in chemistry, inflation of balloons, &c. All was performed with a celerity and mechanical obedience that showed the most perfect control gained over the poor youths by their mysterious master, although his only rebuke appeared to be one shake of his ambrosial curls, and his only reward a strangely fascinating smile! The old rule of the "*Secreta Monita*" was observed, and the visitors, as they retired, were shown into the refectory where a gentle Jesuit awaited them, and "gaily pressed and smiled," while regaling them with a taste of claret and champagne, and "other choicest wines, and sweetening them well with words."

The Jesuits chapel in Gardiner's Street, is a beautiful building. It contains a "Lady Chapel," in which there is a grand altar-piece depicting the *Virgin* as bruising the serpent's head and ruling the subject world! This is the scene for displaying the miserable Oxford perverts brought by the Jesuits to Ireland, in order to retain and extend their rule over the middle and higher classes, by the sad spectacle of English clergymen and scholars calumniating their own former Church and country. One of those unfortunate per-

verts, while panegyrising the last Jesuit saint—Claver—recently said, that while the Jesuit was evangelizing negroes. English Protestants were shooting down the poor natives of Australia to be carrion for their hounds !

What terrible difficulties to the new Irish Reformation ! Still a sweet and softening change came over the hearts of the poor Romanists during the late awful famine :—

“ 'Tis when we suffer, gentlest thoughts

Within our bosoms spring,

And who shall say, that pain is not

A most enlightening thing ?”

Their prejudices melted away before the loving zeal with which the Irish clergy often deprived themselves of the common necessities of life, to supply the famine-stricken people, “ exhausting the lamp of life to feed the lamp of charity.” The boundless benevolence of the people of England at that awful crisis also deeply moved the poor Irish to thoughts of peace towards Protestantism.

The Irish clergy—1700 out of 2000—and their noble leaders, the Bishops of Ossory and Cashel, who had so long and so bravely fought the battle of Scriptural Education, and had rescued tens of thousands of poor Romanist children from the priests, were now most providentially re-inforced by the Irish Church Missions,—organized by those faithful men of God, Dallas and Bickersteth, whose names shall be held in everlasting remembrance. Other Societies also started into existence, which, by supplying work and food to the persecuted victims of the Romish canon law, made “ the 7000 altar curses” gloried in by a Romish priest “ a spent thunderbolt,” which Dr. Doyle said “ the people might gaze at, but will not dread.”* Our prospects brighten wonderfully ;

* That “ For Protecting the Rights of Conscience,” the “ General Irish Reformation,” and “ Scottish Association,” deserve cordial support.

but, I pause, for while these pages are being committed to the press, it has pleased the Great Head of the Church to summon into His joy the beloved Brother, whose truthful and instructive Essay is prefixed to this work. At the request of many Christian friends, it has become my sorrowful, yet delightful duty to give, God willing, to the public a memoir of his life and labours. As his ardent zeal for God's glory and self-sacrificing benevolence, early and prominently engaged him in the merciful work of evangelizing our poor country; I shall be enabled to give in that memoir interesting facts relative to the new Irish Reformation, and I bid my kind Reader farewell in the following paraphrase of St. Patrick's noble prayer, selected by my Brother, as a suitable conclusion:

"Brothers, onward—true and tender,
Night is waning—morn begun
See, the West in all its splendour,
Radiant with the Gospel Sun.

Pause and pour a supplication,
Lift the heart, and lift the hand;
For our fine—mind-fettered nation,
For our captive Father land.

'From the human creed which blinds her
Bring her back to her first truth,
From the Allen Church which binds her,
Lord, redeem her in thy truth!
From the light words of her folly
From the red hand of her crime,
From the death plagues melancholy,
And the famine save our clime!'

Pray for the hearts that beat so kindly,
Pray for the minds with thoughts so
bright,

Ask that the heart may love less blindly,
Ask that the mind may ponder right!

Pray, and faint not—God is round you
In the present as the past;
Think not He whosought you found you,
Will forsake you at the last.

Christ below you—Christ above you,
On the deep where billows roar;
Wave or tempest cannot move you
When the Master's at the oar.

Christ before you—Christ behind you
Through the desert, blasting white;
All its sands can never blind you,
When the Master is in sight.

Christ within, and Christ without;
Break your pitcher—wave your lamp:
You *must* Conquer. Brothers shout
For the Lord is in the camp.

Christ upon the left—the right hand;
Though the day be dark and drear,
In the Evening Heaven's Highland
Bathed in glory will appear.

Christ your Saviour—Sanctifier,
Onwards, upwards as you tend,
Let your hearts beat stronger, higher,
As you near your journey's end.

Rising to that blessed station
Never from your God to sever,
Like a dazzling constellation
You shall soar and shine for ever."

REV. R. S. BROOKE

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